THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Volume 199, Number 38

MARCH 19, 1927

5 cts. THE COPY

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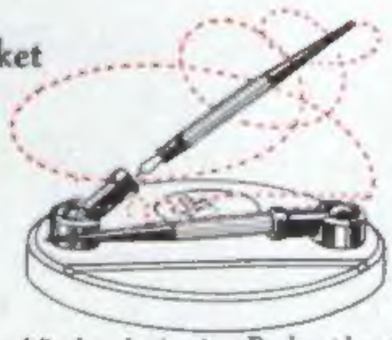

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

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P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Louisville, Ky., Houston, Tex., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., Los Angeles, Cal., and Richmond, Va.

Volume 199 — 5c. THE COPY — PHILADELPHIA, PA., MARCH 19, 1927 — $2.00 By Subscription (52 issues) — Number 38

THIS WAY, THAT WAY

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

CHARLES came strolling so aimlessly toward them along the deck; and beyond him Robin saw the moon's path, like the trail of a serpent, gleaming along the dwindling waves of the ship's wake. Charles' shadow was very black upon the scrubbed deck boards; and when he stopped to speak to Aunt Alice, Robin looked up at him, and down again, for the moon was in her eyes.

"Good evening," said Charles, and Aunt Alice replied:

"Good evening, Charles."

Robin added meekly, "Good evening!"

Since they all agreed, the topic which Charles had introduced died aborning; there seemed little more to be said about the evening.

But Charles had a certain persistence.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" he suggested.

"Marvelous," Aunt Alice agreed.

"Yes," said Robin.

Charles let his weight rest upon his other foot. After a while he spoke again.

"I think the moon is full," he confessed.

"I never saw it fuller," Aunt Alice assured him. "In sixty years of diligent observation I never saw a fuller moon. Brighter, perhaps; and colder; and different in other ways. But never fuller, certainly." And she appealed to Robin.

"Did you, Robin?" she demanded.

Robin stirred under her steamer rug. "It's very full," she murmured.

Charles shifted his weight again. There were just the two chairs here in an angle of the deck. "I was walking," he told them.

"So you were," Aunt Alice agreed. "I often think I'll do a little walking myself sometime. But I find my weight is supported so much more comfortably by a chair than by my somewhat decrepit arches—and sitting has its charm."

Robin looked at Aunt Alice, and then she looked at Charles, and then at the moon. She was drenched in moonlight where she lay in the long chair, the rug to her very chin; her eyes shone with it and her lips were bright.

"I Expect You're Boston, So Am I. Probably We're Neighbors"

She sighed a little wistfully. Aunt Alice looked at her. "Are you going to be stubborn, Robin?" she demanded. "You're young enough to walk."

"There's a chill in the air, Aunt Alice," Robin reminded her. "You know there is. You spoke of it a little while ago."

"I find it warmer now," Aunt Alice insisted.

There seemed no easy reply to this; so for a moment no one spoke.

Then Charles said politely, "Well, I'll continue my stroll." He added in a suggestive tone, "The moonlight on our wake is peculiarly attractive."

Robin could not see his eyes, since his back was toward the moon and his face lay in shadow, but she knew he was looking at her.

Aunt Alice also looked at her.

"Don't you hear, Robin?" she asked.

"You said you were going in," Robin told her. "You know you did. And it's almost your bedtime anyway."

"I'm not too old for moonlight," Aunt Alice pleaded; and Charles said eagerly:

"Oh, no, Miss Pattee. No, indeed. Please don't go."

She laughed at him gently, stirring, sitting up, freeing herself from the folds of her rug. "Don't lie, Charles," she told him. "I'm too old to be lied to. I've made you stand there. Forgive me."

"Really," he insisted. "We'd like to have you stay."

"Only then there'd be no chair for Charles," Robin reminded the older woman.

"No," said Aunt Alice. "No, I've no intention of staying. I'll leave you the rug, Charles. Robin can bring it down."

"I'll be coming in just a few minutes," Robin assured her. "I shan't stay long."

Aunt Alice nodded. "I'll wait up for you then, my dear," she promised sardonically.

"Oh, you'd better not do that," Robin told her in a hasty tone. "You're sleepy. And minutes do slip away."

Aunt Alice chuckled. "You must see me to the companion," she told Charles, and laid her hand upon his arm. He glanced toward Robin, as though for her permission; and Aunt Alice added, "She won't run away."

They went along the deck together, and Robin's eyes followed them. Charles was so comfortingly tall. And Aunt Alice understood these matters so well. Robin felt a sudden welling affection for the older woman. She was ready, this night, to feel affectionately toward all the world. Charles would return to her in a minute now ——

When he came back, her eyes were closed; she opened them at his stir beside her, and said softly, "Oh, I must have lost myself for just a moment. The moon makes me sleepy, Charles."

He sat down in Aunt Alice's chair and drew the rug about his legs, tucking it in meticulously; he was, Robin thought, a most precise young man. It was his intelligence, she reminded herself; his every action was dictated by pure reason, by a due consideration of the wisdom of what he meant to do. There was something almost mathematical in the way, when he had settled himself in the chair beside her own, he reached toward her and found her waiting hand.

II

ROBIN was twenty-four, and two years out of college; and she and Aunt Alice had spent the summer abroad. This was Aunt Alice's doing. She was to Robin in the place of a mother, since Robin's own mother was many years dead, and she disapproved of Robin thoroughly.

"You're incurably serious-minded, my dear," she told the girl one day when they were fairly started on their journeyings. "I propose to cure you of it. You're my responsibility, and I intend to accept my responsibilities."

"I'm not at all, really," Robin protested.

"You'd have been in China by this time, preaching to the heathen, if I hadn't put my foot down," Aunt Alice retorted. "That idiotic professor almost ruined you. I stopped that, and the next thing I knew you were spending your whole mornings at the mission school. And then it was the league, and then the city club, and then the Y. W. C. A. building fund, and gracious knows what."

"But I can't just do nothing," Robin urged. "When there are so many tasks that need doing."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Aunt Alice. "I've done nothing all my life and I've enjoyed every minute of it, and the world is none the worse."

"You've taken care of us," Robin said tenderly, "as well as mother could have."

"Well, Nancy's all right," Aunt Alice agreed. "She knows the virtue of frivolity. But I hate to think that I'm responsible for you."

"I'm worried sometimes about Nancy," Robin confessed, and Aunt Alice made a sound not unlike a snort, and retorted:

"You would be!" She continued, "That's why you and I are going off on this little picnic, Robin. I'm going to break your heart, but it will be good for you. You're going to want to spend your days mousing around museums, and ruined cathedrals, and crumbling old castles, and picture galleries. Well, I'll allow you just one of each, and a morning for each one. But the rest of the time we're going to be conscientiously giddy together. And you might just as well make up your mind to it."

Robin smiled. "You always sleep till eleven," she reminded the older woman. "I shall have the forenoons before you're awake at all."

Aunt Alice sniffed. "I mean to see to it that you don't go to bed till a proper hour," she told the girl. "If, after that, you want to get up at the crack of dawn, I suppose that's your affair. But from luncheon till breakfast—and we'll breakfast at two in the morning—you're going to be quite gay and mad with me."

"You're too old for such goings on," Robin remonstrated laughingly.

"Tell me that two months from now," Aunt Alice challenged.

Since then she had been almost as good as her word. They were, with a proper regard for the things that could be done and for those that could not, gay in London; they were whimsically gay in Paris; they were conscientiously gay in Berlin. They went to bed at an hour not to be mentioned, and Aunt Alice slept till noon. But sometimes Robin woke early, and then she went abroad upon matters of her own. To these sober peccadillos Aunt Alice shut her eyes.

"Fiddlesticks!" Said Aunt Alice. "I've Done Nothing All My Life and I've Enjoyed Every Minute of It, and the World Is None the Worse"

It was at the British Museum that Robin met Charles. That is to say, it was there she first saw him. He was examining a suit of ancient armor. Two days later they encountered each other in one of the galleries, before an absurd battle scene filled with horses whose heads were almost geometric in design. A week after that they found themselves side by side as they read the inscription on a tomb in the Abbey; and when they had finished reading the inscription, neither of them moved. They read it again, and then again; and after that Charles said, without turning his head: "After all, this is absurd."

Robin hesitated, and then she asked, "Is it?"

"Obviously," Charles assured her. "We're both Americans. You don't look New York, or even Middle West. I expect you're Boston. So am I. Probably we're neighbors."

"I suppose that's true," Robin assented.

Their eyes were still busy with the inscription. "Good morning," said Charles; and Robin echoed:

"Good morning!"

"I'm Charles Waterhouse," he told her; and she replied:

"I'm Robin Pattee."

So they clasped hands and he said he knew her father.

"But how did you guess I was Boston?" she asked curiously.

He flushed faintly. "I don't mean to criticize," he said. "You just looked like—home."

"Not very stylish, you mean?" she inquired. Robin had not listened to Aunt Alice's criticism of her clothes for nothing.

"I like it," he declared.

"We haven't been to Paris yet," she said apologetically.

So he asked if she were going; and before they separated that day he knew a great deal about her and she knew a great deal about him. He was, it appeared, twenty-seven years old. He had graduated from Harvard and from Harvard Law, and had since spent two years at Oxford, and he meant to travel this summer. In the fall he would go home and begin in his father's office the practice of law. He was very tall and he wore glasses and had a studious air about him. But when she one day remarked the fact that he was always interested in armor and arms and such warlike matters, he said, as though in explanation:

"I was on the boxing team in college."

That, curiously, thrilled her immensely. She liked to think of him as somewhat of a ruffian under his mild and sober mien; liked to imagine him a wolf in sheep's clothing. She was by that time thinking of him a great deal.

He meant to travel that summer, and she and Aunt Alice were traveling; he shaped his course to hers. Aunt Alice for a while knew nothing about him, but Robin saw him almost every morning. Sometimes she thought of introducing him to Aunt Alice; but her courage was not equal to this step till Aunt Alice said one day—they were in Switzerland at the time—that she was disappointed in Robin, and Robin asked:

"Why?"

"You're even more of a prig than I thought," said Aunt Alice. "You've been wandering around Europe for three weeks, and the place is full of attractive young American men, and you haven't so much as nodded to one of them."

Robin colored; but she asked meekly, "Should I?"

"I can go just so far with you," Aunt Alice assured her. "Beyond that, you must travel alone." She considered. "Perhaps it's because you're always under my wing in the afternoons, and properly dissipated young men all sleep till noon, so you can't see them in the morning. I think I shall start getting up in the morning, and send you out alone after luncheon for a while, instead."

"Oh, you mustn't do that," Robin protested. "I like it the way it is."

"It's not what you like that matters," Aunt Alice assured her. "You like the wrong things. But if you can't pick up a man in Europe, I declare you're not worth bothering with."

"Oh, don't disown me," Robin begged, faint mockery in her tones, her eyes dancing; and Aunt Alice looked at her and sniffed, and powdered her nose.

"I see," she commented. "You think I'm a fool!"

"I don't!" Robin cried.

"Then why don't you bring him out into the light?" Aunt Alice demanded. "He's nothing to be ashamed of. I know his father, know his whole family. And we need a young man ——"

"You know about Charles?" Robin exclaimed, coloring furiously.

"Don't be absurd!" Aunt Alice told her. "Aren't you in my charge?"

So, thereafter, sometimes, Charles made a third with them, or if Aunt Alice had encountered one of her many acquaintances, even a fourth. He was a grave young man, and when Aunt Alice made him dance with her at a particularly disorderly night club in Berlin he suffered, but after that he was emboldened to ask Robin to dance, and she did. It amused her a little to find that he danced in a fashion so completely characteristic, in perfect rhythm, in perfect sequence of step and reverse and turn; his arm about her fitted itself to her shoulders as smoothly as a well-built shoe fits the foot, and as impersonally. While he danced he spoke to her at proper intervals; she suspected that for the rest of the time he was painfully attentive to the beat.

About that time she began to call him Charles. A little later, in Vienna, he addressed her as Robin. One day in the Black Forest when he held her hand to help her alight

from the motor his eyes met hers and their glances clung. Then they came back to England, to Warwickshire, to the Lakes, to the mountains of Wales. They went up Snowdon by train; but at the top clouds hung and Aunt Alice stayed in the car. Robin and Charles ascended to the uttermost pinnacle of rock and stood there, a sea of mist about them. They were chilled and there were drops of moisture on their garments. Robin shivered a little.

"The mist is rising," said Charles. "Let's wait just a minute or two."

"I'm cold," Robin told him.

"Look," Charles bade her, and pointed down, almost straight beneath their feet.

She saw the mountain wall; and she saw far below, a glint of blue, and then the green surrounding, where a lofty lake lay in the high valley there. As the mist rose higher she discovered sheep grazing by the water's edge.

The cloud was lifting like the curtain at a theater. At one moment her glance could penetrate no more than fifty feet in any horizontal direction, at the next the whole countryside lay clear to the far horizon. She saw the nearer rocky peaks; the green lowlands beyond; the silver sparkling streams, all drenched in sunlight there.

"That's England," said Charles, and made her turn about, "and that's the Channel. And Ireland over beyond. And as far as you can see in that direction, Scotland lies."

Robin uttered a low cry of delight. "But it was all fog a moment ago," she protested, and looked up into the sky. Above their heads the cloud that had enfolded them was rising ever higher, dwindling into the remote and lovely blue.

She wanted, she decided, to walk down the mountainside by the zigzag trail to that little lake framed in green where the sheep were grazing; and she and Charles went to arrange with Aunt Alice that the automobile should meet them at a place Charles appointed. Aunt Alice considered for a moment, looking at them; then she nodded.

"Yes, I should think so," she decided. "Go along."

Two hours later, when they came toward where the machine waited at the foot of the trail, the older woman looked at Robin with an appraising glance, and Robin flushed under her scrutiny. Aunt Alice smiled wistfully.

"A flower at your breast," she murmured. "A loose lock of hair over your right ear, and your eyes dreaming. . . . Well, my dear, it was time." She held out her hands to Charles. "Kiss me, too, young man," she directed him.

But, as Charles explained very carefully to Aunt Alice a few days later, they were not to be formally engaged. "It wouldn't be fair to Robin," he pointed out. "Of course, I could rely on father. But I won't do that. I must stand on my own feet first; repay him for all he's done for me; justify him and justify myself. We must wait till then."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Aunt Alice.

"I'm considering Robin," Charles insisted. "For the present she must be perfectly free."

Robin touched his arm. "I don't think I want to be perfectly free, Charles, ever again," she told him.

"Don't be such a ninny!" Aunt Alice exploded. "You may change your mind a dozen times. If you have the sense of a mouse, or the courage either, you'll marry her while you can, Charles."

Charles smiled in a masculine fashion. "I think we know our own minds, Aunt Alice," he replied.

Aunt Alice's eyes grew thoughtful, a little weary. "So, once on a time, did my man and I," she said, and for a little they were all three uncomfortably silent, till Aunt Alice laughed and added, "But we wouldn't take good advice. So why should I expect that you will?"

"I'm sure," Charles repeated, "this is the wisest way."

Later, when she and Robin were alone, Aunt Alice asked casually, "Robin, has your young man ever met Nancy?"

Robin shook her head. "No," she confessed. "No. Why?"

"I was just thinking," said Aunt Alice. "She'll be at the pier to meet us when we land."

This was sufficiently harmless; but Robin had almost forgotten Nancy. She gave some thought to her sister now.

III

THE night before they landed moonrise was late, but neither Robin nor Charles was impatient. Aunt Alice had gone early to her stateroom.

"There's a little swell," she told Robin speciously, "and I certainly don't want to get seasick after I've gone this long."

"I hadn't noticed any swell," Robin said, and Aunt Alice retorted:

"My dear, you've ceased to notice anything!"

Robin understood then, and protested. "Why, Aunt Alice, Charles and I would love to have you sit with us."

"You've dissembled your love in the past," Aunt Alice told her in a tart tone, but at the contrition in Robin's eyes she melted and said, "There, my dear. I don't blame you. Don't look so apologetic."

So Robin and Charles had that particular angle of the deck to themselves. Their chairs were placed to look astern. Back there somewhere, by and by the moon would lift its disk above the silver rim of the sea.

"This time tomorrow night we'll be at home," said Charles.

"It's been fun, hasn't it?" Robin murmured, nestling in her rug.

He nodded. "Yes, indeed," he agreed, a little abstracted. "One of those summers we can never repeat."

"I shall always remember it," Robin protested. "Won't you?"

Her eyes were challenging, but he only said soberly, "Of course! Only, it's time to look forward now."

They were silent for a little while after that, and Robin thought of Nancy. "Father and Nancy will be at the wharf," she said half to herself. "My, but I'll be glad to see them!"

"Mother will be there too," Charles remarked. "I haven't seen her since last winter when she was in London. It's two years since I've been home."

"One of the things I like about you," she told him softly, "is that you haven't become English over there. No one would ever doubt that you were an American."

"But I am," he said literally. Robin sometimes thought that Charles was a little too literal.

"I've been thinking about Nancy," she confessed somewhat later.

"I expect you're anxious to see her," Charles agreed.

"Well, of course I am," Robin conceded. "But it isn't that so much. I'm just hoping she's all right."

"Why shouldn't she be?" Charles inquired.

"Well," said Robin, "there's just her and father at home. Of course, when Aunt Alice is there it's different. But father is so busy that he doesn't look out for Nancy very much, and sometimes she needs looking out for."

"Why?" Charles asked. "Unhappy, or something?"

Robin smiled. "Oh, no! No, she's always—happy. It's just that Nancy and I aren't very much alike. Ever since mother died I've sort of mothered her, felt a little responsible for her. And it's like being responsible for a child."

"I know what you mean," Charles said, in an effort to understand.

"Of course, Nancy's all right," Robin declared, as much to herself as to him. "I don't mean that. But she is a scamp, too, in a way. In college she was forever just on the point of flunking out, always just managed to squeeze by. She graduated last June, somewhere near the foot of her class; but she did graduate. It never did do any good to talk to her."

"Isn't she bright?" Charles asked.

"Oh, she's bright enough," Robin confessed. "If she wants to be. She could have led her class. But she did more dancing than studying. I always think of Nancy as dancing, somehow. She's like a butterfly—beautiful, but you're never sure of her." She felt vaguely that she ought to warn Charles, but could only bring herself to say, "Most men are wild about her!"

He seemed not to hear this. "Brilliant, but uncertain," he suggested.

"Oh, frightfully uncertain," Robin agreed. "There've been a dozen times when I thought she was going to get into real trouble, but she's always squeezed through. Never even ruffled her lovely wings."

"There's something wrong with the younger generation," Charles said, in the tone of one far removed from such errors. "I used to see it when I was in college, and I suppose it's worse now."

"The worst of it is," Robin told him, "she's so pretty and so charming, when she wants to be, that you can't be cross with her."

"That's the sort of thing that debauches the morals of traffic policemen," Charles commented, and

(Continued on Page 164)

"Oh, So Robin's Been Telling You About Me!"

First-Hand Impressions of the Philippine Problem

By Henry L. Stimson

Former Secretary of War

Governor-General Wood and Some Old More Friends in Mindanao

ALTHOUGH I have for many years in my reading followed more or less closely the course of events in the Philippines, and even participated at rather long range in their government when I was at the head of the War Department in Washington, I never had an opportunity until last summer to visit the islands in person. As so frequently happens, when I did so I found that the Philippine problem presented somewhat different aspects from those which I had visualized in my reading. This sketch is an attempt to convey some of those new impressions to other Americans who may not have had an opportunity to gather them at first hand.

I spent six weeks in the islands, most of the time as the guest of Governor-General Wood. I accompanied him on one of his tours of inspection through the Visayan and Mohammedan islands in the southern part of the archipelago, visiting nearly all the principal cities and many of the smaller islands and villages. I also made a short trip to the mountains in Northern Luzon. In that way I gained a necessarily hasty but somewhat broad view of their material aspect. I also had the privilege of meeting and talking with many of the native Filipino leaders, with some of whom for many years I had been personally acquainted and who talked with me freely and frankly.

Diked by the Exclusion Laws

IN AMERICA, we are inclined to talk of the problem of Philippine independence as if it depended wholly, or at least primarily, upon the personal fitness or capacity for that task of the Filipino race. In this I am inclined to think we have erred both in logic and in tact. Capacity for a task depends upon the size and character of the task quite as much as upon the personal fitness of the actor. Furthermore, to tell people that we will do something for them when they are fit for it is not a tactful way of dealing with them. It often drives them in the wrong direction.

As a matter of fact, to maintain a completely independent government in the Philippine Archipelago, under the conditions that surround it today, presents a problem so difficult that I doubt if any race in the world, even one most experienced in the art of self-government, could long do it. The Philippines are a group of very rich and fertile but underpopulated tropical islands. They have a climate which conduces to languor rather than to energy. They are surrounded at close range on three sides by other islands and a mainland which contain the most thickly populated portions of the globe, and are peopled by races more energetic and more warlike by far than the Filipinos themselves.

To be more specific, the Philippines contain an area about equivalent to the combined areas of the states of New York, New Jersey and the six New England states. Yet their population is only about half the population contained in those eight American states. Their average population throughout the archipelago is less than 100 persons to the square mile. In the surrounding countries, Japan, Southern China and Java, the average population is approximately 400 to the square mile and in many places is far more dense.

More than 80 per cent of the area of the Philippine Islands is unoccupied public land belonging to the Government. Of the land in the islands fit for agriculture, less than 40 per cent is said to be under cultivation. Only the military power of the Western nations, Spain and the United States, which have exercised sovereignty over the islands for the past 350 years, has protected them against the inevitable result of such a disparity of population.

During the 200 years prior to the Spanish conquest of the islands they were in succession conquered and ruled by the Javanese Empire on the south, by the Ming emperors of China on the west and by Japan on the north. Indeed, Spain herself paid tribute to Japan for thirty years just before the Japanese Empire retired into its hermitage. Furthermore, Spain during her occupation transformed the civilization and religion of the Filipinos. She made of them a Christian nation, differing radically in customs and habits from the Oriental nations. This people of less than 12,000,000 souls constitutes a small Christian island in the vast sea of 400,000,000 to 500,000,000 Buddhists and Mohammedans who surround them. The casual visitor from the United States finds many more points of resemblance between the Filipinos and the Spanish Americans with whom he is familiar in Central and South America than he does between the Filipinos and their Oriental neighbors on the mainland.

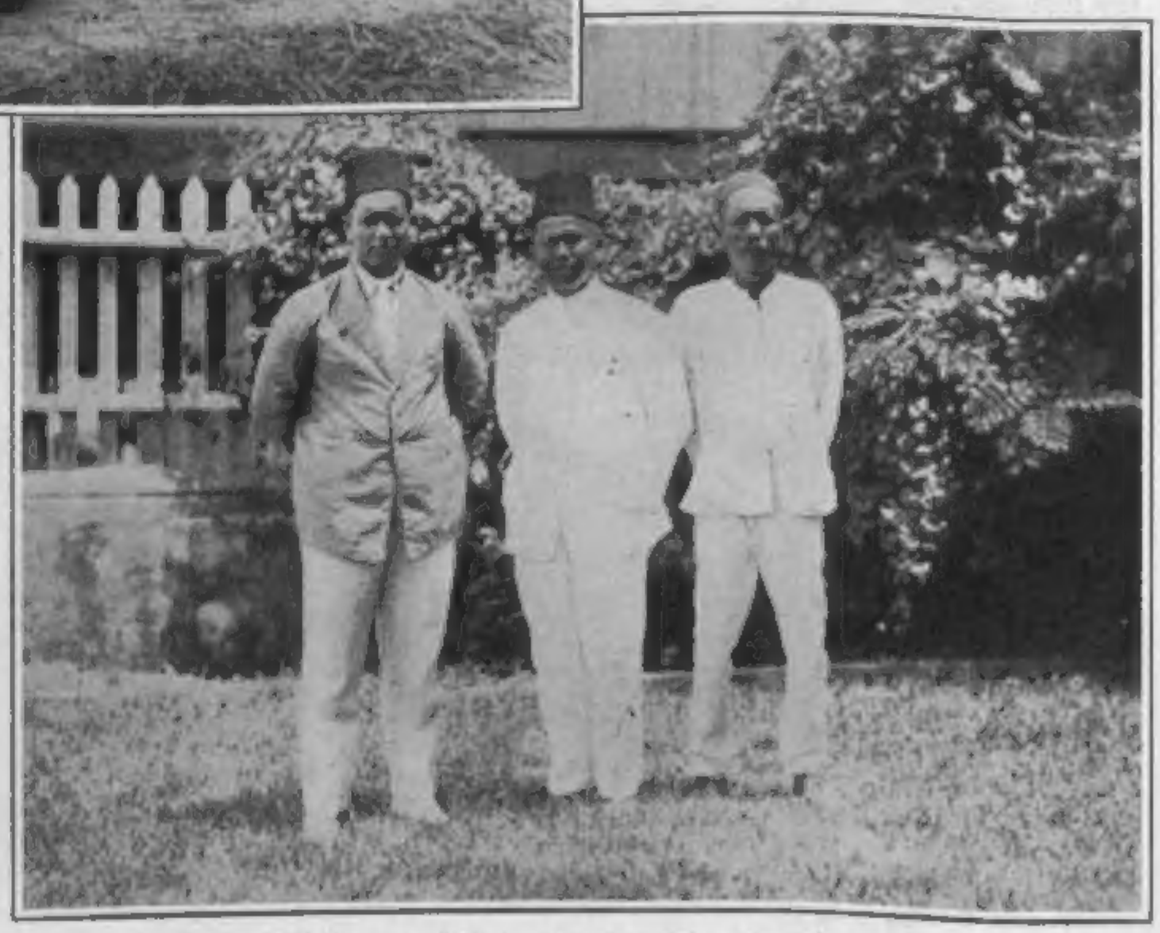
This contrast has been immensely deepened by the changes which have taken place under American rule. In every village we find, beside the church built by the Spaniard, the school developed by the American, together with the local president, treasurer, justice of the peace and other civil officers who now exercise the functions of local government throughout the islands. The contrast between this picture and the civilizations which surround it was never more striking than it is today, when overpopulated China is seething with militarism and pervaded with a newborn national feeling based primarily upon a hatred for everything foreign, and when Japan is confronted by the sternest kind of problem for providing for a surplus population no longer to be taken care of upon her present economic development. The visitor receives an unforgettable impression of an easy-going, kindly, hospitable, agricultural Filipino people, protected against inundation from the seething mass around it solely by the Exclusion Laws and the military strength of the United States.

PHOTO BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

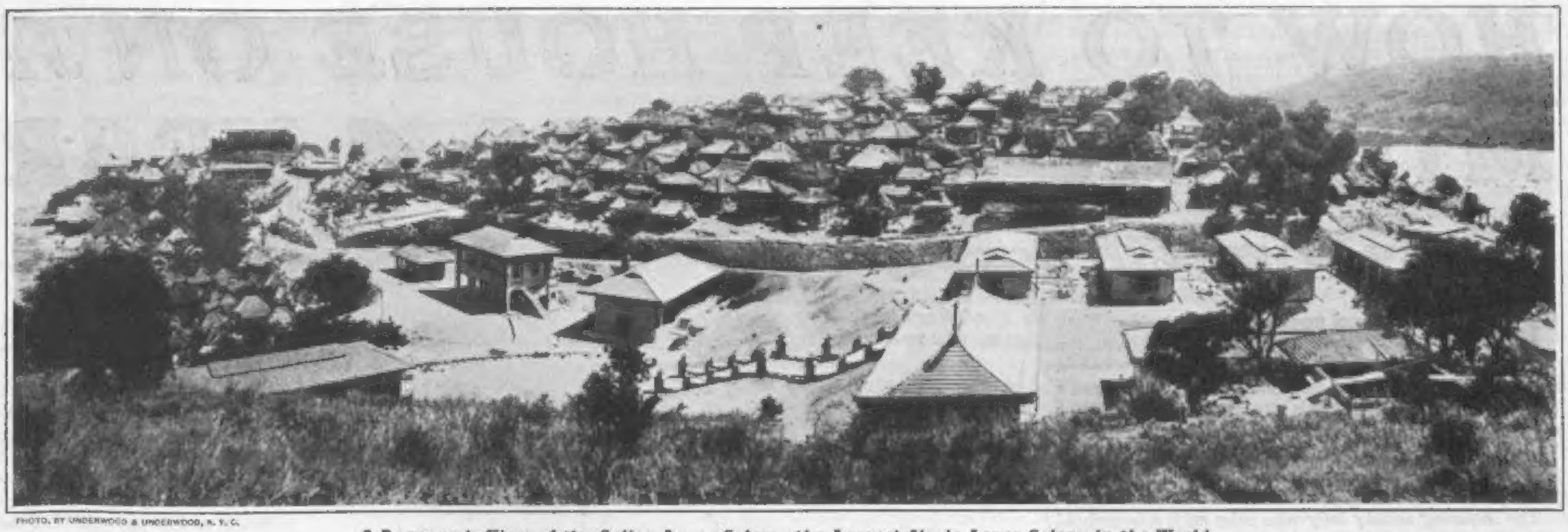
A Filipino Family Preparing Rice for Sacking

Islands of Babel

MANY writers have laid stress upon the number of tribes and languages existing in the islands as a reason against the possibility of the Filipinos becoming a self-governing people, there being some forty-three different ethnographic groups or tribes, speaking some eighty-seven distinct dialects. Certain of these tribes contain large masses of people



A Group of Mohammedan Moro Leaders



PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

A Panoramic View of the Cullon Leper Colony, the Largest Single Leper Colony in the World

who differ quite widely from one another in habitat, language and culture. Thus, the Visayans number about 4,000,000, the Tagalogs about 2,000,000 and the Ilocanos about 1,000,000; and the language of each of these large groups is said to differ from the others as much as French from German.

But under Spanish and American government, and under the leadership of the small mestizo ruling class, which I shall describe later, the general mass of the Filipino population has made long strides in the direction of a homogeneous civilization and a national consciousness. That fact, rather than their original racial and tribal differences, seems to me to be the outstanding fact today. It applies to the great bulk of the Filipino people who have adopted Christianity and are known as the Christian Filipinos. These number nearly 10,000,000 out of the total population. The remaining 1,000,000 or so, including the 450,000 Mohammedan Moros and the 400,000 pagan mountaineers, present an entirely different situation and problem.

The Minority Rule

BUT it must always be remembered that this progress of the Christian Filipinos has been made under foreign supervision. We, as Americans, have done everything possible to institute a common language and to develop a feeling of nationality. What would happen if this supervision were removed is a wholly different question. The Filipino belongs to the Malay race, and expert testimony is almost uniformly discouraging as to Malay capacity for self-government. The most authoritative observers unite in describing his two most prominent characteristics as a lack of capacity for union and a lack of initiative and persistence of effort. In his book, The Mastery of the Pacific, A. R. Colquhoun says:

> No Malay nation has ever emerged from the hordes of that race which have spread over the islands of the Pacific. Wherever they are found they have certain marked characteristics, and of these the most remarkable is their lack of that spirit which goes to form a homogeneous people, to weld them together. The Malay is always a provincial; more, he rarely rises outside the interests of his town or village. . . . The two points which are most inimicable to progress are, as already mentioned, the lack of unity and the lack of persistence. The Malay, in short, is a creature of limitations.

Moros Who Favored American Rule and Were Against Independence

Moros Who Favored Independence and Filipino Rule

The Filipino Malay has taken long steps forward, but they have all been taken while he was led by the hand.

More important and striking than the inter-tribal differences is the difference between the pure-blooded Filipino and the mestizo, or mixed blood. The latter is the descendant of Spanish and Chinese immigrants into the islands who intermarried with Filipino women. These descendants regard themselves as Filipinos, but from the standpoint of the problem of self-government they differ widely from the remainder of the population. They make up about 7 per cent of the total population of the islands and comprise in their number practically every political, military or industrial leader of whom we hear.

When I was there last summer I asked my friends to point out to me any representative of the 93 per cent of pure-blooded Malay stock who had become prominent in the affairs of the islands, and they found great difficulty in showing me even a single one. The voice that we in America hear today, claiming to represent the natives of the Philippine Islands, is the voice of this small group of intellectually superior men and women of partly foreign blood who hold in their hands the present-day leadership of those islands. It is largely their children who are being educated in the university at Manila or coming to America to our schools and colleges. It is their Chinese cleverness which has managed the campaign for independence and their Spanish eloquence which has voiced it in Washington.

The pure-blooded Malay, who constitutes the remaining 93 per cent of the population, is a very different fellow—a quiet, unenergetic farmer, with very little aptitude for business or politics, who tills his rice paddy with his carabao in perfect contentment; who is kindly and hospitable in a surpassing degree to the casual visitor, but who usually has little other ambition in life than to continue along the same road which has been traveled for generations by his forbears.

The existence of two such differing elements in a population presents a very sharp problem of self-government, for the likelihood of the exploitation of one class by the other is apparent on its face. There is no doubt that such exploitation has occurred and is occurring today. Even in my brief visit I found indications of it. Certainly, it will take a very long time to lead forward the Filipino tao, or peasant, to a position where he would be able by his own unaided efforts to protect himself at the polls against such exploitation.

What Self-Government Means

TODAY the mestizo *ilustrado*, or educated man, when he talks of independence, has no real conception of a self-government in which all citizens participate on equal terms. He regards himself as the natural leader in public affairs of a nation of peasants who have very little other function to perform than to follow and take their orders from him.

Another thing which at once strikes the visitor to the islands is the absence of substantial business development and commerce. The United States has not only refused to permit Americans to exploit the islands but has turned over to the Filipinos the power to decide upon their own policy of development. Under the Jones Act, enacted by

(Continued on Page 134)

HOW TO KEEP HOUSE ON A MILLION DOLLARS A YEAR

By Elizabeth Barbour, as Told to Brenda Ueland

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

The Great Parties, Dinners and Balls Were Splendid; One Met the Most Dazzling Aristocrats in America There

THE housekeeping of multimillionaires in New York and Newport society is very different from the housekeeping of plain millionaires who are not in society. First, it takes at least twenty servants to run a house with enough style. This unwieldy caravan must be mobilized three or four times a year, moved from New York to Newport or Bar Harbor, from there to a country place on the Hudson, or at Tuxedo or Lenox, and from there to Palm Beach.

The imposing society lady who rules such a household must be one of two things—either a powerful, cold-blooded, imperturbable executive, or else an overwrought, fretful, nervous wreck. Imagine twenty servants! These servants of the super-rich are not like the friendly cooks and maids we all know about, but the most hypercritical, techy, snobbish people in the world. There are a butler and at least two footmen to overhear every word you say at breakfast, luncheon and dinner. A lady's maid or a valet obtrudes in the selection of your clothes, in the temperature of your bath, in the way you fix your hair. Nurses and governesses keep your children away from you, yelping sugary orders to the poor creatures while you try to talk to them—"Now, Edward, say 'Mother deah.'" There are servants in the kitchen, in the halls, in the parlors, in the bedrooms, in the laundry. There are servants for the servants, and so on. So if you wish to survive you must develop the hard shell of a megalomaniacal empress.

Twenty years ago New York and Newport society was dominated by the late Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont and several others. It was my lot to learn about how their houses were run and what changes have taken place since then.

Major Generals All

THIS all came about because twenty-five years ago I was what we then called an impoverished gentlewoman and what we now call busted. Oh, completely and absolutely so! Just by chance I became the social secretary of Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, who had won the title, The Leader of the Four Hundred, away from the old Mrs. Astor. I kept that job for fourteen years, until 1915, when Mrs. Fish died. Since then I have been social secretary, adviser, what not, for many others; for other great hostesses, for nice women, for awful women, and so now I know a great deal.

The households of the Old Guard—Mrs. Fish, Mrs. Oelrichs, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, the Dowager Vanderbilt and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, and the others—ran like clockwork. I don't know whether it was the long practice of keeping so many hirelings at bay that developed all these women into major generals or not. Anyway, it is true that the average mature society woman is apt to be strong, imperious, terrifying. Very likely it is because if they did not become so they would be swamped. I know that timid women and inexperienced ones have a wretched time of it. To give one example, a society girl I knew got married. She had her own house. She cried to me in terror to help her out of a mess. I found her in a nervous tizzy; the cook had left—now "they" would all leave. They got so mad when you asked them to do anything.

"Just call up an employment agency and tell them to send you some cooks."

"Oh, you do it—you do it, Mrs. Barbour! I don't want to talk to any of them."

"My dear child, your mother had many servants. How could you live in her house and learn so little?"

"Oh, I don't know. They were around, but I didn't know what they were doing." So I became her housekeeper for a while.

Then I knew a nice poor girl who married a rich society man twice her age. She was very intelligent, well educated, and her attitude toward those under her was dictated by a democratic philosophy and kindness. Before her marriage she would gossip with the colored girl who cleaned her small apartment with as much offhand friendliness and sympathy as if she were a sister.

Well, she married the rich man—fifteen servants. She was polite, anxious and considerate of them all the time. The result? Continual trouble. There were scenes in which cooks, chambermaids, and so on, would tell her she was no lady, and call her far more insulting things than that, and then flounce out of the house.

Today, when I visit this young woman, everything is different. She scolds the butler for trivial things as though he were a stupid child. And one day she said to me, in great surprise at herself: "I'm getting this way more and more. The other day I saw a little Finnish parlor maid scrubbing the floor"—you see, servants who are working must not be seen. "I had a tantrum. I found myself viciously jabbing my index finger at the basement, with an enraged grimace on my face, and she scuttled downstairs. It is strange when you think that a few years ago I felt like an old meany when I finally got up my courage to tell a maid to be sure to wash the dishes really clean."

How to Lose a Butler

BUT on the other hand, the servants of the very rich must be snobbish in order to climb to the tops of their own ladders. Their careers depend on it. Once a social climber for whom I was secretary was giving a dinner party, and commanded her butler to serve thick soup in bouillon cups. Rather than do this terrible thing, he gave notice. He had to. It would have absolutely shattered his reputation as a butler. Many times when I was working for some social nobody I would get some servant whom I had known and liked at the Fishes', or in some other fashionable house, to come and work for us. Sooner or later it would be: "I'm leaving, Mrs. Barbour. I just can't work for these people; they are too common." So you can see how Mrs. Fish, Mrs. Oelrichs, Mrs. Belmont and the others had to develop their off-with-their-heads manner in self-preservation.

"On what days," I asked Mrs. Fish when I first arrived there, "is the house cleaned thoroughly?"

"Every room in my house"—she blistered me—"is cleaned thoroughly every day!" She also said that her eyes were so piercing that she could see a cobweb in the far corner of a dark room—and I believe she could.

The late Mrs. Herman Oelrichs was probably the most famous housekeeper in New York and Newport. She was a close friend of Mrs. Fish, and in many ways they were much alike. Both were extremely energetic and forceful and had what is known as sharp tongues, which means they would say just what they thought, no matter what it was, and no matter when. Mrs. Oelrichs, when she first came to New York—she was a daughter of old Jim Fair, the forty-niner and copper king—was a dazzling black-eyed beauty, dark, handsome and full of fire. Of both Mrs. Fish and Mrs. Oelrichs, Mr. Pembroke Jones used to say to me, "They're just good fellows." There was

no soft nonsense, no coyness, no airs in them. They liked a joke and feared nothing. Both were utterly unpretentious. In fact, they leaned backward in this, and in their fear of being exquisite or overrefined they would sometimes be as blunt as lumberjacks.

"Oh, Mrs. Fish," a distinguished French nobleman once said to her, "I hear you have such a beautiful villa in Newport."

"You have been misinformed. I have just a plain white plank house."

It was characteristic of Mrs. Oelrichs that she set New York by the ears by driving her own car. So unwomanly! At that, it was only a demure little electric. Shortly afterward, Mrs. Clarence Mackay, the present Mrs. Joseph Blake, raised a real furore by driving a big high-powered car up and down Fifth Avenue and through the dangerous traffic of teamsters on lower Broadway. These two were talked about as though they were pickpockets.

But to return to Mrs. Oelrichs' housekeeping. She would never have either a housekeeper or a social secretary as a buffer between herself and her army of servants. She and her butler, who stayed with her for more than thirty years, between them, ran her household. She hired her own help, which usually is the housekeeper and butler's duty. She was a fine manager and as stern and implacable as a tyrant. Every day of her life she went over the house from top to bottom to see that it was in perfect order—and I can tell you it was.

She told me herself how she got up at seven o'clock and how the first thing she did was to go through the servants' quarters to see that the beds were being properly aired. One morning she went in and found that one of the footmen had left his trousers lying across the foot of his bed. She grabbed them and threw them out the window. She called him, told him what she had done, and said that if he ever left his trousers lying around again, instead of hanging them up, "you'll go out the window next."

Too Good

MRS. OELRICHS had a book in which she kept the names of all the servants she had ever had, and after each name she wrote "good," "bad," or "rotten." Once, when at the Fishes', I hired a footman who had once worked for Mrs. Oelrichs. I asked her about him.

"Wait till I get my book. Here he is. I have 'good' written after him."

This man stayed with us two weeks, and then disappeared, taking a fur coat. The first day he was in the house he asked where the jewels were kept, and evidently, when the butler told him they were at a jeweler's in a vault, he decided it was an unprofitable job and left, taking the fur coat as a small compensation. He was later arrested in England by Scotland Yard detectives and it turned out that he belonged to a gang of thieves who had got away with a lot of swag at Narragansett Pier the summer before.

"What do you mean by recommending such a man?" I asked Mrs. Oelrichs. But she just laughed and said, "Except for the stealing, he was fine."

But the surprising thing was that there were so few crooks among servants. It was rare to have a mishap like that. In fact, in all my experience it is the only case of knavery that I came upon. One reason for the honesty among domestics was that extraordinary woman, Lida Seely, now very old. Lida Seely ran a famous employment bureau. There was not a big house in New York that did not get its servants from her. She hunted down their pasts, their honesty, their ability, their manners, their personal cleanliness, like a bloodhound. Once I was in her office and a lady was interviewing a cook. This poor young woman, since there was an empty chair beside the lady, sat down in it so that she could answer the lady's questions more conveniently. Lida Seely came into the room.

"Get out of this office!" she yelled at the poor cook. "Get out! What do you mean by sitting down beside a lady? Get out of here and stay out! Don't ever let me catch you in this place again!"

Now, fortunately for everybody, in a big, fashionable house either the housekeeper or the social secretary is a sort of buffer between the mistress and the entire body of servants. I, as Mrs. Fish's secretary, experienced the difficulties of this rôle. Because Mrs. Fish was herself remarkably brilliant and capable, any vagueness, shilly-shallying or stupidity on the part of anyone else drove her crazy. Years of tumult had finally made her learn that she must keep out of the housekeeping.

In fact, when I first went to the Fishes' all the servants were leaving. It was while the family were in the country, at the estate at Garrison-on-Hudson. In the first place, they had discovered that the housekeeper had once been a chambermaid. This always causes fractiousness and insubordination, for a housekeeper, to have any power, must be a lady. And Mrs. Fish's social secretary, my predecessor, was a woman between whom and Mrs. Fish there was some antipathy.

"I'd meet her in the hall and she wouldn't speak to me," Mrs. Fish would say to me, in complimenting me on my own good nature. "Barbarette, thank the Lord you don't have the sulks."

"No, because I don't pay any attention to anything you say, because you don't mean it half the time," I would answer back.

"I do mean it," she would say.

"Well, if I thought you meant it, I wouldn't speak to you either." Then I'd add, "Of course, it all goes along with my salary." Then she would laugh and get in a good humor again.

The Dinners of Long Ago

HARRY LEHR, who was a fellow Southerner and so kind to me—telling me to come to him always if I needed any advice—had warned me that I should always sass her back, as the saying is. He told me never to let her know that I was afraid of her, because arrogance was a thing that she understood and admired. It always made her laugh. So I did just as he said.

Nevertheless, to be the buffer between a person as impatient as she was, and all those servants, with their wrangles and jealousies and grievances, was a hard job. Every time I would go to New York from Garrison-on-Hudson, when I returned I knew I would find a hurrah's nest. And sure enough, Mrs. Fish would greet me looking like a bad child.

"Oh, Lord, Barbarette, I've had every one of them up here today and gave them all the devil."

But as long as I could persuade her to pay no attention to the details of the house everything went well, for no mistress was ever more punctilious and just, more generous about money and time off and diversion, than she was. During the time that I was there to keep things fairly calm, the servants would stay for years. Her chefs and butlers would stay for ten and twelve years. Her personal maid, a Frenchwoman, stayed sixteen years.

Now I will describe a big dinner party of twenty years ago. It is a January night, and so it is the height of the New York season. Sixty guests have been invited, for that was what a dining room in a Fifth Avenue mansion would comfortably hold. There is a red carpet rolled down the front steps, and a canopy. As the carriages roll up a liveried footman in a top hat and boots opens the carriage doors. Inside the ponderous front doors a footman—always a tall and handsome young man—in white

The Family Butler is There, Just Outside the Ballroom Door. Of Course He Knows Each Guest

(Continued on Page 152

A RED-HEADED WOMAN

Day After Day the Merciless Hike Kept Up, for the Army Was Moving Fast. Dobbs Began to Feel as if Everything Was a Dream

By William Hazlett Upson

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK on the morning of November 20, 1918, in the rear rank of a battery of field artillery which was drawn up in infantry formation before the temporary wooden barracks at Boncourt, Private Alfred Dobbs stood wearily at attention. At the same hour, a few kilometers up the Meuse River, at Commercy, Miss Mary Day, a young woman with red hair, was opening the Y. M. C. A. canteen.

Private Dobbs had known Mary Day back home—they had grown up in the same little town in Ohio—but he had never paid much attention to her. She was two years older than he, and there were other girls he had considered more attractive. He did not know she was at Commercy; he did not even know she had come to France; and if he had known, he would not have been interested.

Private Dobbs had other things to occupy his mind. He was very tired; three long months of active service as a cannoneer at the Front, ending in a five-day march to the rear after the Armistice, had completely worn him out. And Private Dobbs was sick; the wretched food and worse water had been too much for his digestive system. Furthermore, the weather was cold, damp and miserable; and the battery commander was holding the whole outfit at attention while he made a long inspirational speech.

"Men," he said, "during the past three months you have seen hard service. Night after night you have made long and exhausting marches; day after day you have toiled at your appointed tasks—firing the guns, taking care of the equipment, and keeping the battery organization running in spite of almost insuperable obstacles. You have stood up before the enemy's bursting shell without flinching. You are real soldiers, and I am proud of you. Such men as you will hail with joy the announcement I am about to make."

Private Dobbs turned slightly toward Private MacAndrews, who had shared a pup tent with him all through the war, and who was now standing beside him in the rear rank.

"You don't suppose," asked Dobbs, "that the guy is going to tell us we're going home?"

MacAndrews

"Cut out that talking in ranks," came a fierce whisper from one of the file closers.

"I have just received orders," continued the battery commander, "saying that this organization has been selected to go to Germany as part of the Army of Occupation. This is a very important mission, and only veteran shock troops have been assigned to it. I know that you will all be proud of this honor and will enter upon your new task with the same splendid enthusiasm that marked your conduct during the war. Tomorrow morning we will start our march to the city of Coblenz on the famous River Rhine. Sergeant, you may dismiss the battery."

The first sergeant stepped up. He also had a speech to make. "From now on," he said, "you birds have got to snap out of your dream. You've been at the Front so long you're forgetting how a soldier should act. After this you're going to shave every day; you're going to keep all them pockets buttoned and all them blouses hooked up at the neck; and every time you see an officer you're going to salute him. Any guy I catch forgetting any of these things will find himself peeling onions or digging latrines from now till Christmas. All right. Sick call at 8:15. Stables at 8:30. Dismissed!"

The men broke ranks and straggled back into the barracks—a long barn-like structure with a dirt floor partly covered with straw, on which the men spread their blankets at night. At present each man's blankets were folded in a neat military manner next the wall, with rifles and other equipment arranged beside them. The barracks was not an elegant place to live, but it was better than pup tents these freezing November nights. There were no stoves, but in the center of the dirt floor was a smoldering wood fire which slightly warmed the place, and also filled it with choking smoke. Privates Dobbs and MacAndrews sat down on their folded blankets.

"Mac," said Dobbs, "if you ask me, I'd say that this is no weather to be making a long march up to Germany."

"The captain seems quite pleased about it," said Mac.

"Sure he is," said Dobbs, bitterly. "He rides a horse, which he don't even have to take care of himself. But for us hobnail riders it's going to be hell."

"I wonder," said Mac, "how far it is to Coblenz."

"Not more than a couple of thousand miles, I don't suppose," said Dobbs. "I wouldn't mind if I was well, but I'm not. I'm a sick man. My poor old guts are just turned upside down and inside out. They ought to send me to the hospital."

"Why don't you go on sick call and tell them so?"

"I went on sick call twice last week," said Dobbs sadly. "But would that old doctor send me to the hospital? Not him! Each time he made me take half a glass of castor oil, and the damn stuff is so thick this cold weather that it sticks to your teeth and your tongue all day. After the oil he gave me some camphor and opium pills, which seem to be pretty good stuff. I wish I had some more of those pills, but I'm afraid to go and ask for them. If the old brute was to give me any more castor oil it would finish me."

A corporal blew a whistle at the end of the barracks. "Sick call!" he shouted. "Any of you bozos that want to pretend you're sick, front and center!"

About a dozen sad-looking privates responded to the corporal's call.

"I suppose you know," remarked Mac, "that they got a new doctor down at the battalion station?"

"What!" said Dobbs. "You mean that other old castor-oil can has been given the air?"

Arline Avery

"Very likely he has been promoted," said Mac. "Anyway, he left yesterday, and the new guy is young and kind of ample looking."

"Simple looking!" exclaimed Dobbs. "Maybe I could work him all right."

"No harm to try," suggested Mac.

"I believe I will," said Dobbs. "Of course he might give me castor oil, but again he might not. And I suppose I might as well die one way as another."

He hurried up to the end of the barracks and fell in at the rear of the little column of men that were going on sick call. They followed the corporal down the hill to the little shack which housed the battalion medical station. When they arrived they were marched past the door and ordered to sit on a long bench outside. Dobbs, being at the end of the line, was seated nearest the door, and was the first to enter.

The new doctor was even younger and more simple looking than Dobbs had hoped. He was apparently inexperienced, but very earnest. Dobbs tottered across the room, sank into a chair and coughed several times as weakly and hollowly as he could.

"Doctor," he said, in a husky whisper, "I guess I'm a goner. I haven't been able to eat for three days; I have terrible pains all the time, and I'm so weak I can hardly stand up. Just lay me out somewhere and let me die."

The young doctor was very sympathetic. He looked at Dobbs' tongue, which was badly coated—for Dobbs was really sick. He felt his pulse, which was a bit weak—for he

was really half exhausted. And he listened to a long and lurid account of pains and symptoms. Then he filled out a large tag and fastened it to a button on Dobbs' blouse.

"You have dysentery," he said. "I'm going to send you to the base hospital. Report back in half an hour with whatever stuff you want to take with you."

Dobbs crept weakly out the door and then speeded up the hill to the barracks, arriving just as the first sergeant was blowing his whistle for stables.

"No stables for me!" he announced joyfully to Mac. "I'm going to the hospital! I'm on my way!"

"Honest?" asked Mac, a little enviously.

"You bet!" said Dobbs. He left his rifle, tin hat and other surplus equipment with Mac to be turned over to the supply sergeant. Then he made a light pack with the rest and hurried back to the medical station. Before long a small ambulance drove up, Dobbs and several other men climbed aboard, and a moment later they were rattling along the river road toward Commercy. Dobbs found himself sitting next to Private Henry Jackson of the battery telephone detail.

"I have an infected foot," announced Jackson. "I'm not going to any field hospital; I'm going way back to the base hospital."

"You don't need to be so proud about it," answered Dobbs. "I'm going to the base hospital myself." He had always faintly disliked Jackson.

"I sure am looking forward to a swell time down there," said Jackson. "No more hard work for old Uncle Ned. Nothing to do but lay around in a swell bed with nice clean sheets, and eat swell food and fool around with all the pretty nurses."

"I'm afraid the nurses won't bother much with guys like us," said Dobbs wearily. "They'll be chasing around with the officers all the time."

"Don't you fool yourself, boy," said Jackson. "After I arrive they won't even look at the officers."

"You sure hate yourself, don't you?" said Dobbs.

"It's just that I understand women," explained Jackson. "I know what they want, and I give it to them. Why, back home I had practically every good-looking girl in town just eating out of my hand. And I could have had the bad-looking ones, only I didn't want to waste my time."

"As you tell it," said Dobbs, "it sure listens good."

The ambulance rattled on. Jackson was certainly an ass, thought Dobbs. But it would be rather nice if, as Jackson had said, there were pretty nurses at the hospital. It had been more than six months since Dobbs had talked with a woman; during the three months at the front he had not even seen one, and he was hungry for feminine companionship.

The ambulance crossed the Meuse River bridge into the town of Commercy, and left Dobbs, Jackson and the other passengers at the railway station, where they joined a group of several dozen men who were to go by rail to the base hospital. The sergeant in charge told them the hospital was at a place called Vichy.

The train was reported to be several hours late, and Private Dobbs took his pack, slipped out of the station and walked up the street to a building marked "Y. M. C. A." To Dobbs this sign meant the possibility of cigarettes and chocolate. He pushed open the door and entered a large room, which at this hour of the morning was almost deserted. Two or three lone soldiers were writing letters at tables along the wall. At the far end of the room was a small counter. And behind this counter, in a neat Y. M. C. A. uniform, stood Miss Mary Day, the girl from Dobbs' home town in Ohio.

"Remember, You're Coming to See Me in Coblenz." "You Bet!" Said Dobbs

"Well, if it isn't little old Al Dobbs!" she called out in a pleased voice, and came hurrying around in front of the counter to shake hands

"Hello there, Mary," said Dobbs awkwardly. And then he stopped in amazement. For this girl, whom he had hardly noticed at home, had, in the year since he had last seen her, become strangely beautiful. As she stepped around the little counter she passed through a ray of pale winter sunlight from the window, and for an instant her rich copper-gold hair became a halo that glowed and shimmered. Her close-fitting uniform was severely plain, but it showed distinction in every line. And as she came toward him she smiled, and he noticed that there were good-humored little wrinkles around her eyes and attractive little freckles on her nose.

Then she shook hands, and he felt a warm and pleasant glow come over his whole body. Her hand was small and soft and pleasantly cool; he held it as long as he dared, and let it go very reluctantly.

How remarkable it was, he thought, that the first girl he had met for such a long time should turn out to be so stunningly attractive!

"Little old Al Dobbs!" she repeated cordially. Her voice was clear and soft, and there was a slight huskiness in it that made every word she said sound interesting. And Dobbs liked the way she said "little old." Somehow it sounded intimate and affectionate.

"I'm awfully glad to see you," she went on. "Where have you been all this time? What outfit are you in? And are you quartered here in town, or are you just passing through?"

"It seems like a miracle," said Dobbs reverently. "Just like a miracle."

"What's a miracle?" asked Mary. She smiled again, and Dobbs looked away in confusion. She was so beautiful that he hardly dared look at her for long.

"It's a miracle," he explained, "that we should meet like this just by accident, and so far from home."

Mary laughed—a slightly husky, but musical, little laugh that was altogether charming. "It's not so very remarkable," she said. "I've seen several of the hometown boys since I've been here—George Henderson, Frank Bates and a number more."

"Well, well, well!" said Dobbs stupidly. He rubbed his face with his hand. "I'm afraid you'll have to excuse how I look," he said. "I haven't had time to shave yet today. And my trousers"—he lowered his eyes.

"Yes?" said Mary.

"They got torn," Dobbs went on. "They got torn behind at the front."

Mary looked puzzled.

"I mean," he said, "they got torn at the front, but they got torn behind.

"I mean—when I was at the front my trousers got torn behind. And all I had to sew them up with was some light German telephone wire, and I'm afraid they don't look so good. I hope you don't mind."

"You poor dear," said Mary. "Of course I don't mind. It just shows you belong to a real fighting outfit. You do belong to a fighting outfit, don't you?"

"Sure I do," said Dobbs. "We were at the front for three months."

"How interesting!" said Mary. "You must sit down and tell me all about it."

So Dobbs sat down with Mary on a bench behind the counter, and talked and talked. Mary was a splendid listener.

She said very little herself, only cutting in once in a while with some such remark as "Wonderful!" or "How thrilling!" or "What brave strong men you soldiers are!"

Never had Dobbs so enjoyed himself. He talked on and on, forgetting his sickness and weariness, forgetting the battery and the base hospital and everything else except that he was practically in heaven and talking with an angel. When at last he had finished the recital of his deeds at the front—and these deeds lost nothing in the telling—he asked Mary what she had been doing since she came to France.

"I haven't had any adventures to compare with yours," she said modestly. "I came over about two months ago, and I've been here ever since. But I won't be here long. About two weeks ago they told me I would soon be sent down to a place called Vichy, where there is a base hospital."

"Vichy!" said Dobbs. "Isn't that fine! And that reminds me—maybe I had better be leaving. I don't want to miss that train." He stood up and reached for his pack.

"Don't go," said Mary. "I was just going to say that the orders were changed after the Armistice, and day after tomorrow I'm going to take the train to Germany to be with the Army of Occupation."

"What part of Germany?" asked Dobbs.

"Coblenz."

"Can you imagine that!" said Dobbs. And at once he made a decision. "I was supposed to go to Vichy myself,"

(Continued on Page 115)

YOUR PUP'S EDUCATION

By Albert Payson Terhune

THE dog's name, as I recall it, was Schwartz. He was a black poodle and he belonged to a German scientist. His master taught Schwartz to trot across the street every morning to a tobacconist's, there to lay upon the counter a small coin and to receive in exchange a packet of pipe tobacco. With his master's daily smoking supply, Schwartz would return home in vast pride at his own simple exploit. This went on for several years.

Then the scientist moved to another city some hundred and fifty miles away. Oddly enough, there was a tobacconist's shop directly across the street from his new lodgings. He dropped in there and arranged for Schwartz to continue the daily fetch-and-carry trick.

Next morning he opened the door, put a coin between the poodle's teeth and said, as usual, "Tobacco, Schwartz!"

For the first time in all his years of errand running the dog hesitated, shrinking back, blinking up at his master in pitiful confusion, whimpering softly, showing in every possible way his aversion to obeying the order. Sharply the man repeated his command. Head and tail a-droop, Schwartz slunk forth upon his mission.

Usually the tobacco purchase was a matter of only two or three minutes. But now hours passed and Schwartz did not come back. His master went across the street to the tobacconist's to make inquiries. Schwartz had not been there. Nor did a search of near-by streets and of the dog pound give any tidings of the lost poodle.

On the morning of the fifteenth day thereafter, a feeble scratching and whining brought the man to the door of his lodgings. Schwartz lurched weakly across the threshold and deposited at his master's feet a crumpled and dirty wad of paper—the packet of tobacco he had been sent for.

Dogged Obedience

AT FIRST the astonished owner was too much absorbed in caring for his sick and scarred and emaciated and worn-out dog to pay any heed to the useless lump of paper. But when at last he picked it up he saw it bore the label of the tobacconist in the city he had quitted—one hundred and fifty miles distant.

Schwartz had obeyed orders. He had been sent to buy the usual package of pipe tobacco. Being only a dog and with a dog's powers of reasoning, he knew of but one place where such tobacco could be found—the shop to which he had been sent so many times. And thither he had gone, finding his way nobody knows how, even as dog after dog has been known to cover countless leagues of unfamiliar territory by means of the mystic canine sixth sense. Schwartz had traveled three hundred miles on the round trip and had brought back what he had been sent for. That was Schwartz's way, as it is the way of every highly trained dog of loyal heart and wise brain. The rigors of the winter journey had been too much for the aging poodle. He died a day or two later.

I have not told this true incident as a mere dog story or as a bit of pathos or even as an example of superloyalty. I have told it only because it is one of the best illustrations on record of a dog's capacity for grasping the details of training. Here is the idea: Schwartz had been taught to go to a certain place on a certain errand. The daily mission had become part of his life's routine. One shop, and only one shop, was connected in his mind with this errand. The fact that there was a similar shop within a few yards of his new home meant nothing at all to the poodle.

Being merely a dog and not gifted—or afflicted—with a human brain, he had no means of knowing the significance of the tobacconist's sign and show-window wares in this second city. He was told to perform his usual trick. He knew there must be tremendous difficulties connected with it, and he had registered unwillingness, striving in the only way in his power to dissuade his master from forcing such a seemingly impossible task upon him.

Failing to shake the man's resolve, Schwartz had done the only thing left to him. He had carried out what he supposed were his master's wishes and, doglike, he paid with his life for doing his duty.

A highly trained and humanized dog has the intelligence of a somewhat bright human child of three or four years, plus whatever instinct a dog has and a human lacks, and minus, perhaps, the soul which supplements the child's intelligence.

A human child of four years might readily have made the same kind of blunder that Schwartz made, if given a similar task. Being merely human, the child probably would have bogged down on the job. Being endowed with the doubtful blessing of speech, it might have asked questions which would have cleared up the misunderstanding. But the poodle had no means of asking for clearer instructions. So he went ahead with what equipment he had, and did his clumsy best.

He was not the first, nor the last, nor the thousandth dog to lose his life in the carrying out of his training. Witness the instance of a dog in England a few years ago that was told to guard the overcoat his master laid on a seashore rock. The master went away, forgetting he had given the order. The tide came in. The dog swam around and around the submerged rock until he drowned.

It was not a case of stupidity; or if it was, then the locomotive engineer and the soldier and the sea captain who stick to their posts in face of certain death are stupid. It was the mere logical following out of lifelong training and implicit obedience to orders.

Here in Northern New Jersey, when I was a boy, a setter pointed a covey of quail in a clump of bushes alongside a railroad track. The dog came to his point as he was midway between the rails. Obedient to his training, he stood staunchly, awaiting his master's command to go forward. An express train bore down on him, muffling the owner's shout of recall. The dog was cut in two. Again, this was not silly heroism. It was the implicit following out of the life teachings he had assimilated.

The training of a dog is a simple thing when it is done rightly. Once well taught, not one dog in five is false to his training. That is another of the various marked differences between canine and human

Yes, the training of a dog is simple if a few well-marked rules are followed. There is no magic, no mystery, about it. The passwords are these: Gently firm patience and common sense. Nothing more. If the thing were more difficult and more complicated, perhaps more people would be inspired to do it better. But patience and common sense toward dogs seem harder for the average human to acquire than do a fine taste in medieval tapestry and a knack for violin playing.

Founded on Confidence

TO BEGIN with, you have a puppy only a few months old, friendly, bumptious, eager to learn, but needing a wise teacher. By primal instinct, if he has not been spoiled, he is ready to accept you as his god and to try to please you. So much for your raw material. Five times out of six it is more willing material than confronts a primary-class teacher in our public schools.

If you haul a four-year-old child around in a way that seems aimless to him, and give confusing commands in a tongue he does not understand, and then, when he becomes bewildered and scared, if you swear at him and kick him in the ribs, you are not going to score any brilliant success as an instructor of youth. It is the same with your dog.

The first and most important step of all is to win the puppy's confidence and his perfect obedience. This is far easier than it sounds, if you go at it in the right way. Let nobody but yourself handle him or play with him or feed him or exercise him. From the start, make him rely on you, and on you alone, for everything.

Later, when his character is formed, there will be plenty of time for him to become a family dog. But during his few months of early education there must be nobody and nothing in the world for him but his own master or mistress. Perhaps it would have been more accurate to say "owner" instead of "master or mistress." For anyone with the cash to buy a dog may become that dog's owner. But all the cash ever coined will not make you his master or mistress without the dog's own eagerly enthusiastic consent. That consent must be earned. Do you get the wide difference?

"Lie Down!" The Master With Sigurdson and Dawn. At Right—Sunnybank Lad

Sunnybank Gray Dawn

As a rule, it is during his puppy months—beginning as early as possible—that you must earn your right to be his master or mistress.

Here is where the common sense and patience and exclusiveness must come into play. The pup is only a baby, not a mental giant. His brain is fallow, waiting for you to stamp education on it. If you stamp it, literally, with kicks and whacks or bellowings, the impression will be made—an impression that will last through life in a cowed or mean or treacherous cur.

If you can't control yourself, don't try to control a dog—or, indeed, anything else. If you can't keep your temper and a semblance of patient coolness—absurdly easy things to do, as the few who have given them a fair trial can testify—you may as well give up all hope of turning your noisily friendly puppy into a decent canine citizen.

But it is very much worth while to control yourself in order to control the puppy. Not merely for the valuable self-discipline involved but because in a very short time at most your labor is going to receive due reward in the shape of a well-trained dog that will be your pal and guard and helper, without further education, for perhaps a dozen years to come. For, once rightly taught, a dog's training will last him through life. All the bother to his trainer comes at the very beginning of the acquaintance. Dogs are vastly different from human pupils in that way.

The Breaking Gate

HAVING taught him the foundation trait of obedience, figure out carefully just what you want him to learn thereafter, and set about teaching him. Teach only one thing at a time, and don't begin any new instructions until he has grasped each of the former ones so thoroughly that they are part of his nature.

If you plan to educate your dog along lines of walking on his hind legs and then rolling over three times at command, and smoking a pipe, and doing similar undoglike and spectacular stunts, then I am afraid this article won't hold much interest for you. I don't teach my dogs so-called tricks, except such few very simple things as may serve to amuse them and to sharpen their brains for more useful knowledge.

I get my results without beating my dogs. This through no special sloppiness of sentiment, but because some forty years of experience have proved to me that I can get more out of a dog with my voice and my will than I could with my boot toe or a dog whip. Taken young enough, I don't believe the average dog needs physical punishment. I believe he can be taught to regard obedience as a second nature. And once thorough obedience is instilled, all the rest is ludicrously easy.

There is as much difference in the mentality of dogs as in that of humans. One dog will learn with bewildering speed, even as one child will master a school lesson while his classmates are groping hopelessly through its mazes. Another dog will try every atom of a trainer's patience by dense stupidity. But practically every dog can learn all he needs to, if a fair amount of time and sense and patience be lavished on the teaching.

At Sunnybank there is a rustic gate I have learned to detest. We call it "the breaking gate." It is the entrance to the main puppy yard of the collie kennels. If I had spent half as much time and zeal and concentrated energy at my prayers as I have spent in standing beside that miserable gate, I should have been confronted long ago by the problem of whether to wear my halo inside or outside of my hat. To me the gate is a place of chronic affliction. For that is where every fluffy Sunnybank collie pup learns his first real lesson in obedience.

Let us say I am training a four-month pup. I have got him to the point where he regards me as a highly entertaining playfellow and chum, and where, from choice, he gallops up to me at my call or follows me gleefully wherever I go. Then comes the test.

Even as a child hates to go back to the schoolroom after a jolly recess, so a puppy hates to go back to the dull imprisonment of his yard after a romp and a long woodland tramp. At first, when I am training a pup, I pick him up and carry him to the yard, depositing him there and shutting the gate upon him. But presently the time comes for the next step. So, at the end of our walk, I go over to the yard gate. Blithely he follows me until we are within perhaps thirty feet of his jail. Then he halts, and then begins the ordeal.

I call him. He wriggles a little nearer, but stops long before he reaches the gate. I keep on calling, quietly, friendly, and as if I had no doubt at all that he will be glad to obey. Sometimes I take out a bit of animal cracker and tempt him onward with that. It is of no use. He does not intend to be shut into that dismal yard. So he rolls over on his back and rolls rebellious eyes at me and waves protesting paws. Then, smitten by a sudden memory of an appointment elsewhere, he trots off in a most businesslike manner.

All the time I continue to call him by name, quietly, firmly, uselessly. Back he will come once or twice. Then, as though putting a decisive end to such nonsense, he will run clean out of sight. I keep on calling, seeking to break him with my own patience.

Let me confess here that I have no patience at all. Ever I am clutched by an increasingly ferocious craving to grab the maddeningly disobedient little brute by the neck, slam him against a tree, and then fling him screeching into the yard. Over and over I have to remind myself that, for the gratifying of such a momentary impulse of cowardly cruelty, I would have henceforth a cowed and useless collie, and that I would snap forever the impalpable bond I have been trying to establish between him and myself.

So, with outward semblance of calm, I keep on calling and coaxing. Sometimes the battle of assumed patience against stubborn puppy will power lasts but a few minutes. Sometimes it endures for a horrible hour or more. But always, soon or late, the result is the same. Always, at the last, he sidles wearily into his loathed prison yard, to receive from me an extravagant meed of praise and several animal crackers.

Thus he is left with the smug impression that somehow he has done a mightily clever thing in obeying me, and with the knowledge that obedience cannot be dodged. If I should give up the fight at the breaking gate or if I should lose my temper with him, I do not believe I could hope again to gain full mastery of him. Once the gate is passed, the rest of his education is a matter of no difficulty at all.

Even as children learn quickly their place and their individual duties in school, so well-taught puppies learn theirs in a household. At Sunnybank, for example, our great old collie, Lad, was the chief house dog. Every other collie on the place understood that Laddie alone was allowed in the dining room or in the cave under the music-room piano. No other dog thought of usurping those places or of setting foot in them. This was taught to them without punishment.

Wolf, on the other hand, was Sunnybank's official watch-dog in those years. After only a few lessons he learned that his nightly resting place was the rug outside the front door, and that he was not to wander thence to the woods on moonlight rabbit hunts. Also, after I had sat up for a few nights to go the rounds with him, he understood that he was expected to patrol the veranda and the lawn two or three times a night.

The Royal Succession

THE day after Lad died, the mistress called Bruce into the dining room—outside whose doors he had been wont to lie during meals—and explained to him that henceforth he was free of the room. On the second bidding he understood this; as later did Wolf, who became the dining-room dog on Bruce's death in 1920; and as did Bobby, who succeeded to Sunnybank's canine kingship when Wolf was killed in snatching a stray cur from under the wheels of an express train. On Bobby's death two years afterward, the sovereignty—with the piano cave and full access to the dining room—fell to Gray Dawn. In every instance the successor was taught, almost without effort, his new privileges and duties.

Years of humanization had brought all the house dogs to a pitch of understanding where a single careful lesson was enough to make them see what was wanted of them. We decree only a few and simple rules to govern our Sunnybank collies' house behavior. But, from the hour they come indoors, they are taught that those few rules must be obeyed most rigorously. The toughest clause of the law to teach them, during the past decade or more, has been that the mistress' temperamental gray Persian cat, Tippy, must be left severely alone. Sharp reproof and expulsion await the house puppy that so much as goes near her; this in addition to the virulent nose scratch which Tippy herself imparts as her own share of the lesson.

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The Mistress With Sunnybank Explorer. At Right—An Armful of Puppies at the Breaking Gate

SECOND BEST

By RICHARD CONNELL

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

"I Told Her How I Had Wanted Intensely, Frantically, All My Life, to be a First-Rater, the Best at Something if it Was Only Parcheesi"

HE LOOKED happy. Most men don't. Why is it? Notice the face of the ordinary man or woman in repose. In twenty-nine cases out of thirty it suggests that its owner has just eaten a bee. Most people go about wearing a sober, stern, even pained look. Some schools of thought attribute it to faulty metabolism. Others say it is due to the fact that by the time a man is forty so many of his ideals have developed fallen arches, so many of his young dreams have slightly curdled.

Now this man looked genuinely happy. He seemed pleased with life, without being complacent. He beamed. Here, unless the expression on a human face means nothing at all, was a man who found life kind and savory.

This all too rare phenomenon attracted my keenest interest at once. He might serve, I thought, as Case 237A in the appendix of my monumental work, The Philosophy of Happiness, in nine volumes—unpublished. I was traveling about the country at the time, collecting material for my exegesis. I was, in point of fact, searching for men who were happy and would admit it. Why was this man happy? I wanted to know.

It was on the links of a golf club at Chicopee Falls that I first saw him. I had stopped off there for a week-end with Skip Fisher. Skip had been in college with me some fifteen years before. I remembered him as a slim, party-loving, rather wildly merry young man. I found him a plumply prosperous manufacturer of rubber boots. He wore that grave life-is-real-life-is-earnest look, and had three children, three cars and three chins.

"Take a walk over the links," he suggested. "They're playing off the Class B final for the President's Cup. The golf may be dubbish, but the air will be fresh."

At the last hole I saw my happy-looking man. He seemed to be on the point of winning the cup, as large and ugly a loving cup as ever man coveted. His ball lay not six inches from the hole—an easy putt. His opponent, a dour, grim-lipped man, seemed out of luck, for his ball lay near the edge of the green, more than twenty feet from the hole. It was the grim-lipped man's shot. With a frown and a sigh, he hit the ball. It trickled across the green and popped into the hole. The grim-lipped man's face thawed into a wide, surprised grin.

"Swell shooting, Sam," cried the happy-looking man. Then it was I who was surprised; for the happy-looking man did not add, under his breath, "You lucky stiff!" He actually seemed glad that his opponent had worked that minor miracle.

Now it was the happy-looking man's shot. He could still be in the running for the cup if he holed his ball, and a cross-eyed baby could have done that. With great care he addressed the ball, then tapped it. Gently it rolled five and five-sixths inches—and hesitated on the very rim of the hole. There it stopped. It was so near that an infant ant could have brushed it in with one slight stroke of its antennæ.

Both men stared at the ball with unbeheving eyes. Then, believe it or not, the happy-looking man let out a deep, sincere bellow of laughter.

"Well, well, well!" he exclaimed. "What do you know about that?"

That was all.

Now, in the circumstances, the most self-controlled and pious of high-church bishops would be fairly entitled, anyone will admit, to one loud fervent "Damn!" As for a layman—no one, I venture to think, would censure him if he embroidered the air with rich, hot, purple profanity. Yet all that man said was "Well, well, well! What do you know about that?"

Then he rushed over and heartily pumped the hand of his conqueror. No fake about it, either. No sign that he was really thinking, "I must act like a good loser and congratulate this lucky baboon, although I'd really like to break the confounded oaf's beastly neck." I've watched faces long enough to know that the loser meant his felicitations.

As I strolled back to the clubhouse, I pondered over the problem: Why was that man happy?

Not because of his looks, surely. He was no beauty. He had a regulation golf face, catchup-red, lots of ears, chin and teeth, and the slightly convex figure of a well-nourished man getting on toward forty-five.

Not because of his golf. I had just seen a sample of his game. Nor did he look like a man of tremendous cosmic consequence. He was plainly no statesman, holding a nation in his potent palm. He could hardly be a titan of international finance or a great artist with a record of masterpieces created. Somehow big guns look like big guns. He looked, indeed, like ten thousand other good, plain men who may be seen any fair day replacing divots on ten thousand golf courses. What made him happy then? Was it success? That, my researches had indicated, was one of the surest sources of happiness.

A disquieting thought hit me. Perhaps he was not really happy; a brave smile hiding a cracked heart—the old Pagliacci business. I'd been fooled that way before. Once I stopped off at Cohoes, New York, to investigate

the case of a man widely known in those parts as Happy Saunders. His right name was Walter E. Saunders, and he drove an express wagon. He certainly looked happy. However, patient study on my part showed that his reputation for happiness was due to the fact that he had unusually prominent teeth, and a goat had butted him in the chin when he was a boy, causing a partial paralysis of his facial muscles so that he seemed to be perpetually smiling. Actually, underneath, he was a morose, misanthropic soul who subsequently hanged himself in a haymow with his own suspenders. Was this man of the same type?

At the clubhouse Skip Fisher was waiting for me. "Sorry I've got to rush right off again," he puffed. "Just got a hurry call to go to a pesky directors' meeting. I'll have to ask you to entertain yourself for an hour or so. Order anything you want and sign my name. Would you like to meet some of the fellows?"

"Yes."

"Hey, Bill! Hey, Bill!" Skip called to a man emerging from the locker room. It was the happy-looking man. He approached us, smiling broadly.

"This," Skip Fisher introduced, "is Mr. William Benton, 2nd—generally known as Bill. He'll entertain you with song, story and liquid refreshment till I get back—won't you, Bill?"

"Try to," said Benton. Then, to me: "Let's go into the lounge and have some pink lemonade."

We found easy-chairs in a corner of the lounge. Benton produced cigars and a square bottle. "Your very good health," he said, raising his glass. We sat there, smoking, drinking. "Live in New York, don't you?" Benton asked.

"Yes."

"Happen to know Tommy Forbes?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Too bad. Great scout. Know Phil Gilbert?"

"Yes."

"Good old Phil. Making piles in the silk business, I hear."

"He was managing editor of a newspaper only last month," I said.

"What? Phil Gilbert a newspaper man? That's news to me. Doesn't sound like old Phil."

"The name of the man I know is Philip G. Gilbert," I said.

"Oh," said Benton, "the one I know is Philip J." He sipped his drink. "Do you know Bobby Drew?"

"Do you mean Robert T. Drew, the illustrator?"

"No, Robert P. Drew, wholesale sporting goods."

"No, I'm afraid I don't know him."

"Too bad. A white egg."

Our conversation languished a little. Then I said, "You had a tough break out on the links today."

"Didn't I, though?" he said cheerfully. "Oh, well, that's golf for you."

"I thought," I remarked, "that you took it extremely well."

He laughed. "Well, why shouldn't I?"

"It's exasperating to lose by an eyelash that way," I said.

"Well, anyhow, I was runner-up."

"Not everyone can be so philosophic," I said.

He chuckled. "Guess Skip Fisher can't have told you what a lot of people call me," Benton said.

"No, he didn't."

"They call me," said Benton—and there was something very like pride in his tone—"Second-Best Benton."

"Really?"

I was rather nonplused. It did not strike me as a title a man would be especially proud of.

"Yes," said Benton. "And I guess I've won the name, all right." Again I detected that note of pride. "Would you like to know how?"

"Very much."

"Well, I was born—— But have a drink first." We had one. "I was born," Benton said, "as most people are, with ambitions. You know how it is. We all have all sorts of ambitions churning round inside us, and changing as we grow older and get more sense, or less. When we're four or so, our ambition is to see Santa Claus and get a red sled. A bit later we yearn to be cops, or locomotive engineers, or cowboys. Then we want to be able to beat every boy we know at running or swimming, or maybe even at arithmetic. We achieve long pants, go off to college and aspire to be the big duck in the campus pond, and captain of the eleven.

"Then we graduate and direct our energy toward grabbing a fortune away from the bulls and bears, and marrying the most beautiful girl in the world. We want to be known as the young financial wizard, or the young scientific wizard, or the young musical wizard, or whatever particular sort of wizard strikes our fancy. All these ambitions seem very real and pressing to us while we have them. Back of them all, I think, is an intense inborn desire to be somebody big in the world. Why do we care? Well, I think it's because every man wants to be happy, and he has a strong hunch that he can't be happy unless he gets to the top of his particular heap. Funny things, human beings, aren't they?"

I said I had found them so.

"Of course," said Benton, "some men have the I-must-be-first bug stronger than others. You know, they said of one great American, who certainly got to the top of his heap, that if he went to a funeral he wanted to be the corpse and if he went to a wedding he wanted to be the bride. I, myself, was born with a whacking big share of that feeling. . . . Are you getting an earache?"

"Not at all. I'm very interested. Please go on."

"My dad was a semisuccessful sort of man, the manager of a printing plant, and something of a pessimist. His idea

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"I Sought Her Out at Once, Plucked Her Away From the Other Wedding Guests and Whispered, 'There's a Summer House in the Garden'"

THE EXTRA CONSIDERATION

"I Don't Care Who I Look Like. So Much the Worse for Them. Will You Leave Go of My Arm?" This Was Directed Acidly at Mr. Glassbirn

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

SEATED at one of the small pale green tables of The Toasted Dainty, Eva Foss leaned forward and increased the dramatic emphasis of her narrative. She was addressing her closest friend.

"When you ducked out," she proceeded, "it all went like we had planned. Honest, it did look too good to be true. The yellow chiffon might have been new—the silver girdle and those silver slippers Mrs. De Langly lent me at Zenith freshened it up wonderful. And he got there before it was time. Then I had the awful drop. I said to him casual and without thinking, I said, 'Just what do you do at Extension? If any.' That was only to be funny, of course. And without stopping to draw his breath he said, 'I thought you knew. Didn't Fred Zimmerlein tell you? I'm a carpenter.'

"And him letting me think he was in pictures! The nerve of him. Theresa, did you ever hear the equal? I just drew myself up stiff and said, 'Some people can get a long ways by misrepresentation and then there are those who can't.' But all I got was a laugh. He told me to come off the set. He seen enough acting through the day, he said. Did you ever, really?"

Theresa McAnnis was plainly disappointed in the climax, the heart, of Eva's tale. She withdrew her attention from it in favor of newly making up her mouth.

"It seems all unimportant," she told Eva, "to me. But then you know what I think of pictures. I just don't think of them. It's no use for anyone to try and change me. So far as I can see, a carpenter is as good as any of the leading men you rave over. If not a little better. I'd rather have that carpenter for a husband. He'd be home some of the nights anyways."

"You're too old-fashioned to be alive," Eva Foss declared. "You ought to be back in Des Moines instead of in Hollywood. The truth is you are only interested in getting a husband. Why you're not a modern girl is what I can't see. Independent ——"

"What do you mean, independent?" Theresa asked. "Independent to slave and work? Independent to go to Montmartre and dance myself dead and then drink liquid tin from a bottle with some extra out of work? That's modern and I want to be older than Egypt. You are right. I mean to get a good hold on some real man and marry him. And you listen to me careful, too—if a good one turns up your way don't let him pass. Add his name to what you got and you'll be surprised how much more it is."

Eva Foss took on a visible and remote dignity. "Such a life is not for me," she proclaimed. "I am an artist. You surprise and hurt me, Theresa, when you know all I live for is pictures. Some day my chance will come. Some day a director will say, 'Miss Foss, I have been watching your work, we have all been watching your work here at Zenith, and the time has arrived for you to take your rightful place. Miss Storey has spoiled you in the cutting room the last time. Mr. Glenning expects you in his office.'"

"Well," Theresa McAnnis replied, "you've been an extra for three years now, and that's longer than most are stars. Your time had better come pretty quick is all I have to say. Thank goodness, the studios never got me. I wouldn't go in one for a mink coat. They are too dangerous on a girl. You get all cockeyed with what's good for you and what isn't."

Eva reassured her. "Speaking frank, you could go in a studio with no harm whatever. Darling, you wouldn't photograph. You're too dark and thin. You know I love your features, but a director wouldn't."

"While we're speaking honest," Theresa answered, "let me advise you you're heavy enough right now. I was noticing you in that new girdle. It's not sufficient. It really ain't. I may be old-fashioned in the head, but I'm more modern than you in shape, and that's a fact."

What she had observed, Eva informed her, was only temporary. "I've took on weight this last week, but I can always lose it. I've got a part promised me by Mr. Matz—he's Mr. Drake's assistant in the casting room—that I'll have to get under a hundred and twenty-five for. And that girdle; I simply threw it away. It wouldn't hold up a charlotte russe.

"Well, to go back to where I started; when he said he was just a carpenter at Extension, the room got like a hard winter in Minnesota. It really did. I was that froze with anger. And him telling me he was in pictures. And me in my best yellow chiffon and those slippers. I told you what I said and then I was silent. I was silent through him smoking a whole cigarette. It didn't seem to down him, though; he argued like you; he said he'd rather be a carpenter than one of those actors with the sweet rosy cheeks. He said if anyone shoved him he could at least lam them in the eye; he wouldn't just squeak. And I told him, very dignified, he'd better not hit Howard Cushing; not without designating the flowers. 'And besides that,' I said, 'you are insulting my friends.'"

"Do you know Howard Cushing?" Theresa asked.

"Not exactly that I know him," Eva went on. "But once in The Melted Heart he smiled at me. He smiled and just nodded. If Storey hadn't been there he'd have spoke. He knew if she saw him take notice of me she'd have flown

into a temper and walked off. He didn't want to do me any damage, see, so he just smiled like that and kind of nodded. I was in a dream the rest of the week. It was so ultra."

Theresa McAnnis said that it made her sick. "The way those stars and leads go on. Why couldn't he speak to you? You're as good as her any day—out of a department store in Duluth. I'm a lot more interested in the carpenter. What did he do then? What did you say?"

"He just laughed as easy as if nothing had went on, and said he'd be back. If he did, I informed him, it wouldn't be to see me. I didn't encourage men who practiced deceit on girls. So far as I was concerned, I went on, he might as well be a clerk in a drug store. For me he had just that much class. At that he wasn't discouraged. Not him! He said where would pictures be without carpenters, and I said that wasn't the point. The point was, I told him, where were carpenters anyhow? Pictures didn't come into it."

"I like the way he sounds," Theresa declared. "He's got a lot of spirit to him. I hope he does come back and I'm there. I won't lay any chill on him. What does he look like?"

There was nothing to him any way you took him, Eva replied. Nothing. She supposed that he looked like a carpenter. "But fresh. . . . I've got to go, Theresa. I have to be at Zenith by two o'clock. Mr. Matz promised he'd tell me something definite then. I've got another offer at Pax, for The Pacific Blues; but I hate working in a grass skirt and paper flowers. It makes me cough, to say nothing of the remarks passed. I ought to only do society parts I'll be home before seven, and I suppose we'll have to get our own. A slice of pineapple and a chop." She rose with an emphasized grace, and paused for a moment, statuesque, above the small pale green table.

The solitary chop and single slice of pineapple disposed of, the incidentals of an unengaged evening dismissed, Eva Foss went into her room to prepare for the night. She shared with Theresa McAnnis an apartment of three rooms with a shallow alcove for kitchen not far from Sunset Boulevard where that monumental thoroughfare left the region of the city for a more scattered plan of bungalows and isolated concrete apartment houses. Her bedroom was far different from Theresa's, if only for the reproductions of photographs and signatures on the walls. There were a great many of them, mostly concerned with the strictly regular features of young leading men and stars.

There was Howard Cushing in the burnoose of a patrician Arab, a souvenir of the superpicture, Love's Burning Sands; a view of Oswald Dunkirk as the hero of Three Jumps Ahead, a picture of the hunting life on Long Island, with Oswald Dunkirk in a silk negligee sporting shirt turned far back from his tense neck. There was a picture of Albert Lester breaking a bad, or killer, horse, with his platinum spurs and celebrated emerald-studded quirt; Morris Bain, the Englishman who was so signally a gentleman that he was practically never photographed in anything but a formal evening coat or dressing gown; Elaine Storey in the dress netted with five thousand diamonds—there was a score of such pictures. On the dressing table stood a photograph of Eva herself in her greatest part -her moment in Evangeline, when for five seconds the cameras had been wholly occupied with her as she emerged, an Indian girl, at once haughty and tender, from the primeval forest

She paused, doubtfully, to compare herself in a long mirror with that past pictured triumph. Theresa was right; she was a little heavier than she had ought to be. She would have to do something about it. Looking back on her late interview with George Matz she believed that he'd been conscious of it too. Naturally he hadn't spoken of it. It wasn't likely he would be so free. She wasn't that kind of an extra. The whole truth was that, in an exact sense, she wasn't an extra at all. They were just keeping her waiting for the right part. She wasn't simply a blob, a person who could play anything. She had character, looks of her own; for that reason, certainly, she was a little hard to cast. It had to be something special. Eva Foss was certain the directors recognized this.

When, for example, the whole city was on its uppers, with most of the studios closed and the thousands of extras all but starving, Zenith or Pax or Extension usually found a number for her; they almost always had an opera into which she was fitted. It was plain that they didn't want to lose sight of her or let her go. They were waiting for the perfect opportunity. They recognized, too, that she was a girl of character. They never tried any funny business with her. She had made it clear by her bearing that it wouldn't be welcome to her. Of course if a director or one of the executives asked her out to dinner with him, she'd go. She might even dance a little afterward, in a strictly respectable place, and then she'd say to him, with a tired and entrancing smile, "Mr. Glenning"—his was the first, the most desirable name which occurred to her—"Mr. Glenning," she'd say, "would you mind very dreadfully if I asked you to take me back to my rooms? You see, if I am to get along in my chosen profession, our art, Mr. Glenning, I must have rest. I must get my ten hours every night."

He would be disappointed, of course, even a little annoyed; but she would be gently firm. It was the only way. "Please," she would say in a low voice, her fingers momentarily in his. If in the car since this was no vulgar affair of taxicabs—he managed to kiss her, she would sink away from him pale and still more tired. "No," she'd tell him, with an uneven voice, an unsteady breathing, "no." Then she'd sit up: "Really, I mean it. I care for no one. I prefer to be alone in my struggle. Should recognition come it will be all the sweeter ——"

Yes, she was too fat. Eva was in her nightgown, and there was no doubting that dangerous fact. The nightgown was sheer and green; it was trimmed with a pink lace, and about its middle there was wound what had been a lace-edged sash. Now, Eva told herself, it more nearly resembled a string. The truth was that she was a little frightened. She saw behind the reflection in the glass the dark hovering shape of disaster. Other girls, married women, Theresa McAnnis, might get fat and it wouldn't much matter, but for her it was suicide. She had better change her present diet to one of spinach and Melba toast. She hated spinach it made her quite ill—and detested

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"Thank You, No," She Repeated. "Really, You Don't Know What a Tyrant My Art is; How Much I Must Pay for It"

SOME LITERARY FORGERIES

By Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, as Told to Avery Strakosch

SEVERAL years ago I had the remarkable good fortune to secure for my own library a letter written by Cervantes. It is the only one known in a private collection today. Other letters of his—and they are few—may be seen only in the Spanish National Library at Madrid. Cervantes' autographs are so rare that the British Museum possesses no example of the handwriting of the author of Don Quixote, nor is there one in the library of the Hispanic Society in New York City, founded by that great collector, Mr. Archer M. Huntington. From this you may realize to some extent the desirability and scarcity of a letter of Cervantes.

Written on two pages, and dated February 4, 1593, it is extremely legible, in a bold Castilian hand, and contains his signature in full—Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra—with a fanciful twirling flourish becoming to a great Spanish author. Many an expert eye has passed upon it gloatingly in years gone by, for it has been in the celebrated collections—first of Benjamin Fillon, in Paris, and later of Alfred Morrison, of London.

Some time after acquiring this celebrated autograph I was startled one day in New York, when an agent from a well-known English autograph house telephoned me and said he had a wonderful letter of Cervantes. He asked £3000 for it, which was certainly not too high, when you stop to consider that Cervantes' place in literature is second only to that of Shakespeare. If a Shakespeare letter was found today many collectors would not consider $500,000 too much to pay for it. What, then, is a Cervantes letter worth? While I sat mulling over these mathematical problems the doorbell rang and the dealer came in. His manner was important, almost condescending. His precious letter was inclosed in a fine morocco case, elaborately tooled. He removed it from its costly trappings, and after a moment of suspense which was really most effective he handed the letter to me. I could scarcely believe my eyes. I looked for the date—February 4, 1593. It was an excellently forged copy of the one in my possession.

A Corner of the Spanish Library in Doctor Rosenbach's Philadelphia Home

The Literary Detective

"WHERE in the devil did you get this?"

His face turned the color of a carnation and his swanky manner of assurance wilted away.

"Just what do you mean?" he asked me slowly. I motioned him to follow, and took him into my book vault, where I laid his clever forgery next to mine—the original. For a moment I thought he would crumple up and fall to the floor. I have never seen anyone so completely nonplused. He had really believed his Cervantes letter to be the original, and had come in all good faith to sell it to me. I proved to him how some forger, after securing the sheets of old paper, had, through a process of photo-engraving, cleverly produced the letter which he had so exultingly shown to me.

The beautiful thing about the book business is that you must be constantly on your guard. It makes the game exciting to know that there are beings who, like vultures, would pick your bones if you but gave them the chance. Thank heaven for them. The chase is more exhilarating on their account.

The atmosphere of Wall Street is that of a Quaker meetinghouse beside it.

Forgeries have been in existence as long as the collecting game itself. During the Renaissance forgers were very active in every field of creative art. Not only did they make imitations of great Greek and Latin classics, which were just beginning their popular vogue in Europe, but they very cleverly copied old medals, and fabricated old gems too. Of course, the collector himself is in a sense morally responsible for the forger. The collector's overdeveloped sense of acquisitiveness leads him to pay extravagant prices for his favorites; he will search out and buy every available pen scratch of some great writer.

A poor wretch in an attic reads in the newspapers that a capitalist has just paid $2000 for an autograph letter of Robert Burns. He then begins to "discover" other letters and documents by the same author. This is the launching of a career that is usually full of excitement and gives full scope to the imagination. The forger is a picturesque figure until he, too, is discovered and publicly condemned. This class of men—I know of no women forgers—is responsible for the literary detective. There is real sport in tracking these fabrications. An ability to tell the original from the false, the genuine from the spurious—sometimes under the most trying circumstances—has developed almost into a fine art.

There are men who make literary detecting their profession. Their eyes are so well trained that they are seldom wrong when pronouncing judgment. They are as fully aware of the thousand and one tricks of the professional forger's game as they are alert to the peculiarities of each author's handwriting.

These experts could be numbered on the fingers of one hand. When you stop to consider that there are men even now in dark holes in London, in obscure garrets in Paris, in flats in Harlem and in apartments in Atlantic City, making their livelihood forging autographs, it puts you pleasantly on your guard. These fellows are very often unsuccessful authors with a certain amount of erudition, broken-down booksellers, or other bits of riffraff from the literary world. I once knew a genial old college professor who turned from unlucrative teaching to make an honest penny, as he termed it, by forging.

My uncle, Moses Polock, always told with a chuckle of his experience with an Englishman. He called at my uncle's shop in Commerce Street one day in the 60's and said he had an old document signed by Washington. In fact, it was a military pass issued to some Revolutionary worthy, permitting him to go through the lines. My uncle naturally pricked up his ears at the mention of his favorite character, General Washington, and immediately asked to see this interesting relic. The Englishman then held it up dramatically, and when Uncle Moses read it he felt like embracing his visitor. For, lo and behold, the pass was made out in the name of one of my uncle's own ancestors!

Useful Family Trees

IT HAD every earmark of age, was written on old paper in faded ink, the creases were almost worn through, and the edges were frayed. To his covetous eyes the pass seemed much more desirable on account of its connection with his forbears. He asked the Englishman what he wanted for it and how it had come into his possession. He glibly explained he had found it in an old-fashioned hair trunk in the attic of a house in old Philadelphia. He wanted fifteen dollars for this pass—a large sum in those days, when one could buy an autograph letter of Washington for that much money. Uncle Moses rose to this thin story as a trout strikes at a fly.

Some years later Ferdinand J. Dreer, of Philadelphia, a connoisseur, came to see him. Among other things, my uncle showed him the faded pass. Mr. Dreer looked at it for a moment, and then, according to Uncle Moses, turned to him in that cheerfully disgusted tone which one collector uses to a brother who has made a foolish deal, and said:

"Mr. Polock, you, of all men, should know better! This thing is an arrant forgery, and worth less than nothing."

It later appeared that the Englishman was the first great forger of American documents. He had written many such military passes, all of them with spurious signatures of General Washington. But he was always foxy enough to look up the name of some ancestor of the man on whom he planned to prey. Uncle Moses, nevertheless, remained stoical, and said this outlay of fifteen dollars was one of the most profitable investments he had ever made. It placed him on his guard as nothing had before; was, in fact, an investment that would in time be worth thousands of dollars to him.

This Englishman's career as a forger lasted a surprisingly long time. He reached a point where he made no effort to conceal from his Philadelphia customers these almost made-to-order documents of his. He salved their feelings by saying he would never think of offering them anything that was not genuine. Of course, he was an excellent penman. Washington was his favorite model, perhaps because he had greatest success in copying his handwriting. He sold most of his productions to persons who lived abroad, who were not regular collectors. He assumed various names when he wrote to members of the

English nobility, representing himself sometimes as a widow in want, or as the needy daughter of Stonewall Jackson, thus feeding most lucratively upon the kind-heartedness of wealthy people thousands of miles away. He was arrested several times, but finally reformed. Before dying he grew to be a most proper and meticulously honest dealer in books and engravings, and, I suppose, rests comfortably now in the bookmen's heaven.

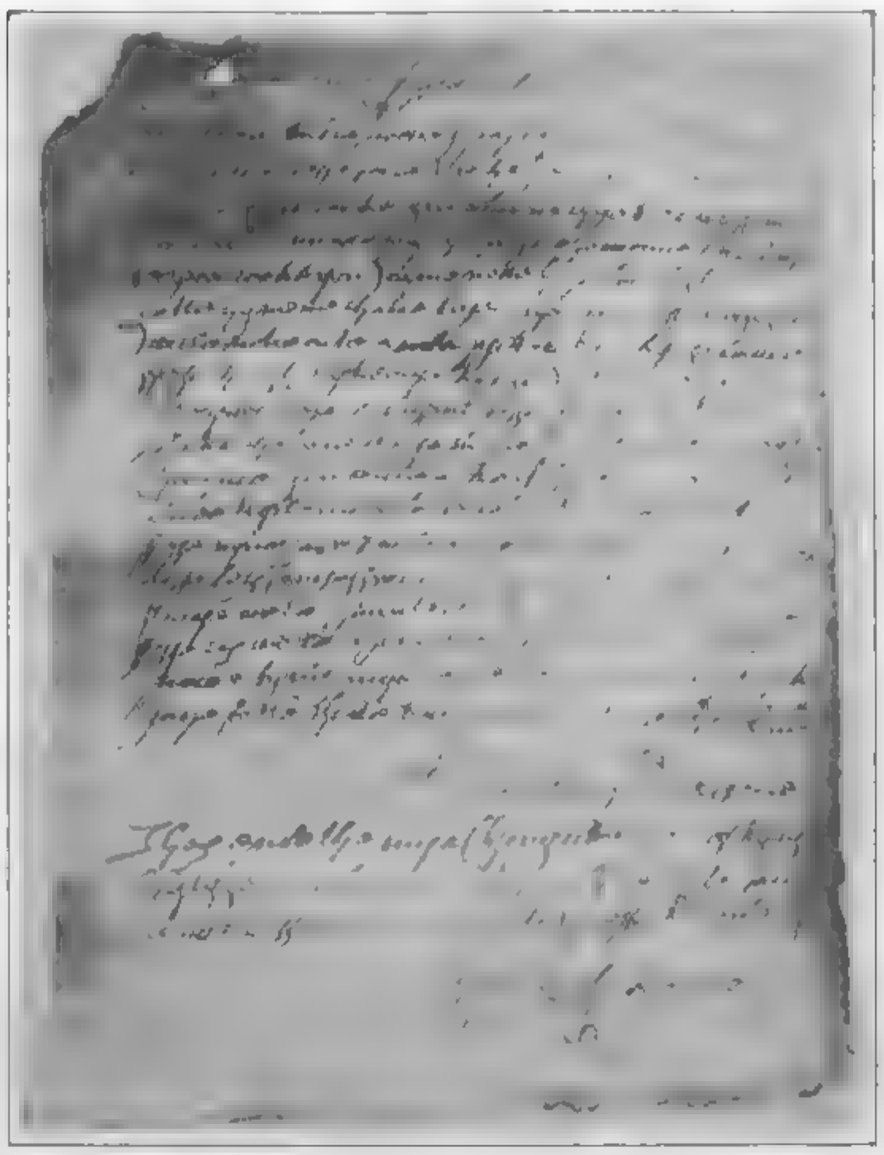
I have collected letters and documents of Washington almost from the beginning of my career. Today I own an interesting, authentic collection of more than 200, written between the years 1755 and 1799. He was a prolific correspondent. His handwriting is always legible; the writing of a sensitive, clear-thinking person whose nerves were under excellent control. Many of these letters are the charming messages which any leisured gentleman of that period might write. Others are on military matters of the utmost importance. Another series deals entirely with agriculture, and shows how well the masterly general could play the gentleman farmer.

Prerequisites for a Dangerous Profession

THE years which have passed since his death have seen the world flooded with Washington autographs. But it took a measure of daring and a fanatical spirit of patriotism to forge letters of his while he was still alive and fulfilling with vigor the now historical duties of his military career. It was in May or June of 1777 that a book appeared in London purporting to contain certain letters of Washington written in 1776 to friends and relatives of his in Virginia. These letters painted him as a man whose motives were questionable. The false lines in this book related his pretended thoughts and feelings about the Revolution in which he was then engaged. They make him say he is tired of it all; that he wishes for peace at any price with the mother country. They reveal him as a military scapegrace with the soul, but not the courage, of a traitor! Despite the publisher's preface explaining his possession of these intimate documents, it was soon proved that the letters were deliberate forgeries. Nevertheless, they were of grave importance at the time, for they served as a powerful propaganda against Washington, and therefore the colonies, and made a strong appeal to the ignorant and easily biased mind.

Forgers must have, above all, a keen sense of chronology. This is the first great requisite after their natural skill in imitating handwriting. For instance, they cannot refer to the discovery of America in a letter supposed to have been written before that event took place, or date a letter of Dickens, 1872, two years after his death, and expect to get away with it. Both these slips, strange to say, have occurred. In fact, forgers frequently make such crude errors, alluding to incidents that hadn't happened at the time the letter was dated.

It is plain, therefore, that the master forger must have his chronology at his finger tips. He should know not only the dates of history, which he can find in any textbook, but he must be familiar with the history of costumes, of furnishings and decorations also. I remember reading the invention of one gentleman's brain and pen in which he alluded to hoop skirts ten years before they put in their dreadful appearance. The literary forger hoping for success should also acquire an almost endless knowledge of the colloquial language of the period in which he writes, and must be naturally a student of orthography and spelling. In fact, he has taken up the one career where he has literally to mind his P's and Q's!



Ireland Forgery of a Shakespeare Manuscript

It is fairly easy to imitate the writing of a distinguished character; the most difficult part is to interpret, as well, the thoughts of the equally distinguished mind. A forger of Thackeray wrote the name of the author of Vanity Fair in many volumes, together with a short comment about the text. He composed a pointed criticism of each work, or invented what he believed to be some smart phrase about the author. In this case the signature and the writing itself are so excellent that they almost defy detection, but the thoughts are no more those of the great Thackeray than are mine of Shakespeare.

Quietly Forging Along

NOT many are privileged to see presentation copies actually in the making. A friend of mine told me of an experience he had in London. One day he strolled into a little bookshop near the British Museum. He looked over some dusty volumes for a time, and finally found one which he wanted to buy. There was no clerk in the front of the shop, so he walked to the rear, where he discovered a little old man seated at a large table. Before him was a row of books all opened at the title pages. The busy old fellow was bent over another and so absorbed in his work he heard nothing. My friend looked over his shoulder. He was committing a little quiet forgery! In other words he was caught in "fragrant delectation." On the title page he was painstakingly forming Lewis Carroll's autograph. Before my friend left he had an opportunity to see what was written. He found, much to his astonishment, that the old gentleman was inditing, to long-deceased friends of Lewis Carroll, copies of Alice in Wonderland, each one with an appropriate inscription. When asked the reason for all this industry, he replied, "I am making them for the American market."

Among the many bugaboos which the forger has to face are watermarks woven into paper. These are the manufacturer's trade-marks, and often show the date the paper was made. You can see them if you hold the paper to the light. Quite recently I was offered three manuscripts supposed to be in the hand of Oscar Wilde. His exquisite though affected Greek style of handwriting was well enough imitated. But when I pointed out to the man who offered the manuscripts to me that they were written upon paper which bore the watermarks of a manufacturer who had made it during the Great War, he suddenly remembered an appointment and hurriedly made his departure.

About twenty years ago a celebrated French firm of book and autograph dealers cabled my brother Philip that they were offering for sale the original manuscript of Oscar Wilde's Salomé. Wilde, who was a literary exhibitionist if ever there was one, gave Salomé to the

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Part of the Shakespeare Collection Belonging to Doctor Rosenbach

MAN-WOMAN FREE

By Henry Milner Rideout

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

A JUNE day was ending, with sunset warm on the buff grass, the tops of oak, of laurel, of plum orchards, and a high green mountain that rose at the back door. All day long Yi Tao had worked, opening the cottage after another year, airing beds, horsewhipping rugs, hauling a gray canoe out-of-doors, chasing a yellow-and-black-ringed snake from the laundry, sweeping mummied hornets, the nest of a field mouse, and half-round pads of clay cemented by the mason wasp, forth into open air. He had cooked, between whiles, a good dinner for one, served it by the light of a lamp rubbed clear as crystal, trimmed to perfection, and now took the liberty of resting, perched low on a corner of the old bookcase, where the playthings hibernate in two drawers which form a ledge or half seat for children.

"Too many tam I tole you too olo, too mochee fightem," said Yi Tao, thinking in repose. "You likee, I tole you somesing new?—jixy happin, welly hart to say, awfu' tame, no fightem, no exsigh. You see, nowday in China, too many yong fella yong gir' he talkee lartchee 'bout: 'All flee, ewellybody is flee.' He fool, all same Looshia. How is man-ooman flee, nusee worl'? You likee, I can tole you."

By lamplight and the glimmer through a western window, Yi Tao began his awful tame story without excitement, of this world where mankind however young and loquacious cannot be free.

"One day de olo benka in Peking, in Chun Ting Nan Hong name he's benk, he not poo', but not welly well, woss 'bout fifty yea' ole becom' millionai'. He catchee one daughter, one wife, no mo', no sonn, no blodda-sesta."

The banker, Jü Yung Tu, in growing rich had kept his mind open and liberal; or if not, had come to think his one wife and one little girl so far beyond compare that he gave them largely their own way. A quiet man he was, pale, thin, sharp-eyed, wearing sober cloth tight-cut and smooth. Traders who met him only in the bank thought Mr. Jü to be as accurate as the click of an abacus or the ring of his own silver, and to have as much feeling. A small band of intimates knew the warm heart, not to say quick temper, hidden by his cool formality; the shyness like that of a child, which made him pass for indifferent or proud; and the brief-spoken habit, never gruff but never promising, which kept him at a distance from you till the time came for action.

"He's not fine-weather company," declared they who had seen the time come. "A friend in need."

His daughter, Thriving Garden, knew him best as a playmate who would join whatever game she begged for, and fill it with delight of new invention. Her mother could not do so, nor could her old nurse, Yin Ma. They lived in a great house, or cluster of houses, protected by a wall thirteen feet high with broken glass fangs on top; by a door of red lacquer, smooth pigeon-blood, which, if the gate man thought fit to open, yawned beneath a pent roof of mossy tiles; by a brick devil screen reared across the opening within; by servants wide-awake all day, and at night by hairy black dogs big as lions, roaming the compound, man-eaters from the Land of Grass. House and compound, though Mr. Jü had bought them rather late in life, seemed to have been the family stronghold for generations—calm, neat, secure, with an old garden breathing retirement, and rooms haunted by age-long beauty. Here the little girl grew up, a rich man's daughter and darling.

Color, Noise, Raw Smell of Life, and the Sun Purple in Dusty Air, Could Have Unrolled No More Grandeur Before a Queen

The nurse, Yin Ma, once roly-poly, but now dried and shriveled, kept watch on her from the day she was born. Yin Ma's black eyes, that appeared to see nothing but the mild joke of daily existence, were never off guard.

"I want," said her mistress, "to go learn painting."

"Go? Where?"

"Out."

It was a fine spring morning, the cassia gorgeous in yellow, the air fragrant with peach blossom. On that day Thriving Garden had become fifteen years old. She wore narcissus color, and might have been a flower spirit charmed into life by the sun among petals. Yin Ma thought as much, but took care to say not a word like it.

"Out? Why? Here at home you have learned singing, dancing, reading, embroidery, playing upon the dulcimer, and composition of verse—all wonderful. Here at home your father, that Noble-Severe, will bring you the greatest man of all outside who can teach you to paint. Ask him, and he gives. You will be the marvel of ladies for ——"

"For pampering; yes, Yin Ma." The young spirit looked with scorn at her companion flowers and made a face. "Who learns from praise at home? It must be Out." She made another face, lovely and comic, at the wall. "Old Brick and Mortar, it shall be Out."

Father always came home tired, for even now, though frail, he kept as long working hours at the bank as in the time of his youth and poverty. One evening when he had finished a temperate meal, drunk one cup, no greater than a walnut shell, of hot wine, and sat back to rest by the mellow lamplight, he found his girl prettier and more beguiling than ever.

"What," he thought, "is the minx up to now?"

She was feeding him candied ginger, crumb by crumb, laughing, and making him laugh, at an absurd tale of household affairs. It was like a play to see and hear her

"Come, Unwinder of Cares," he demanded, "what monkey trick is your aged progenitor being wheedled into, eh?"

She pouted and feigned annoyance. "Oh, you are too clever!"

"Thank you, but I need be. Come, the fly waits for the honey."

She laughed, then with a moving earnestness told him what she told Yin Ma—her dream, hope, desire.

"Go out?" said her father. "To a school? And learn among rabble ——"

The old man checked himself. He had turned pale, for a moment worn his professional mask, unfeeling calm; but by no other sign betrayed the anger and disgust—not at her, his heart's light, but at this corruption from without which dared to breathe on her. He coughed and waited.

"I remark a significant absence of mother tonight," he continued, smiling. "Is it wrong to infer that you have already spellbound one doting parent?"

"Mother cried," said Thriving Garden honestly. "But she told me to ask you."

Mr. Jü, comprehending the sober wealth of his room, felt it insecure, threatened by an omen.

"My child, you cannot conceive what you ask. I think as it is you paint most admirable pictures. But we'll hire for you the master of all masters in the land, to come here, at home."

"Father!" she begged. "Our love misleads us. How can they be admirable, the playthings of an ignorant girl? How could they fulfill the first of the Six Canons?"

"And what's that?" said he. "I'm only a money lender, you know."

Her color, the glow in her eyes, frightened him.

"The first and the great. It was laid down of old. 'Living movement of the Spirit through the rhythm of things.'"

Neither in his bank nor out of it was Jü Yung Tu a dull person.

"That's very true, dear," he agreed at once. "True. Exact. Fundamental."

They kept silence for a time, but with better understanding than before, as if they had met on foreign ground by a new dawn of intimacy.

"No, all the same, piganey, no. You want me to cut you a hunk off the moon. . . . Where's that ginger?"

Quiet but inexorable, he determined the affair once for all. So he thought. Ten days later, with his full permission, Thriving Garden moved out to see the world and have her way again. A gorgeous cart, its body and wheels of polished golden wood thickset with gleaming brass, its cover of the finest blue cloth, contained her and Yin Ma, both well hidden, though both peeping through window screen to enjoy that marvel, the hurly-burly of the streets. A giant mule, cream white, the brass mounting of his harness or panoply crusted with garnet and carnelian, took his own time, ignored the driver and the gay acrobatic groom who as counterweight leaped on and off the thills

Her cart lumbered with dignity through ways broad and narrow, among trains of shaghead ponies, caravans of chewing camels, wheelbarrows, rickshaws, enormously burdened coolies, and peddlers blowing horns, chanting, ringing bells or beating gongs. Color, noise, raw smell of life, and the sun purple in dusty air, could have unrolled no more grandeur before a queen.

"Is here the college? We stop. Nurse, I am afraid."

"You would have it," snapped Yin Ma. "Climb down, go. I will sit in a corner of their ugly house while you interperambulate the art."

Three times a week Yin Ma waited near the college door. Three times a week their friend, the driver, unharnessed his noble white mule, took it home, and led back a nobler one, a sorrel seventeen hands high, or a mouse-colored, so that no foreign creature might suppose his master's child to want variety in stable.

"Beat that!" said he, when some lewd engineer of a motor car tried to mock him. "Show me the like born and bred, boy! Your smoke box flying on a belch of hell is not worth one hind hoof. Where's your pedigree, fireman?"

The banker saw his young rebel come home so vivified, in a transport of happy affection, so keen to have him share all her doing and learning, that he thought the risk perhaps well taken.

"But, my dear," said he, at the hour of ginger, "can you work, bundled into one room, a mess of green boy and silly girl?"

"Of course we can."

"I doubt it. Contrary to Nature. Never was done in my day, or work suffered. Come, now, tell me. You like to see a hot noise? You fool your time away?"

Thriving Garden laughed. "Some do, father. You are right, some of them do. Not all."

"Ah?" Father leaned back with an absent air, as if talking at random. "Not all. Who's the excepted?"

His daughter gave a start. Lackadaisical, fatigued, he was yawning at the roof. She admired this dear old dissembler who could hide, almost from her, so much penetration. "Truly, no one!" Thriving Garden declared, smiling. "Indeed, no one. My heart is quite free and quite yours."

He lowered his head to regard her with much fondness, but more gravity.

"It won't always be, playmate. I can't pretend to like your going to this hugger-mugger school. My own way was fought up through the world, so you must believe me to know it in spots, both good and evil. Of the good, you are my best, neither selfish nor dull. It would take more than a college, however newfangled, to harm you—though here you were talking of weeks, thrice a week to class from home, foreign calendar. What the devil's a week? In my time we counted First Day of the Moon, then Fifteenth Day of the Moon, right, as women go to prayer in the temple. Right. But let that be. After all,

The Banker, Ju Yung Tu

your boys at your college, or some of them, belong to rich old families. If we keep an eye out and ——"

"Never, never!" she wailed. "Oh, please, never! Don't choose one for me! I can't bear them, the sons of rich men!"

"Why not?" demanded father angrily. "The young brats, are they rude to you?"

Her coloring had always a rosy tinge. It now grew deeper, though she laughed and answered him at once.

"Not a bit rude. Only too polite, they are, hanging round ready for chatter. Gilded water bugs, I brush them away. In faith, I do. They're all of a pattern, empty, wearing too high clothes, too sleek, firing money about, haunting theaters, cracking worm-eaten jokes. Your girl had rather see men who do, who know, who mean something; like you, daddy."

She would have sworn this to be true, whole, frank, unreserved. Afterward, when life turned wrong, she could not remember how deceit crept in. For a long time her work was what signified; nothing more; certainly no one among those admirers, flatterers, vaporers whom she ignored.

Still, there was a quiet youth of about her own age whose manner gained by contrast. He had nothing to say, and worked like a creature possessed, a hermit laboring at some vow

"Tell me," whispered Thriving Garden to another girl one day. "Who is that?"

"The silent? The demon-driven? His name is Fong Hsu."

Above middle height, he carried himself with natural ease and an air—except when at work—of grave unconcern.

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"Oh, You Men With Your Self-Respect!" Yin Ma Got on Foot and Began to Scold. "Break, Spine, But Never Bend!"

A SAGA OF THE SWORD

DELENDA EST CARTHAGO!

By F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

Bomilcar Sat With Amastarte in the Palm-Filled Terraced Garden

EVEN the sacred doves of the temple of Tanit, behind and a little lower than the colossal temple of Esmun on the summit of the Byrsa hill, seemed conscious of calamity. They rose in startled flocks, white against the vivid blue sky, and circled bewildered and frightened over that vast and now strangely clamorous city which its inhabitants called Kart-Hadasha—the new town of far-back Tyrian settlers—and the Romans pronounced, never without hatred, as Carthago. At every fresh outburst of shrieks and shouts from the streets below them, each new upward vomit of smoke from yet another patrician palace set on fire, they veered and dispersed, collected again to return and settle, though but briefly, on the magnificent façade that was their accustomed home.

Within the sanctuary of that great supremely feminine goddess, horned like the moon and mother of all created things, a suppliant multitude of mourners frantically besought the certainly wrathful deity to relent, the serving priestesses staggered under incomputably precious offerings and the temple courtesans wailed and tore their faces hideously with their nails. Within the great temple of horse-loving Esmun on the citadel hill, within the great gold-glittering temple of Greek Apollo in the lower town, within every one of the temples rising splendidly amid the close-packed mass of houses, from the fish-god's temple at the port to that of awful Baal-Moloch in its ravine beyond the market place, to every Baal known to their comprehensive religion, similar multitudes cried in a similar despair; and to Melcart, tutelary god of Carthage, who had no sanctuary, since the whole city was his temple, unhumanly savage bands of frenzied worshipers sacrificed new-born infants at great fires kindled in the streets.

Yet those who thus desperately pleaded with the offended gods were but a minority on that day of terror, of tumult and of clamorous confusion. Swarms of men and women, toiling with an almost insane strength and speed, tore up the great paving slabs of the roadways, tore down great stones from the still smoking ruins that had been the house of a hated and murdered senator, loaded them upon carts, dragged them with wild shouts toward the walls.

Some went but the comparatively short distance to those colossal fortifications against which the sea waves had vainly dashed for centuries, there to pile up these primitive missiles for which, cursing their rulers, they bewailed the lack of catapults. Others passed through the gateways in the more gigantic triply deep wall—once its huge stables had held three hundred elephants—which, from the Lake of Tunis to the Byrsa citadel, protected the city proper on its landward side, raced madly through the vast Megara suburb to improvise some defense upon the miles of outer wall which inclosed that paradise of palms and pools, of green gardens and splendid edifices. Every gate leading thence to the neck of the promontory whereon Carthage was built had hours since been closed and barricaded.

Everywhere there was a maddened activity. Along the ravinelike narrow streets of the city itself, ran other bands of wildly yelling men and women who seized every woman they met, cut off her hair, and crammed the long tresses into the already overfilled baskets and sacks they carried. "Cordage!" they cried, "Cordage for the catapults and ballistæ!" Into the great circular war harbor just within the walls of the lower town, architecturally splendid with its pairs of Ionic columns at the entrance to each of its radiating roofed docks, its majestically lofty admiral's palace on the round island in its center—in the days of Carthaginian naval glory it had accommodated two hundred and twenty ships of war and was now, alas, empty—other swarms of men and women rushed with fierce eagerness, raced to the many stacks of piled timber, pulled them down amid gleeful shouts—"Wood for the war engines!"

Yet other mobs, mariners for the most part, were busy in the outer and even greater high-walled rectangular commercial harbor—which communicated with the war harbor by a water gate through the colossal thickness of the city wall—and were lashing an immense boom to close its narrow ingress from the sea. There was no street, no space, in that labyrinthine metropolis terraced upon its low hills above the blue-waved Gulf of Tunis, that did not resound with clamor, that was not populous with wildly excited crowds hurrying on errands of confusedly warlike preparation.

Here, in a market place, the throngs clustered for a moment around a raving orator mounted upon a Greek statue, despoiled long since from a Sicilian city, and then rushed on again, more maddened than ever. There they gathered tumultuously before the house of a citizen who distributed his private store of arms. Yonder they besieged the bazaars of the arrowmakers and the bowshapers. And in the quarter of the armorers the clang of hammer upon anvil was already incessant. Never in her history had Carthage known such a day of horror, of anarchy, of patriotic frenzy. Never had she known a day so fateful.

On that spring morning of the year 149 B. C., the walls of Carthage had been crowded with anxious multitudes watching the road to Utica. Upon that road yesterday had disappeared an immense convoy of carts laden with two thousand catapults and ballistæ, with all the equipment of the fleet, and with two hundred thousand stands of arms.

With it had gone, desperately throwing themselves on the mercy of the Roman consuls encamped with their great army at Utica, a melancholy procession of priests and dignitaries and all the inner council of the city. Surely now the Romans would be satisfied!

What more could Carthage do? Had she not proscribed the unsuccessful general who had at last dared to defend her against the licensed brigandage of the Numidians—thus, after fifty years, breaking the letter of that otherwise scrupulously observed treaty which, on the morrow of the disaster of Zama, had henceforth deprived her of elephants—those tanks of ancient warfare—and all warships more than ten, had condemned her to a huge annual tribute, and had forbidden her to make war outside Africa, or within it save with the permission of Rome?

Had she not sent embassy after embassy to the capital of her ancient enemy, offering extravagant compensation, complete submission? And when, despite all this, Rome had declared war—not in vain, for years past, had grim old Cato concluded every speech in the Roman Senate, on no matter what subject, with the unvarying phrase: "And I am also of opinion that Carthage should be blotted out!"—had they not frantically sent another embassy to purchase peace at any cost?

Had they not, despite wild riots in Carthage, paid that dreadful price which, according to the Roman promise, should guarantee safe "the territory, the laws, the municipal freedom, and the private and public property of Carthage"—dispatched, torn from their shrieking mothers, three hundred children of the noblest families as hostages to the Roman army already terrifyingly at Lilybaeum in Sicily? And then when, sardonically receiving this pathetic sacrifice, the Roman consuls had startlingly announced that they would make known their further demands in Africa, had they not meekly acquiesced, waited—though with anguish—while the Roman army completed its unopposed disembarkation in Africa, and then humbly sent their envoys to ascertain those demands?

Had they not even—although there had been tumultuous mobs around the senate house where the panic-stricken rich old merchants of the oligarchy had wildly insisted on peace at any price—abjectly submitted to that last monstrous ultimatum—had they not, in an extreme of abasement, stripped Carthage to utter defenselessness and

yesterday handed over the whole of her armament to the Roman camp? Surely now Rome must be satisfied! If only they could continue to do business peaceably.

Never had the common-sense Carthaginian believed in the wasteful foolishness of war; and in that last half century of enforced military impotence Carthage had grown more wealthy, more populous than ever. Her trading ships were in every port, her agricultural hinterland was luxuriantly prosperous, her merchant princes—the bankers of that ancient world—saw their leathern currency notes—the first invented—accepted in every market, while at home the precious gold filled their treasuries to overflowing. If only she were left undisturbed to her peaceful commerce she would become yet richer. Surely that could not now be denied her! Surely this last convincing proof of her confirmed pacifism would disarm the jealousy and suspicion of Rome! Surely their envoys would return with the glad tidings that Rome had at last received that satisfaction she had from the first enigmatically demanded—that the terrible Roman army was embarking for Italy!

Dreadful had been the disillusionment and the despair with which those men, women and children packed upon the walls had seen their envoys at last returning. Plainly to the view, they had walked in a slow-moving misery like men doomed, mournfully refusing answer to the anxious throngs that swarmed out from the city gate to meet them. The watchers on the walls had rushed in a mass to the senate house—divining that only there, after consultation with the full council of Carthage, would the Roman reply be made public. In an anguished apprehension they had awaited that appallingly mute procession which, painfully forcing its way up through the clamorous, anticipatively lamenting crowds, had at length arrived, had entered the great building.

A moment or two later, plainly audible to that vast multitude crushing against its closed doors, a cry pregnant with unimaginable horror had resounded within. The mob had forced entrance—and wild-eyed, haggard, tears streaming down his ancient face to his white beard, stammering, scarcely able to speak, the tottering spokesman of the council had informed it of the incredible, the inexorable decree of Rome: The citizens were forthwith to remove themselves not less than ten miles from the sea, and Carthage was to be destroyed so that not one stone remained upon another!

For an instant there had been a strange silence—a consternation that deprived men alike of voice and movement—and then, in a paroxysm of awful fury, the mob had hurled itself upon those purple-robed ancients. Screaming mothers, demanding back, like demented creatures, the children sent to Lilybaeum, had torn venerable and immensely wealthy senators limb from limb. Horrors had happened in that ancient senate house where for centuries the merchant princes of Carthage—crafty, avaricious, counting only their gold, consistently hating and betraying those who best served them, even as they had hated and betrayed the great Hamilcar Barca, hero of the first Punic war, and the even greater Hannibal, hero of the second, purchasing peace at any price whenever possible, hiring mercenaries to fight for them when war could not be avoided, cynically defrauding those mercenaries when peace was restored, their only passion that of private gain—had plotted the affairs of state, had brought a demoralized Carthage to an unheard-of opulence, and coincidentally to her ruin. Terrible, now, had been their expiation.

Then, rushing out of the building, the mob had dispersed like madmen, some to storm the magnificent palaces of those murdered oligarchs, others, shrieking a wild and insensate defiance, to close the gates, to improvise whatever was possible of desperate resistance. In an instant contagion, the whole city had picked up and repeated the cry. In all that frenzied population of seven hundred thousand souls there was none who for a moment considered submission to the monstrous decree of Rome. If Carthage was to perish, they also would perish beneath its ruins.

Within the city, night had at last extinguished the long-protracted clamor of that fatal day. But the great circuit of the outer wall blazed still with the fires lit to illuminate the toil of those who labored feverishly at the construction of war engines upon its lofty battlements. Bomilcar, young patrician of the noble and hereditarily patriotic clan of the Barca, commander of a trading ship which but that morning had entered its native port from Atlantic-beaten Gades, could see them plainly—the intervening palm trees silhouetted against their lurid radiance—as he passed out through the colossal gateway of the inner fortifications to the Megara suburb; he could faintly hear a confused murmur of multitudinous voices, an incessant hammering that came loud on puffs of warm wind.

Now, however, he scarcely heeded that distant activity. He hurried down the dark road toward the palm-surrounded villa which was his home, that home for swift return to which he had offered daily sacrifices to the capricious sea god and to Tanit, night-shining goddess of those that loved. Many hours though it was since he had landed, not yet had he been able to visit that spot on which all his thoughts were centered. Hearing from the sea, as his rowers raced to escape a Roman squadron foaming in pursuit, the first great outcry of the multitude, he had arrived from the harbor in the upper town just as the tumult was at its height, had at once—what Barca could do otherwise?—offered his services to the committee of notables, announced by trumpet of herald, which had almost immediately set itself to organize the defense.

Since then he had been busy regimenting into embryonically disciplined bodies the conical-capped, blue-garmented mariners of the port and the whip-scarred, all-but-naked rowing slaves, who had been given their liberty that they might bear arms against the Romans; he had, at the behest of a panting emissary of that committee, led a company of armed citizens to patrol the streets and put to flight the marauding rabble savagely seizing the opportunity of private profit in the public calamity, and had from moment to moment been ceaselessly engaged in a score of other equally urgent and often conflicting tasks. Now, however, he was free until the dawn—free to hasten, forgetting his fatigue, to that young wife he had wedded but six months ago and had perforce left, for far adventuring, after so short a period of idyllic happiness. He murmured fondly her name to himself as he hurried along the dark rutted road between the high walls of the gardens on either hand. "Amastarte! Amastarte!" Could she feel that he drew near?

He came at last to the familiar gate in the blank, whitened wall, thundered upon it with the hilt of his short sword. The formidable deep-toned baying of a great hound answered instantly from within. He heard someone shuffling behind the gate, heard the familiar suspicious voice of Lycias, the old Greek porter, challenging the identity of this late comer.

"It is I, Bomilcar, the master!" he shouted. "Open! Open!"

Scarcely could he contain his impatience as the heavy iron bar clanged down and the heavy iron bolts were drawn back. The gate gave way to his push. The white-haired wizened old slave held high his lantern, peered at him for a moment, and then—with a genuinely glad cry of "Master! Master!"—fell to clasp his knees. The enormous hound rushed at him, put his great paws against his chest, slobbered over him in delight at this return.

Beyond, through the palm trees of the garden, there was a sudden illumination. Half a dozen slaves carrying spark-streaming torches rushed down the terraced steps to meet him, as disengaging himself from Lycias, thrusting back the great dog leaping at his side, he hurried eagerly toward the house whose portal was now wide open to an interior radiance. Within, he could

For a Few Brief Minutes the Besieged Yelled in an Ecstasy of Fiercely Glutted Vengeance

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OUR FRIEND THE ENEMY

The Editor's Auburn-Haired Secretary Had Banged My Obstreperous Husband Over the Head With a Metal Waste-Paper Basket

Being the Further Confessions of an Author's Wife

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

I USED to have funny ideas about editors. "Crabs" was my favorite word for them. And when I first married Adam, about the time he began fighting tooth and nail to break into the magazines, I was inclined to think of an editor as an obese and churlish individual who sat in a swivel chair rejecting manuscripts with one hand while he pushed minor poets down an elevator shaft with the other. I thought of him as an enemy of the author—an enemy who not only exulted over every manuscript he could send back and gloated over every genius he could nip in the bud, but sat up nights devising secret plans for the discouragement of pure literature. Sometimes I even felt like apologizing to the crab for the comparison.

But there are two sides to that story. Half the world may not believe it, but editors, after all, are human beings. They have homes and wives and hobbies and antipathies and off days and headaches like all the rest of the toilers in this vale of tears; and they have their own particular line of troubles, as I found out when I got to know them better.

Editors That We Have Known

ALL is not gold that glitters in type. It's not easy to tell the tares from the wheat; and schedules have to be kept full and office appropriations have to be remembered; and finding out what the public wants several weeks after the forms are closed isn't always a bed of roses; and reforesting the slopes of Parnassus as the old giants go down is a job that calls for something more than mere business judgment and patience.

For geniuses, like race horses, seem to need a heap of training and grooming. Even the sacred cow of Isis has to remember there's such a thing as a milk route. The sun-treader must in some way get hitched to the delivery wagon. You can't keep on bringing white elephants to a meat market and expect a cheer from the hungry populace; and you can't fill magazines with blank verse any more than you can fatten Berkshires on baroque pearls; and the more I know of authors, the bigger grows my respect for editors.

For as I look back on those early days I can see what egoists and egotists we really were. We were thinking strictly about ourselves, and not a whoop about the editor or the reading public. We prattled a great deal about Literary Ideals, always with capitals, and jabbered about not truckling to the mob, and babbled about writing only what our better natures would permit us to write. We not only intended to give the world a college education overnight; we expected to see it revolutionized while you wait. But even though you are a well of truth, as I've said before, you mustn't try to bring it all up in one bucket.

We were merely self-centered young greenhorns, trying to crash the gates of glory before we'd earned an admission ticket to the peanut gallery. We thought we were fighting with the immortals; but we were merely sniping in the murk, shooting in the dark, without any particular thought of what our friend the enemy actually expected of us or the world in general wanted of us. All we had was our blind and sophomoric passion to get into print, and we wanted to do it in our own way, our own hurried and romantic way.

But we live and learn. And much of an author's knowledge, you may be sure, comes from those patient-eyed men who have learned from the example of Belshazzar that it's often profitable to be able to tell the difference between a death warrant and a mural decoration. An editor obviously must know his business or he wouldn't be captain of his own particular ship. And many of these men, whom I once rather gloried in calling tea tasters and often spoke of as human sieves, can be true friends in a crisis and loyal helpers in a struggle. They can't always afford to wear their hearts on their sleeves, of course, and they may have to protect themselves behind a sort of cheval-de-frise of curtness; but once they know you well enough to talk about their dogs and children and gardens and golf scores, you find them as sensitive and responsive as their calling naturally demands that they should be. They may look mighty hierarchical from the waiting-room bench; but once you've got under their skins, you find them as human as the rest of this sin-mottled and mortal army, probably with a secret aspiration to do a little writing on the side, or a perplexity about a too-long-impending raise in salary, or a quiet and small-boyish determination to shut up shop and sneak away to see the polo match at Westbury the next afternoon.

We actually knew one editor whose heart was so much bigger than his head that he bought poems from a hungry young sonneteer when he knew he couldn't possibly use them. I've a lurking suspicion, in fact, that he paid for them out of his own pocket. Even an editor knows emaciation when he sees it. But though charity begins at home, acceptances are supposed to extend to the typesetter. And that young poetaster wanted to see his poems in print.

A Very Private Edition

HE HAD paid his back rent and bought a new winter overcoat, it's true; but to the final artist, of course, such things were trivialities compared with his first official baptism of printer's ink. He wanted those poems published. He insisted that they should be published. So the man of iron who sat in the editorial chair, instead of going to Bermuda for the Easter vacation he had planned, appeased the indignant young author by paying for a privately printed brochure in which were included all the poems he had ostensibly purchased as an editor and three dozen others which that dolorous troubadour of Greenwich Village promptly pointed out as belonging to and inseparable from what he termed his lyric sequence.

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BOSTON'S BEST

By MAUDE PARKER

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

SEVERAL young girls from various parts of the United States, who were attending finishing school last winter in a capital of Europe, were invited to a ball given by the American wife of a titled foreigner.

The palace seemed to them magnificent, as they drove up to it, and from the moment they entered its fifteenth-century portals, they declared, with youthful enthusiasm, that the scene resembled nothing so much as the setting of a fairy tale. The footmen in blue-and-orange livery, with powdered wigs; the crystal chandeliers which illumined the jewels of beautiful women and the gleaming decorations worn by distinguished men; the tapestries upon the high walls—all these details, which their eager eyes absorbed, produced in them an emotion of excited awe.

Then, after their hostess had seen to it that various youths were introduced and the music had started in the vast yellow-and-gold ballroom, they had the further thrill of realizing just how beautifully young counts and marquises could dance and at the same time pay compliments which were equally graceful. They even had the democratic fun of being presented to a royal highness.

They ate a buffet supper in a room of historic frescoes, while various celebrities were pointed out to them—a professional beauty whose cerise lips were startling against the dead white of her face; there was a sleek-haired duke who was said to be the hero of a current romance, and a sensational leonine prime minister.

A Compliment to the Hostess

AT LAST their chaperon insisted that it was time for them to leave; as they threaded their way from one salon to another, she warned them, "And don't forget how few Americans ever have the privilege of attending a ball like this. When you say good night, do try to let the princess see how much you appreciate it."

At this moment they found themselves in the red-and-gilt salon where their hostess stood. The Southern girl went up first, and in her most charming soft-voweled superlatives declared that this night would always remain her most beautiful memory.

The Western girl shook the hand of the princess with the fervor of the inarticulate. "It was wonderful! Wonderful!"

But the girl from New England looked up sweetly into the older woman's face, and said in her cultivated voice, "Thank you so much. It really has made me quite homesick. It has seemed so much like Boston!"

When they got outside the Western girl exploded, "What made you say that? Why, you never saw the day in Boston when you had anything even remotely like that!"

"Oh," replied the New Englander, "I didn't mean it literally. I meant it as a—as a figure of speech."

The chaperon, who had known many people from Back Bay, smiled. "I suppose you used the comparison the way the other girls used 'heavenly' and 'divine.' You meant that this party was to be compared to the finest anywhere."

It is a curious fact that, although Bostonians as individuals are rarely self-satisfied—sharing, as they do, the doubts and introspections of most New Englanders—they are very well pleased indeed with themselves considered as a social unit. Indeed, the very phrase by which they refer to their society is significant of that satisfaction.

It is easy to gauge a community's social standards by the emphasis which they put upon the qualities denoting leadership. The mere size of New York, for instance, makes numerical exclusiveness important, hence that amusing phrase of the 80's, which would have been meaningless in a smaller town—"The Four Hundred." In other places they may speak of "our wealthiest citizens" or "our aristocracy." But in Boston they rarely say richest, or smartest, or most exclusive, or even ablest—which will be our country's ultimate expression of a democratic aristocracy. They say "best"—"our best people"—and they mean best.

"In Europe they speak of lower, middle and upper classes," someone said, "but in Boston they say good, better, best."

"I don't mind their talking about their own best," a New Yorker answered, "but, to use their phrase, I inquire to know what grounds they have for their assumption that Boston's best really means America's best. Why, they are the most provincial of all people."

The true Bostonian, however, is not disturbed by this accusation; he will admit its truth and declare it a virtue.

"Of course, in one sense we are provincial. During the period of our greatest development we were geographically isolated, and so we learned to produce at home whatever we needed. Before railroads had been invented we were already stamped as homogeneous and self-sufficient. The consequences are that even today we retain the flavor of that early restricted society. And we don't want to lose it in exchange for the indiscriminate polyglot quality which permeates many other places."

Both Exclusive and Inclusive

PARADOXICALLY, the same element which makes Boston society the most exclusive and the most difficult for the outsider to enter, also makes it larger numerically, in proportion to the total population, than that of any other city in America. For membership in it is based entirely upon family affiliations; therefore it increases in size at a surprising rate because it is obviously impossible to limit it. This year there are on the mother's list approximately one hundred and fifty debutantes. This means that all these girls must be asked to every coming-out ball. Now in New York, where the population is several times that of Boston, there are only thirty more debutantes, and there is so much less consolidation that it is not imperative to ask all of this number to every function.

The number of invitations sent out in Boston for an affair of this kind is often more than two thousand, which seems an enormous list even to a New York or Chicago hostess. One of the unfortunate results of the increasing size and unwieldiness of society is that it is becoming more and more difficult to entertain in one's own house. Boston has maintained this tradition longer than most cities, and it is still true that a large number of

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"Thank You So Much. It Really Has Made Me Quite Homesick. It Has Seemed So Much Like Boston!"

The Trout Were Not Large, But They Were Plentiful—and James Seemed as Much in His Natural Element as They

NEIGHBORS

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

XVI

LITTLE knots of men gathered about typewritten notices which appeared in a dozen parts of the mill; these announced to the hands that after the first of the month all wages would be cut 10 per cent. They were signed in typewriting by the Consolidated Lumber Corporation.

Twenty minutes later Walter Perrigo, looking down from his office window, saw the men gather in the yard in animated discussion. This continued for half an hour, when, with one accord, they turned and walked in a body toward town. The strike was on, the mill was still; not a machine moved, not a belt whirred; not a saw sang its song. Walter watched with some satisfaction; then, when the men were well away, he went down into the mill and carefully removed every notice and destroyed it.

Then he sat down and wrote the owners of the mill at length, setting forth the situation, but minimizing it; making it appear that through ill-placed zeal for economy Warren Cross had antagonized the men and brought about labor troubles—something the mill never had experienced under the old régime.

"The situation," he said, "is not serious. I have known all these men for years and feel sure I can straighten matters out in a few days."

He went on to speak of Cross and his condition regretfully, and to say that in the circumstances as they existed he would carry on to the best of his ability; intimating, in short, that it had been a serious order to introduce a stranger, and that if matters were left with him they would presently take on a new and more gracious aspect.

Having mailed this letter he felt well satisfied with himself. He was a stubborn man and knew what he wanted. Perhaps he was more stubborn than intelligent, unless one discounts a certain genius for the devious. When one adds to a natural stubbornness the fact that, once one plunges into a stream, the current will carry him on even if he desires greatly to reach the bank, a better understanding of Walter's conduct thenceforward will be had.

He was one who could plan his own course, but lacked the ability to reason out what course his opponents would follow. He minimized his opponents, which is not wise. He was not exactly frightened by the lengths to which his project had carried him, but he was apprehensive; he was in danger of becoming afraid, of losing his head—and a terrified man is a dangerous man. He will conduct himself with blind savagery to extricate himself from a corner into which his own actions have crowded him; will be guilty of acts of desperation which his original plan had not contemplated. Already he had been guilty of such an action. It had eliminated Warren Cross; but only for a time, if the doctor's reports were to be credited. In the beginning he had undertaken the minor crimes of fraud and trickery; these had crowded him on to something very like murder, and he had gained very little by it—only delay.

But, being a stubborn man, he was determined to persist and to profit by that delay. If he could so contrive that matters went from bad to worse, letting the blame fall upon Warren Cross' shoulders, he might yet arrive at success—if nothing intervened. Cross was still unconscious; he would be a very sick man for some time to come. Before his recovery Walter hoped to carry his plans through to a successful conclusion. But there was more than a mere scheming for money; there was the regaining of what he considered to be his rights, and the satisfying of a hatred, which, in men like Walter Perrigo, may become the ruling passion of life. He puttered around the office, for, among his other vices, he was a putterer; he ate his luncheon, for it was his custom to bring to the mill a box of sandwiches, a piece of pie and a bottle of coffee. Then he puttered through the afternoon, and at four o'clock drove into the village. He stopped in the drug store for cigars, where Elmer, the clerk, always eager for conversation, leaned across the show case to make an observation about the weather. Elmer was always confidential, even when he confided in some dripping customer that it was a driving rain.

"Havin' a dry spell," said Elmer in a cautious tone.

"Pretty dry," admitted Walter.

Elmer cleared his throat and looked about as if to make sure none was eavesdropping. "Streams is gittin' low. Fishin's bad."

"So I hear," said Walter, biting off the end of a cigar.

"I didn't know," Elmer hazarded, "that you folks and the Knuckleses had made it up"

"What?" said Walter explosively.

"Everybody's talkin' it," said Elmer. "I see it with my own eyes—Eunice takin' Ab Knuckles for a ride in her car. She must 'a' left him out some'eres, because she come back alone. . . . Heard any news of Mr. Cross today?"

"No," said Walter, but his mind was not at all on Warren Cross.

"The Congregational ladies sent up a basket of flowers after their meetin' today," said Elmer. "I hear Knowles is dickerin' with Smith for the livery—cal'lates to turn it into a garage."

Walter turned away abruptly; he did not frown, because he seldom made use of that expression. His face had been trained to roundness and vagueness, but his eyes glinted. Eunice riding with Knuckles!

"I hear you're shut down," Elmer sent after him in the same secretive tone. "Kind of a strike, eh?"

Walter made no reply, but stepped into his car and drove home more rapidly than was his custom, for he was a conservative driver. . . . Eunice and Knuckles! What was that infernal girl up to now? He suspected a deliberate intention to aggravate him; it would be like her.

Knuckles Crouched Low and Held His Breath While Latzo Passed Within a Dozen Feet of Him

Eunice was not in the house, nor did she arrive until just before supper was called; then she came in with a flurry, flinging her little hat on the seat in the hall and bursting into the dining room.

"I'm famished," she said, dropping into a chair. "Where's James?"

"How do I know where James is? How does anybody know?"

"Oh, you're not your brother's keeper!" said Eunice provocatively.

Walter did not touch the dish before him, but held his round, staring eyes upon his sister as she went about the business of satisfying a healthy appetite. She became conscious of his stare, and it annoyed her.

"Well," she said, looking across the table at him with puckered brows, "what is it now? Why the glare?"

"What's this about Knuckles?" he demanded.

"What's what about Knuckles? And what business is it of yours?" she countered.

"You were riding with him today."

"Was it in the paper?" she asked pertly.

"It wasn't in the paper, and I don't want it to be," Walter said savagely. "What do you think you're doing anyhow? A Perrigo driving around with a Knuckles!"

"It was an even break," she said: "a Knuckles was driving around with a Perrigo."

"Ab Knuckles never does anything without a purpose."

"Few do," said Eunice.

"What did he want?"

"Good company—and he got it."

"One of these days," Walter said ominously, "you'll go too far."

"And what?" asked Eunice

"And," said Walter, "you'll wish you'd never been born."

She laughed. "I do now—wish I'd never been born into this family. A fine life we live, don't we? Everybody hating everybody else! There was a decent word spoken in this house—once—but I missed it."

"You stay away from Knuckles."

"I'll do exactly as I please about it."

"Chasing after that fellow when you know he's out for our blood!"

"Chasing!" Her eyes blazed.

"Yes, chasing; making a fool of yourself; getting yourself talked about. I won't stand for it!"

Rage was welling up within her; her breath caught in her throat and her heart began to pound. She was afraid she would cry, and to cry would disgrace her. She felt her knees tremble as they always did when her temper was on the point of running away with her discretion.

"Oh!" she breathed.

"Made yourself common! You little fool, he was trying to pump you! What did you say to him? What did you talk about?"

She gripped her hands together and stared down at her plate, fighting for self-control. What did they talk about! It all flashed through her mind now; they had talked about him—Walter. And how she despised him! How she hated him!

"By dad!"—Walter was always conservative in his oaths—"by dad, I'll show you I'm running this family! You might have been father's favorite, but you're not mine. Maybe you could sneak around him to get the best of it, but I'm boss of this place and of you for a year yet. . . . If I ever hear of your chasing after that man Knuckles again—like a waitress from the hotel ——"

"You—you ——"

"—— disgracing this family!"

Suddenly she was cold; her knees trembled still, but her eyes were not threatened by tears. How she hated him! Reason was not in her, nothing but a seething, welling rage, a desire to hurt, to tear him to shreds with words, to punish him with her tongue.

She leaped to her feet and flung her napkin across the table.

"Disgrace the family—me! . . You cheat! You coward! You—you crook!"

Sarah Clutched His Arm, for Suddenly She Had Become Very Much Afraid

"What?" Walter, too, was on his feet now, white to the lips. "That's Knuckles. What was he saying to you? What dirty lies?"

She laughed again, unpleasantly. She was unconscious of herself save only as a vague third person beside whom she stood to watch and listen. She was even a little appalled at what that third person said and did—a little frightened. But she was helpless to interfere.

"You talk about my disgracing the family! At any rate, I'm honest. I've never disgraced the family by stealing—by killing somebody."

Walter breathed through his teeth and slowly commenced to move about the table toward her; she backed away, keeping that barrier between them.

"Disgrace! Prison will be disgrace enough—when you're caught. And you will be caught. Oh, I hope you will! Cheating and lying and plotting! Who did you hire to roll that log down on Warren Cross? You never would dare do it yourself!"

She wanted to stop, wanted to hold back the words, but they overpowered her, compelled her to speak them. It was as if they lived and were possessed of a will superior to hers.

"Robbing the men you work for! Planning to rob me and James. Oh, I know! I know it all, every bit of it! And you dare talk about disgrace to me! You murderer!"

Walter was very still, but his eyes never left her face His shoulders were thrown forward and hunched together in a sort of animal crouch; his face was a pasty white and his pale eyes glowed with unsightly, subterranean fires

Slowly, slowly, he moved along the table's edge; slowly, slowly, she kept pace with him

"You want it all!" she cried. "You want mine and you want James'! Are you planning to kill us too? Have you hired somebody to do that for you? Well, I'm not afraid. And now that I know, I'll beat you Cheat me!" Her laugh arose shrilly. "I'll show you! I'll show you!"

She could hear his teeth grind together; there was something starkly bestial in his expression now, in the glare of his eyes, in the movement of his body But still she could not stop

"Oh, I know it all everything! And you threaten me! What you'll do to me! I can do a little threatening myself!" She fought to keep the next words back, put her teeth together, but they were inexorable in their demand to be spoken. "What about that trunk?" she cried hoarsely. "Suppose I told about that—that trunkful of stolen money! Thousands and thousands of dollars of it! What if I told about that?"

Walter stood still for an instant, as still as if frozen, and then he stretched an arm out on either side and commenced to draw the table away from her, to swing it aside. With a sudden wrench he flung the table sidewise, and then he advanced upon her. She gave back as he came. In the room now was only a dreadful, menacing silence—the soft rubbing of feet over the carpet, the sibilant indrawing of breath. She was at the wall, felt it touch her shoulders, and she could have screamed. She could give back no more, and he continued to advance. His fingers almost touched her, and she cried out once, shrilly.

Then the door opened, and James stood framed there, eying them with inscrutable eyes.

"James!" she cried. "James!" and tottered toward him, tottered and swayed as a pleasant darkness ingulfed her. She did not know that James caught her and held her, and turning those unfathomable eyes of his upon his brother, lifted his shoulders slightly.

"Well," he said, "that's that."

XVII

WALTER PERRIGO was again on an even keel. Events had crowded him so that he had been in danger of losing that calm which is so essential to the successful

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 19, 1927

The Cautious Borrowing of Germany

IN THIS country there is, strictly speaking, no governmental control over foreign borrowing or lending. It is true our Government expresses opinions concerning loans that may involve us politically, and especially concerning loans to countries that have not settled their war debts by agreements. Also, we frown on loans to foreign monopolies on essential materials. But aside from that, borrowers and lenders are free to enter foreign entanglements and must look out for themselves. Germany, however, has governmental control over foreign borrowing.

About two years ago the German Government set up a regulation of borrowing of foreign capital under the intriguing name of Advisory Body on Foreign Loans. But it is now regulatory, not advisory. Anyone desirous of seeking a foreign loan must have the application passed on by this body and, in effect, must secure permission to import the capital. How effective is the regulation may be gleaned from the fact that in 1925 the various municipalities of the Reich applied for permission to borrow 884,000,000 marks, of which the applications for 423,000,000 marks were rejected. The commission passes on the rate of interest, the capacity of the borrower, the terms of repayment and the desirability of the objective. Doubtless it is done—on paper at least—with Teutonic punctiliousness.

Is this merely a paternalism of the state to prevent impulsive Germans from making foolish financial ventures? Hardly. It has a basis of sounder purpose. Other features being satisfactory, two conditions are attached to foreign loans: Firstly, the capital must be used in profit-earning investments that promise returns large enough to carry the interest charges. That, of course, is prudent. Secondly, however, the loan must be employed either to promote exports or to restrict imports. Ostensibly this is done in order to assure, directly or indirectly, the means of interest and amortization. We suspect, however, that the cart is in front of the horse. Promotion of exports and restriction of imports are the primary motives for the regulations, not the secondary precautions to insure repayment. Of course it is all right and proper and aboveboard. But it is also right and proper for us to know just what our loans to Germany are up against. If all countries established and enforced precautions on foreign loans corresponding to those of Germany, our annual export of capital in the form of loans and investments would fall far below the current figures.

The New and the Old

IT IS a usual habit of mind to expect that the application of new inventions and devices will push out the old. Life is made possible by scrapping dead tissues and taking on those of more recent birth. We are accustomed to the natural process of decay and growth, of one generation leaving the stage as another comes on. We know that few investments are permanent, that improved materials and machinery are in the order of industry as well as Nature.

But with expansion of wealth, man's needs and wants have multiplied proportionately. His desires are now so numerous that it takes an impressive number and variety of facilities and devices to supply them. The life we lead and the industry necessary to keep it going have both become exceedingly complex, with a demand and a place for many things.

Increase in the consumption of electricity has been the wonder of the age. Yet the sale of gas has gone up instead of down. Even the use of petroleum, which came before gas as a lighting medium, has enjoyed a colossal expansion, but in the different direction of motor fuel. The lighting load, formerly held by the gas man, and before that by the oil man, has been taken over by central power stations; whereas the great industrial heating load has more and more been carried by gas.

Postal savings have not prevented savings banks from growing. A billion old-fashioned lead pencils are used yearly in the United States in spite of the revival of the metal-cased pencil. Although most of the twenty million automobiles have come in since 1902, the number of street-car rides per inhabitant rose from sixty-one in the former year to one hundred and fifteen in 1925. Railroads have gained more in freight from the automobile industry than they have lost in passengers.

Readjustments forced by the advent of new industries have the advantage in many cases of opening additional as well as larger vistas. Enterprise becomes less a dog in the manger, holding on to what one has against all rivals, and more a development of entirely new markets, so extensive that competition does not matter.

The fact is that business creates business. More freight for the railroads to carry and more factories to use gas have come in the wake of automobiles and electricity.

Benjamin Franklin's mother-in-law thought twice before giving consent to her daughter's marriage, lest with two printing presses already in the Colonies there might be no business for a third.

Today she would be more likely to say that unless there were two presses, no one would think of patronizing a third. It is not every industry or every establishment that can find a permanent and profitable sale for its wares even in these rich, full days. But we do know that generous rewards still await ingenuity in the creation of new desires and new markets.

Forward, March

NOTHING is more distinctive of the present spirit of the country than organized effort. "Get together" is almost the national motto. This passion for organization has taken one of its most vigorous and in the main wholesome forms in what are known as service or business men's luncheon clubs. Groups of which Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions, Exchange and numerous others are typical have developed rapidly into a smoothly functioning national force of the first grade of importance and influence. The service club is a new and virile factor in a thousand communities.

It is likewise an exceedingly practical, workable and widespread expression of the modern cooperative attitude. Without seeing one in action and knowing nothing of results, it would be natural to expect real good to flow from such an apparently instinctive manifestation of the get-together spirit. Yet nothing so arouses the ire and sneers of the self-appointed intellectual. Rotary or Kiwanis is a red flag to a little but noisy group of critics whose regular contribution to their country's welfare is derision and ridicule.

It is true that organizations of this type slide rather easily into platitudes. There is much palaver about ideals and business ethics which sinks no great distance. There is always lots of talk and not all of it is to the point. As with many other organizations, frequent conventions are held, and it is possible that some of the speeches are needless and long-winded, full of trite remarks, and released more for the satisfaction of the speaker than for any other purpose.

Large badges are worn, and the holding of high offices unquestionably ministers to the conceit of not a few who hold them. In the origin of these clubs it is not denied that the work of paid organizers played a part. Now and then a few clubs, or at least some of their members, appear to take themselves more seriously than is the right of humans. Organizations come and go, and something else may take the place of the service clubs. They may or may not be more important than the chambers of commerce or other local agencies. It depends on the changing character of personnel.

Then, too, there is fun and frolic, even good-natured horseplay, in the weekly programs—a feature which is distasteful to some natures. But the service clubs are not alone in having form in their procedure. Meetings of all kinds are a bore to some people, and programs a needless agony. But the fun-making of the service clubs, even if at times it does not smack of complete spontaneity, certainly is less childish than the absurdly solemn assumption which runs through radical and so-called liberal uplift groups that all the rest of the world is out of step.

As for the surplus of talking, the balance is on the right side. Most of the talks are instructive and useful, full of information which the business men of the community need to know. There are lectures by the directors of local welfare and social agencies, discussions of vital problems of municipal safety by city officials and explanation of the issues at the state capitol by the local assemblyman.

Many members themselves are taught for the first time in these clubs to speak on their feet. After all, the small-town business man has the same constitutional right to self-expression as the noisiest of the metropolitan literati. It is commonly supposed that luncheon clubs make for standardization of a type—a business-man type. On the contrary, they stimulate initiative and convert individual idealism into community welfare.

There is a cheap assumption that a sordid business point of view dominates the service clubs. If this is so, the numerous clergymen, college professors—if there are any in the town—school superintendents, high-school principals, physicians, farmers, chemists, engineers, editors and other professional men who invariably belong must be equally at fault.

Service clubs may take themselves seriously, but in a sense they have the right to do so, just so long as they result in a concentration of community interest in worthy objects and are not influenced by politics or creed. It is more and more to the service clubs that organized charity turns for funds in its need. A service club is considered a rank failure if a year goes by in which some worthy cause has not been supported in whole or in part by its joint efforts, in the form of an annual play, fines and other money-raising activities.

The frolic at these luncheons seems to offend certain natures so sensitive that they allow others to support the clinic for crippled children, the Red Cross, the settlement house and the hospital. But when fun-making results each week in a bottleful of bills and coins for the underprivileged child, the humor of it all is transformed into civic responsibility fulfilled.

There is a type of critic who finds in the service club merely a commonplace group of boosters. But the taunt fails to penetrate. Why should it, when the unfortunate are assisted and the community helped to be a cleaner and better place to live in? There is nothing which we as a people need more than a keener sense of civic duty. Any organization which can stimulate our rather latent faculty of responsibility toward others is doing a useful work.

SILENT MONEY—By Chester T. Crowell

AN ACCOUNTANT who specializes on income-tax returns was visiting a client who lives in a small city in Indiana. At half-past five the office was closed for the day and the client took his visitor for a drive. They rode forty miles over well-paved roads lined with beautiful homes and country estates. At no time, however, were they more than twelve miles from the heart of the city.

"I don't understand this," the accountant said. "Here you have a nice little city with perhaps 200 business establishments large enough to draw the attention of an income-tax accountant, but you have shown me, in the immediate vicinity of this city, at least 400 homes that must represent incomes with as high an average as those from your 200 business establishments, if not higher. If this were Florida or California or a great educational center or health resort, I could understand it, but how do you account for the disproportion between the business district and the homes?"

"Well," said the client, "this city has been here a long time; we've got lots of silent money. At least a fourth, and perhaps a third, of the homes you saw were built by men who are either dead or retired. Take, for example, that place with the three-acre lawn you noticed; that belongs to a man who used to be in the lumber business; he's nearly eighty years old now. He owns a couple of buildings on Main Street, but most of his money, I think, is invested in bank stock. During the war," he continued, "when our first Liberty Loan quota was announced, I thought there must have been a mistake or else someone had gone crazy, but we raised it without much trouble. Checks that would knock your eye out came in from people we'd forgotten all about, because most of them aren't listed anywhere except in the telephone directory."

After a visit to California, even the most casual observer knows where all the Americans who become independently wealthy congregate; but if the same observer will cross the continent and take a look at Long Island, he will discover that that also is where all the rich people establish their country estates. The same discovery awaits him in Florida or, during the summer months, in New England and along the Great Lakes, not to mention numerous other places. But no matter how imposing the show of wealth in any one or all of these places, the fact remains that the vast majority of wealthy people still maintain their homes in or near the communities in which they have formed their family and social ties. The environs of our older cities, such as Boston and Philadelphia, comprise literally thousands of luxurious homes founded upon fortunes amassed so long ago that the names of the owners are no longer associated with commerce or industry. And even in such a comparatively young state as Texas the same evolution of amassed profits from working capital into silent money may be noted.

Oil, cotton and cattle build office buildings, organize banks, or transform themselves into bonds, stocks and first mortgages which quietly retire into safe-deposit vaults while the former ranchman, planter or oil operator settles down in his palatial home, not too far from the country club. Thereafter his dollars tread softly in the ranks of silent money. It is a very pleasant little club, Silent Money, and a great many men look forward to membership. Virtually all these aspirants assume that if they once get in, that's all there is to it; they'll remain for life and hand the membership card down through four or five generations of grandchildren; but it doesn't seem to work out that way. The mortality rate for silent money is simply appalling. Thus membership in this pleasant little club turns out to be something very different from what one imagines after a motor trip from Los Angeles to Pasadena or New York to Boston. Money seems to require considerable exercise in order to keep its health, and no matter how old it becomes, dozing in a rocking-chair appears to be one of the most hazardous enterprises in which it could possibly engage.

The obvious and incontestable evidence that hundreds of millions of dollars survive as silent money blinds nearly everyone to the fact that other hundreds of millions fail. Reasons for this are apparent enough, but seldom examined, since few know even the facts. Only a very small percentage of any population at any time or in any country has ever dealt with the intricate and delicate task of nursing aged and inactive money, consequently the common assumption is that large fortunes tend to grow by their own momentum. During a period of business

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THE LIFE-SAVER

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

"Really, Mrs. Brown, Arthur Was the Prettiest Baby You Ever Saw! He Looked Like an Angel With Beautiful Yellow Curls All Over His Head, and the Tiniest Little Pink Hands and Feet! And the Way He Said Da! Da——!"

Studio Attendant (to Near-Sighted Speaker): "Pardon Me, Professor, But That Isn't the Microphone; it's Miss Slimmer, the Authority on Reducing, Who is to Give a Talk Immediately After Yours"

Arithmetical Progression

A THREE-CAR garage.
A ten-tube radio set.
An eighty-eight-note player.
An eight-cylinder automobile.
A three-thousand mile trip.
A fifteen-ton winter.
A two-mortgage house.

—McCready Huston.

Pippa Passes

PRETTY PIPPA passed a proud, precocious, pickled piker,
A proud, precocious, pickled piker Pretty Pippa passed;
And now it seems the proud, precocious, pickled piker
Is not so proud since Pretty Pippa passed.

The Home Complete

WHEN Elmer persuaded Beatrice to marry him, he only asked one favor, and that was to be permitted to furnish their home in such manner that her every wish would be anticipated as well as gratified. Elmer consulted scores of experts and spent thousands of dollars. There was nothing they could suggest that he did not buy, and his heart beat high with happiness as the day came when he was to lead Beatrice into the model mansion for the first time.

Beatrice was properly impressed. From one room to another she went, exclaiming with delight, her stock of adjectives completely exhausted. Eventually they paused in the living room, where an inviting fireplace was sending forth its comforting glow. Here would be the spot where they would sit of evenings and dream. Suddenly Beatrice looked at the mantel. She turned pale, hesitated a moment, then rushed out into the night and fled to her mother's comforting arms.

Elmer had forgotten to have a ship model over the fireplace.

—Tom S. Elrod.

The Boy Who Quit School and Went to Work Because He Was Sick of Books

Sue the Suitor Shooter

NOW for Sue to shoot her suitor
'Cause her suitor didn't suit 'er—
Suitor didn't suit his shooter—
Was a naughty thing to do.

(Continued on Page 123)

"This is a Fine Country! First They Give Us Prohibition, an' Now They're Even Goin' to Take the Kick Out of Wood Alcohol!"

"Where'll We Go This Summer?"

PURÉE OF SNOW-WHITE CELERY!

Blended with golden country butter and delicate seasoning. A treat

IN CHOOSING your soups from day to day, Campbell's Celery Soup is certain to appeal to you as an ideal family dish. It is the rich, smooth purée of selected celery—crisp, snow-white and inviting. Like all that goes to the making of the famous Campbell's Soups, this celery must meet the most rigid standards for finest quality.

Such celery as you would be proud to pass about your own table. With it are blended golden, fresh country butter and the most delicate and appetizing of seasoning, "touched in" by the deft hands of Campbell's French chefs. The result is such a soup as you like to linger over—so perfect is its flavor, so satisfying is its generous vegetable nourishment.

❦ ❦ ❦ ❦

And if this Celery Soup is a treat to your appetite—as it surely is—think of the extra enjoyment you get eating it as a Cream of Celery Soup! For the family this provides wholesome food in even greater store. And when you entertain, it is the happiest of selections for your luncheon or dinner party Unless you have prepared it with Campbell's, you've no idea how easily and quickly it is done. You simply heat contents of the can in a saucepan and stir until smooth. Heat an equal quantity of milk or cream to the boiling point separately and add it to the soup, *a little at a time, stirring constantly* to keep soup smooth. Serve immediately.

❦ ❦ ❦ ❦

To mothers especially we wish to give this message: See that your children eat plenty of vegetables—those veritable storehouses of good health which nature offers with such a lavish hand.

In such a carefully made vegetable purée as Campbell's Celery Soup, the valuable mineral salts abound. They are necessary to the proper growth of your children. When they come home from school give them a piping-hot bowl of this nutritious, body-building soup. Or for supper! You can send the young ones to bed after such a wholesome, beneficial meal, knowing that you have given them the kind of food that means sweet, sound sleep and real refreshment for tired little bodies. 12 cents a can

Now here's the sign of feeling fine,
Gay and spry and snappy.
With soup inside you hit your stride—
It keeps you strong and happy.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

Helen of the Hundred Waves

Helen Elizabeth Waited. Light Sank a Little Lower. Through Open Ports the Sea Wind Breathed More Chilly

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

The Tale of the Treasure Cay

By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

IN THE Western Pacific there is no second class, socially speaking. Government officials, traders, planters, missionaries, also the wives and offspring of the above, go saloon. Decks, smoking rooms, lounges, such as they are, service, such as it is, all decent food, all kindly treatment, are the exclusive property of the first-class passenger. Up in the eyes of the ship there are a few unconsidered dog holes, inhabited by a human dog or so. This is the second saloon.

One would suppose that the second salooners would be humble; would realize their low position, and avoid the giving of unnecessary trouble. This the captain of the Palolo maintained at the top of his hearty seaman's voice, adding more emphasis of a sailorly kind than can be literally reported. The first salooners listened, and ate stew uninterruptedly. If you paltered with your dinner on the Palolo you were apt to come short.

It appeared that a second-saloon passenger—the second-saloon passenger, to be strictly accurate—had offended against all decency, in the past few days, by contracting what was evidently mortal illness. He was now—according to the third steward, who was acting as nurse and doctor—in process of "winking out." Otherwise, Jim Pollock, miner, adventurer and unlucky man, was opening his eyes on the eternities that look the same to unlucky devils and successful company promoters alike, and closing them to all the differences obtaining here below.

This was bad enough. Dying on board ship makes trouble at ports, and is not well thought of in the case of any passenger. Even if you die in a special suite with bathroom attached, the act is taken ill. But Jim Pollock was doing even worse—if worse was possible. He was giving trouble before he was dead. He kept asking for Queen Elizabeth, and would not be denied. The third steward had thoughts of tying him down; he was not yet so defunct that he could not have got up, perhaps, and staggered his indecent way aft, to surprise and annoy those who had paid higher fares. For Pollock persisted in maintaining that Queen Elizabeth was aboard; even in the face of history and propriety together, that she was his sweetheart.

"Pollock's pretty near old enough to have had anyone out of the Bible for his girl," allowed the captain, bayoneting a potato. "Still, that don't give him the right to make a beas'ly nuisance of himself. 'Sif it wasn't enough that he goes and dies on me ——"

He broke off, conscious that three of his passengers were staring hard. They were Mr. and Miss Pentecost, who had got on at an early port, and a Mr. Telford, passenger since Brisbane. They seemed to be friendly among themselves; the girl was a handsome little devil—if you liked red hair, which he didn't—and Telford, a kind of writing fellow, appeared to be sweet on her. The brother was a tall, sickly elderly chap who didn't matter. None of the three had taken much notice of the captain or his varied and interesting conversation, up to the present. Now they were staring at him as if he had three heads.

"Pollock, you said his name was?" demanded Charles Pentecost, the elderly brother. "What kind of looking man is he?"

"Big, hearty, hair blackish gray, some marks of gunpowder on one side of his face."

"Has he greenish-blue eyes?"

"May have, for all I know."

"I think it's the same," said Pentecost, beginning to eat again. "I believe I remember him when I was a small kid at school in Cornwall, forty years ago. He used to come along and tip me. Must have been about five and thirty then. He was in love with an aunt of mine. Ridiculous thing—fellow was a tin miner and all that; whips of money from a lucky strike, but of course ——"

The tired voice of Charles, once Charles Pentecost III, of Man-o'-War Island, faded away.

"Well," continued the captain, who did not like being ignored, "I don't see what call that gives him to yap about Queen Elizabeth. What are you staring at me for?"

The two Pentecosts had got up from their lunch, which they seemed to have finished rather quickly. They might have been staring; if so, the offense was brief, for in a very few seconds brother and sister had placed the main companion and a piece of the promenade deck between themselves and the captain.

"Are they mad too?" demanded that master mariner, glaring.

"I understand," explained Telford, "that the subject of Queen Elizabeth is delicate."

"What? Was she their ——"

"Oh, no. She never had any, as no doubt you remember?"

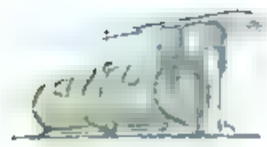
"I didn't go to Sunday school much as a kid," explained the captain apologetically.

"The family," went on Telford, "are supposed to be descended from a sister of Queen Elizabeth's mother, Anne Boleyn, and from Queen Elizabeth's royal father."

"He would be King Solomon, same as employed Hiram to run his ships round the Cape. I remember that much anyway."

"Of course the relationship is very close. They are rather reserved about it," went on Telford. "But it's a fact that

(Continued on Page 34)



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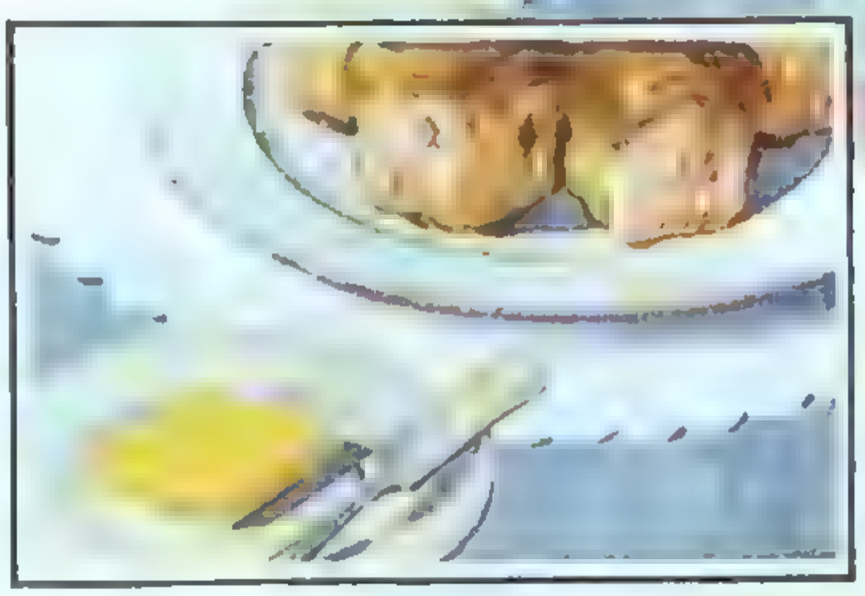

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Swift & Company

Of the same family—of the same goodness! Brookfield Cheese and Brookfield Eggs in the familiar cartons

Brookfield

Butter-Eggs

Cheese

U. S. & Co.

(Continued from Page 32)

now and again a girl comes up in the family looking exactly like Queen Elizabeth. I infer that Miss Pentecost's aunt was one. Miss Pentecost herself is another."

"That would be what old Pollock is whipping the cat about then?"

'It would," agreed Telford, slipping quietly out of his seat and following the brother and sister on deck. He thought —— Yes. Charles was stretched out upon the longest, most sheltered seat, alone.

"Hel has gone off to look at the old blighter in the second," he remarked round the corner of a cigar. Somehow, no matter how low the family finances were—and they were very low just then—Charles always managed to supply himself with a decent smoke.

"If Hel's got a feminine weakness, it's curiosity," went on Helen Elizabeth's brother casually. "Now as for me, I don't care if all the old miners who ever were in Cornwall died on this hooker; I wouldn't stir a step to see 'em do it." He closed his eyes and dropped into a half doze.

Rob Telford, more indignant than he chose to say, looked at the lengthy, lazy figure of the heir who had wasted Man-o'-War, and thought to himself for the fiftieth time that no one knew Helen Elizabeth less than her own half brother.

It was not curiosity, it was something stronger, that had led Elizabeth to the old miner's bedside; that led Telford now to follow the girl. He found her standing erect and silent in the half shadow, half shine of Pollock's cabin, that was anteroom now to the greatest of all changes. Here in the steamer's bow the floor rose and sank continually; salt airs of the vast Pacific, neither cold nor warm, sifted through in gushes as the vessel rolled. It seemed a mile removed from the steady handsome saloons amidships; it was indeed removed from them by more than miles—by all the space that lies between success and failure.

These things, however, were nothing. They stood aside before the one great fact advancing slowly and surely; the shadow invading, inch by inch, that little room. Old Pollock was "far through." His eyes were open, but they did not seem to see the figure of the girl for whom he had been asking. Helen Elizabeth waited. Light sank a little lower. Through open ports the sea wind breathed more chilly. Rob Telford, spectator, silent in his corner, saw the old face revive; life flow, for a minute, back again. "The last flash," he thought.

"Elizabeth," said Jim Pollock, miner and adventurer, shabby, dying beggar, to the daughter of kings. And Elizabeth, for the sake of that old love tale—perhaps for the sake of one newer, nearer to herself—answered "Here," and laid her ivory little hand in his.

"I always knew you'd come—in spite of them," said dying Jim.

Rob, aside, wondered, and was ashamed to wonder, just how far that prohibited, kept-down aunt of Elizabeth's had gone. He had been a fine chap in his day, this dying adventurer. No doubt well liked by women—big, powerful, kind; the sort to —— What was the fellow saying?

"Elizabeth. Put your hand in my coat pocket. Feel. Got it? Take it away. Right. That's yours. I can't use it—no time—but you've the right to all I have. . . . Rich!"

She had obeyed him, humoring his caprice. A handful of dirty scraps of paper, a fragment of tobacco—nothing more.

"Now," said the old Cornishman, "kiss me, Elizabeth, and then kneel down and say the Twenty-third Psalm, for I'm going."

Rob Telford, slipping away, saw the girl's form bend low above Pollock's narrow berth; heard her voice presently sounding cool and silver clear—"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow ——"

He was on the main-deck companion; he couldn't hear any more. Something clouded his sight so that he almost fell as he went slowly back to the first.

Coming up to the cay, of a southeast season morning, the first thing that struck you was its gayety. It was only a handful of bushes and sand set in the midst of a low atoll almost awash, but it laughed at you; it had a merry secret.

The blue outside the ring-shaped atoll reef was the blue of a Monday-morning tub. The green inside was bright as verdigris. The little white island at the center of all might have been compared to a pearl, to an ivory boss upon an emerald-enameled shield, to half a dozen poetical and precious things. In actual truth, it was just the jolliest little island that anyone out on a treasure hunt might hope to see—and nothing else.

Not without difficulty had the place been found by the three people who were disembarking there from a tiny hired steamer one very perfect blue and golden day. The memorandum left by the dying miner had been everything that a treasure chart ought not to be. There were no bearings, no latitude and longitude, nothing but a brief note apparently meant to act as a spur to the memory of one person, and one person only:

> Island with some bushes on it, in the middle of another island that's shaped like a bent hoop, about three hundred and twenty miles from Sulala, when you go straight out from the harbor between the beacons; it hasn't any name—and what's there is a fortune.

Nothing could be flatter, less dramatic. No measuring twenty yards from a blighted tree; no dropping weights to find the exact spot underneath the hole in the rock where the first moonbeam struck on the second night of the moon's third quarter; no rum or dead men's chests—not even a parrot.

The penciled note had been handed to Helen, rolled up in various odd papers from the miner's pocket—a washing bill, unreceipted; a pawn ticket for one gold lever watch; an account, paid, from Sydney's flashiest hotel, including expenses of what seemed to be a very gay dinner party; a cutting from some illustrated paper with a picture of a well-known English revue favorite, curled and bejeweled to the last degree; a scrap of plug tobacco and the butt of an expensive cigar. Helen Elizabeth and Rob had carefully examined everything.

"Sherlock Holmes and his microscope might make a song and dance out of it," declared Rob, "but I've smoked the plug and pulled the cigar to bits, and all I can get out of it is that Pollock had a dashed bad taste in his smokes, bad and good." They sponged the bills and the ticket with acids and with alkalies, and held them before lighted candles. Nothing resulted. They tested the actress' portrait for possible revelations. It furnished none beyond those candidly offered by the picture itself. Rob was for throwing it away, but Helen caught his hand.

"I'll keep that," she said. "I don't quite understand his having it." (Continued on Page 97)

Helen Elizabeth Continued to Look Out at Sea. Telford, Annoyed Swung Round So That He Could Face Her; He Was Determined to Make Her Talk

LaSalle

Six models of rare beauty, powered by a 90-degree, V-type, 8-cylinder engine of great dependability, speed and stamina: Five-Passenger Sedan; Four-Passenger Phaeton; Four-Passenger Victoria; Two-Passenger Convertible Coupe (with dickey seat); Two-Passenger Roadster (with dickey seat); Two-Passenger Coupe.

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Manufactured completely by the Cadillac Motor Car Company within its own plants

FOR nearly four years Cadillac engineers and craftsmen labored lovingly and painstakingly at the congenial task of creating the LaSalle. Guided by the same high principles and surrounded by the same inspirational environment which alone can produce a car of Cadillac calibre, they slowly evolved this *companion* to that finest of fine cars—Cadillac. The LaSalle is, therefore, the beneficiary of all those delicate precisions and precautions which exist only in the Cadillac engineering department and shops—and which are supplemented by the facilities and resources of the General Motors laboratories and proving grounds.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Detroit, Michigan *Oshawa, Canada*

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The cheerful blue and tan pattern on the kitchen floor is the "BRITTANY"— Rug No. 306

Make yours a livable kitchen

—there's color and sunshine in a Congoleum Rug!

A kitchen that is more than a "workshop." Alive and happy with color, what woman wouldn't be proud of this Congoleum kitchen?

And how the working hours fly in such pleasant surroundings. So easy, too, to clean up: Porcelain sink, enameled top table, and—the Congoleum Rug. The smooth, sanitary surface of this modern floor-covering is made spotless with a quick, easy mopping.

Gold Seal Rugs were never so low in price as they are today! They are the outstanding value among smooth surfaced floor-coverings. Inferior rugs, similar in appearance, can be purchased at lower prices but such rugs cannot provide the quality, the beauty and the years of guaranteed service which have made Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rugs famous.

Whatever rooms may need new floor-coverings there are many delightful *Gold Seal* patterns to suit your taste. In addition to trim tiles for the kitchen and pantry there are deep-toned Orientals for living and dining rooms and a host of distinctive, floral effects for bedrooms —all expressing the newest trends in artistic rug design.

Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rugs lie flat on the floor without fastening of any kind. Sizes range from small, handy mats to 9 x 15 foot room size rugs.

CONGOLEUM "GOLD SEAL" GUARANTEE
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There is only one genuine Congoleum. It has this Gold Seal pasted right on the pattern. For your own protection, refuse substitutes!

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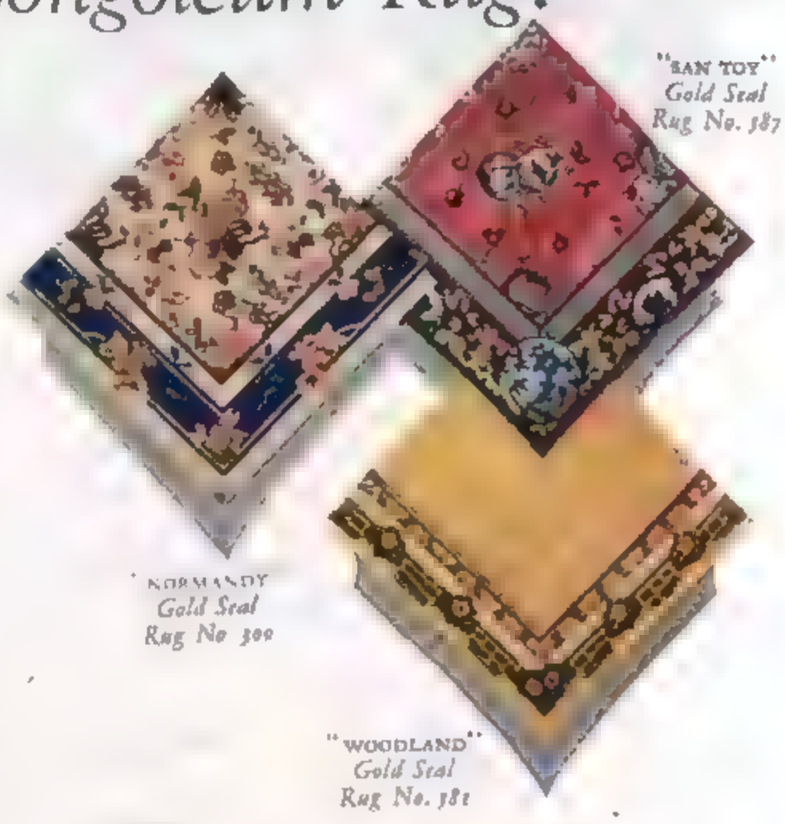

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Insist that the GOLD SEAL *appear on the* RUGS *you buy*

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

"Where's the Elevator?"

Saving to Spend

A CERTAIN young mechanic of my acquaintance came into the bank the other day—three months ahead of time—to pay the final installment on a thousand-dollar gold bond. He had purchased it nearly four years ago, with a 25 per cent down payment supplied by the paying off of a Christmas fund, and every year since then he had increased his equity by a similar amount when the Christmas fund came due.

"You must have been doing some other saving," I remarked. "Before long you'll be a capitalist."

"I'm a capitalist now, on a small scale," he said. "Funny how it all started with the Christmas fund. The bank started me buying the bond, but that was only the beginning. You see, even after paying that installment last year and buying my Christmas stuff, I still had a little money left, because I'd been putting more away than I had the year before. So I decided to invest it in real estate, and put it into a lot out in the suburbs, buying on the installment plan.

"For the first few months that lot was a darned nuisance. The installment always came due at a busy period when I had a chance to pick up some overtime, and I figured it was costing me more in lost time, carting the money to the office, than the lot was ever going to be worth. Finally I decided to give it up, and phoned the real-estate man to see whether I could get my money back.

"He explained that the only way I could recover was to have him or some other agent resell the property. Prices had gone up, and it looked as if I might make a nice little profit. But the agent urged me not to sell, because new roads and other improvements are being made and in a year or two the lot will be worth a great deal more. So at last I told him why I was trying to get rid of it."

Practicing the Principles of Thrift

"HE LAUGHED—just the way you're laughing up your sleeve now—when I told him I couldn't pay by check because I hadn't any bank account. This bank stuff is simple to you fellows who know all about it, but lots of good men have never been in a bank. Anyhow, the agent told me just how to go about it, and then suggested I could pay by money order if I didn't want to open a bank account.

"Well, I used the money-order system twice. Then I located a bank where I could run a combination savings and checking account—four checks a month being the limit. Once I got into the habit of using checks I found it saved me a lot of time, and also the money seemed to go further. So as soon as I had enough of a balance I switched to a regular check account.

"I'll have the Christmas-fund money this year to start buying another bond, if I don't decide to put it into the lot or another piece of real estate. This bond payment just sort of gathered itself up. I haven't made any special effort to save any more than I always have, this year, but since I've been paying by check I find myself keeping better account of where the money goes. I'm going to bring you in a lot of new customers for the fund this year—fellows who have never been in a bank before."

Any banker whose institution operates a special Christmas or vacation fund will recognize the foregoing experience as typical of what these funds are doing for the man who has never been in a bank. It may seem strange in this rich and prosperous country, but there are still some millions of American wage earners in that category.

This is the field which the banks, with special funds, and the utilities and other industries selling stock to employes, are just beginning to penetrate. I do not recall who first thought of the Christmas fund, but it was a stroke of genius in more ways than one.

Unquestionably it has had a lot to do with national prosperity by stabilizing the finances of thousands of workers who formerly spent as they earned, and maintained no control over expenditure except that of ultimate necessity.

Some fears were expressed when the plan was launched that it would cut down buying during the year and concentrate it more than ever during the Christmas peak. But it hasn't worked out that way.

Some time ago we attempted to trace the distribution of a hundred-thousand-dollar fund saved by workers on the Christmas-saving plan—weekly installment savings in amounts varying from twenty-five cents to several dollars. The task was abandoned when it proved too complex, but we did accumulate a vast amount of general information.

We learned that in many fields of employment, particularly the construction industries, there were thousands of thrifty and well-paid workers who still regarded the bank as of service only to the wealthy. Where workers had been paid by check the necessary contact with banks had obliterated this impression, but wherever it was the practice to pay in cash we found householders using the same method to meet all their expenses.

Most of these people didn't need any lessons in the principle of thrift, but they had a lot to learn about its practice. As a rule they had gone in for saving with nothing in mind except the rainy day, which generally meant old age. The value of the Christmas fund was that it conveyed an entirely new idea—the idea of saving for a specific expenditure.

It was only natural that workers should find the application of this method to other than Christmas-shopping expenses. Our depositors reported they used the Christmas-fund money to meet every imaginable kind of expense, from taxes to an expected visit from the stork. One man had bought a lot of furniture on the installment plan and was afraid he might lose his job and have to surrender the furniture. So he went into a Christmas fund in order to have some money in reserve in event of unemployment.

I believe the growth of special funds has been a valuable ally in creating the psychology of confidence back of increasing installment buying. It has helped also by teaching thousands of wage earners the functions of the bank and what it can do for them, to reduce reckless expenditures and to develop a more widespread knowledge of the uses and abuses of credit among working people. If it were possible to trace just what has been done with all the Christmas-fund money saved in the country during the past few years, I am quite sure a large percentage of it would be found in permanent investment.

—J. Ross Burhouse.

Other Men's Ideas

IN THE past five years a well-known manufacturing company has had five salesmanagers. Four of them have failed. The fifth shows every sign of succeeding. He has retained his position longer than his four predecessors, and sales and profits are healthier than at any time since the war boom.

It seems that all of the four men who failed came to the company with brilliant records of achievement in past positions. As far as outward signs indicated, all of them were given a free hand. Yet they all gave up and resigned, one after another. Each of them left discouraged and minus a certain amount of self-confidence which he possessed when he took the position.

The present man who seems to be getting along so well had nothing more to recommend him than his predecessors. There has been no change in prices or products or policies which would account for his success. Evidently all the credit for his success belongs to him.

I asked him how he was able to turn the trick after four good men had failed. His answer was so simple and bears so directly upon the success or failure of every man employed in any company that it is worth repeating here, as nearly verbatim as I can remember it.

"I took this position because the company offered me so much money I would have been a fool to turn it down. I gathered from others that the four men who had preceded me took the position for the same reason. To me it is one of the poorest reasons for taking any position. I knew that from the start, so I determined to develop other reasons for staying, for I felt I could not trust myself to put up with an unhappy condition for the mere sake of a few extra dollars in my pay envelope every Saturday.

"My idea was that the money inducement was an actual handicap. I think the other men looked upon it differently. They felt they must be good if they were being paid so much money. Then, too, they felt that it was up to the other men in the organization to help earn the big salary.

"They came in and virtually let it be known they were high-priced men, called in to give orders and do the directing. I came in with the idea that I would have to earn the

(Continued on Page 70)

To Manufacturers of Quality Products

Why you do not cut corners

The manufacturer who trims prices and quality leads a nervous business life. To reach the lower price he lowers the quality. But when he seeks repeat orders his customers remember the lower quality—the lower price is forgotten

Expecting, as you do, to be in business for many years to come, we choose to operate as quality manufacturers on a more comfortable basis. We expect repeat orders. We wish our oils and services to be welcome next year, the next and the next.

Strict adherence to quality has built our business from small beginnings to its present world-wide position.

Importance of lubrication

BEFORE any industrial engine or machine can be efficiently operated a correct method of lubrication has to be worked out, and precisely correct oils applied.

The correct lubrication of any manufacturing plant is a complex, technical subject. This we summarize as the right oil, applied in the right place, in the right way.

When plant machinery is correctly lubricated it will:

—wear longer;

—require minimum power;

—need minimum repairs;

—operate with fewer interruptions.

Advances in lubrication knowledge are coming rapidly. To help develop these advances we work closely with the foremost builders of machinery here and abroad.

When our services are enlisted, our engineering staff keeps in contact with your plant personnel and coöperates with them to maintain efficient lubrication. The number of quality manufacturers who are availing themselves of this service is growing constantly.

GARGOYLE

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Vacuum Oil Company

Headquarters: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
Branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

What's the Matter With Politics?

By KATHARINE DAYTON

IT'S all right! What's all right? Politics! Ye-a-a-ay!" We trust that this general statement will at once dispel the very natural foreboding that our title may possibly have aroused in the mind of the reader—come out of there, you little rascal; we see you—that this is going to be just another one of those articles by an old scold which will appear in our press from time to time, and probably oftener, until the 1928 elections are over and the open season for alibis sets in.

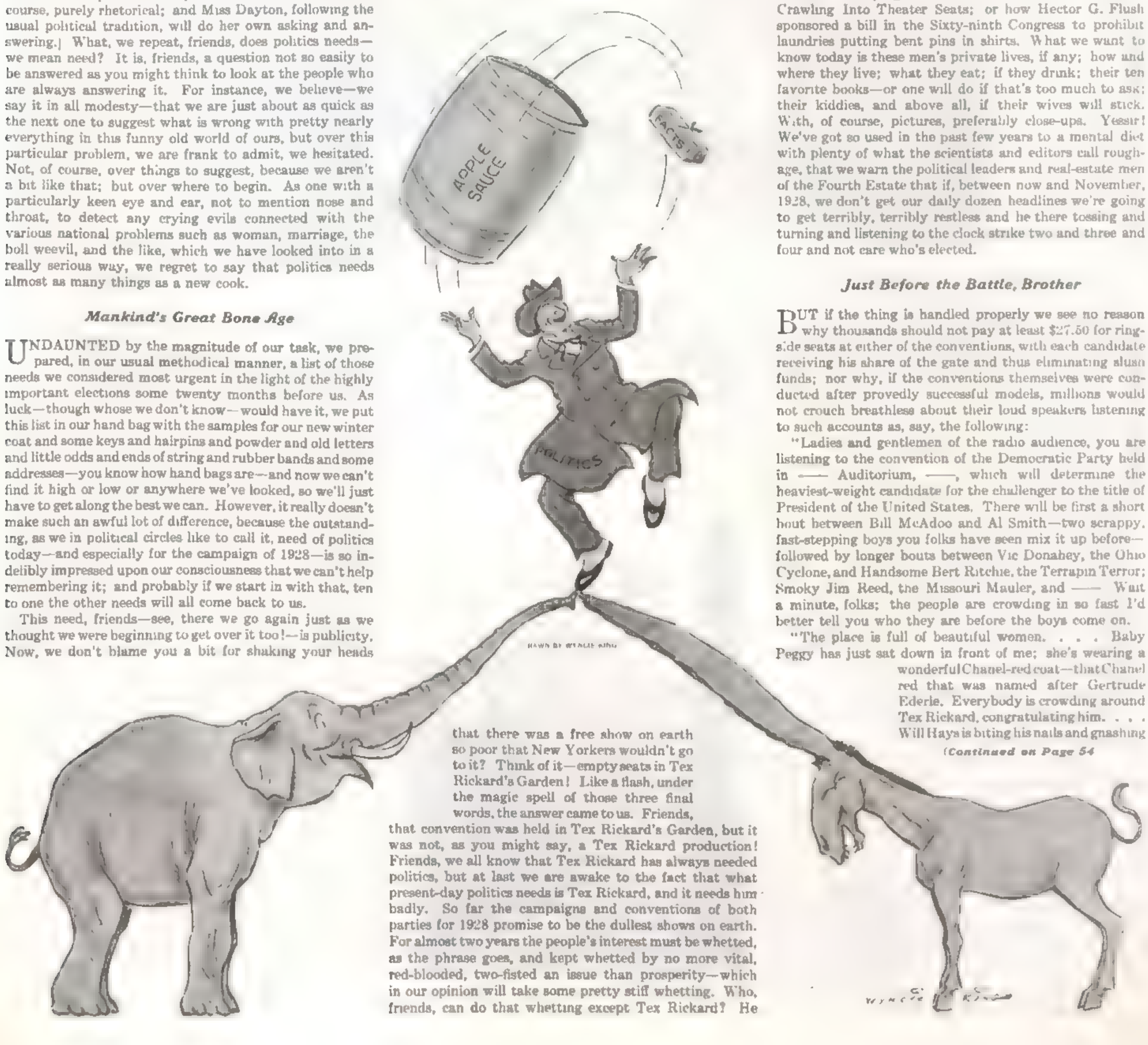
No, indeedy! Personally we feel about politics the way we do about Golden Bantam corn—we're so crazy about it we could have it every day it's in season and never get tired of it. And as for politicians—why, some of our best friends are politicians! So we want it distinctly understood right at the start that any criticism we may make—and we might as well come clean and admit that we are going to make some, and pretty fearless, too—will be constructive rather than, as the boys say, carping. For the fact is, friends—and before we go any further we must apologize for calling you friends, but we just can't help it when we get all worked up and political—something is the matter with politics. But what? [Note: The courtesy of silence is requested. All questions in this article are, of course, purely rhetorical; and Miss Dayton, following the usual political tradition, will do her own asking and answering.] What, we repeat, friends, does politics needs—we mean need? It is, friends, a question not so easily to be answered as you might think to look at the people who are always answering it. For instance, we believe—we say it in all modesty—that we are just about as quick as the next one to suggest what is wrong with pretty nearly everything in this funny old world of ours, but over this particular problem, we are frank to admit, we hesitated. Not, of course, over things to suggest, because we aren't a bit like that; but over where to begin. As one with a particularly keen eye and ear, not to mention nose and throat, to detect any crying evils connected with the various national problems such as woman, marriage, the boll weevil, and the like, which we have looked into in a really serious way, we regret to say that politics needs almost as many things as a new cook.

Mankind's Great Bone Age

UNDAUNTED by the magnitude of our task, we prepared, in our usual methodical manner, a list of those needs we considered most urgent in the light of the highly important elections some twenty months before us. As luck—though whose we don't know—would have it, we put this list in our hand bag with the samples for our new winter coat and some keys and hairpins and powder and old letters and little odds and ends of string and rubber bands and some addresses—you know how hand bags are—and now we can't find it high or low or anywhere we've looked, so we'll just have to get along the best we can. However, it really doesn't make such an awful lot of difference, because the outstanding, as we in political circles like to call it, need of politics today—and especially for the campaign of 1928—is so indelibly impressed upon our consciousness that we can't help remembering it; and probably if we start in with that, ten to one the other needs will all come back to us.

This need, friends—see, there we go again just as we thought we were beginning to get over it too!—is publicity. Now, we don't blame you a bit for shaking your heads and muttering tut-tut, and the like. We used to feel, too, that if the papers gave any more space to politics, and those terrible forecasts of how many seats the Democrats would get if the dirt farmers did something or other in normally Republican states on off years, we should simply scream. But it isn't the amount of publicity we're complaining of; it's the kind of publicity.

To understand exactly what we mean we'll have to go back—and my! Aren't we glad this is just a figure of speech!—to the last New York Republican State Convention, which was held, as there is no reason for your ever remembering, in Madison Square Garden. Now that the elections are past and the water has flowed over the dam and all the milk and beans have been spilled and hatchets buried, we may as well admit frankly that it was, from the viewpoint of innocent bystanders like ourselves, a distinct flop. There were flags and banners and reporters and oratory and even a permanent band, but there were also acres on acres of empty seats. We were appalled at the public's apathy. Was it conceivable, we asked ourselves,



that there was a free show on earth so poor that New Yorkers wouldn't go to it? Think of it—empty seats in Tex Rickard's Garden! Like a flash, under the magic spell of those three final words, the answer came to us. Friends, that convention was held in Tex Rickard's Garden, but it was not, as you might say, a Tex Rickard production! Friends, we all know that Tex Rickard has always needed politics, but at last we are awake to the fact that what present-day politics needs is Tex Rickard, and it needs him badly. So far the campaigns and conventions of both parties for 1928 promise to be the dullest shows on earth. For almost two years the people's interest must be whetted, as the phrase goes, and kept whetted by no more vital, red-blooded, two-fisted an issue than prosperity—which in our opinion will take some pretty stiff whetting. Who, friends, can do that whetting except Tex Rickard? He did it for three years for a prize fighter; maybe he can do it for two years for a president. He got women to go to prize fights, and what was infinitely more difficult, he got men to take them; maybe he can get them to go to the polls. Anyway, it's worth trying, because the way people have to be paid to go nowadays is certainly going to run into money by 1928, mark our words!

And this apathy on the part of the public toward political affairs is, according to such expert and acute observers as Mr. Charles Michelson and Mr. Mark Sullivan, nation-wide. Indeed, the latter goes so far as to say in a leading article that he doubts if nowadays anybody reads his stuff except politicians; whom, for some reason or other, he doesn't seem to count as regular people, and he certainly ought to know. Which is exactly our contention. Editors and political writers are the first to realize that a change must come. We men and women live in what will probably be known in future Outlines of History as the great bone, or human interest, age. The day has gone by when we voters liked to read about Elmer J. Ripple's record as State Commissioner of Highways and Byways, and how he voted on the Munsch-Eppings Act to Prohibit the Carrying of Overcoats Over the Arm While Crawling Into Theater Seats; or how Hector G. Flush sponsored a bill in the Sixty-ninth Congress to prohibit laundries putting bent pins in shirts. What we want to know today is these men's private lives, if any; how and where they live; what they eat; if they drink; their ten favorite books—or one will do if that's too much to ask; their kiddies, and above all, if their wives will stick. With, of course, pictures, preferably close-ups. Yessir! We've got so used in the past few years to a mental diet with plenty of what the scientists and editors call roughage, that we warn the political leaders and real-estate men of the Fourth Estate that if, between now and November, 1928, we don't get our daily dozen headlines we're going to get terribly, terribly restless and lie there tossing and turning and listening to the clock strike two and three and four and not care who's elected.

Just Before the Battle, Brother

BUT if the thing is handled properly we see no reason why thousands should not pay at least $27.50 for ringside seats at either of the conventions, with each candidate receiving his share of the gate and thus eliminating slush funds; nor why, if the conventions themselves were conducted after provedly successful models, millions would not crouch breathless about their loud speakers listening to such accounts as, say, the following:

"Ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience, you are listening to the convention of the Democratic Party held in —— Auditorium, ——, which will determine the heaviest-weight candidate for the challenger to the title of President of the United States. There will be first a short bout between Bill McAdoo and Al Smith—two scrappy, fast-stepping boys you folks have seen mix it up before—followed by longer bouts between Vic Donahey, the Ohio Cyclone, and Handsome Bert Ritchie, the Terrapin Terror; Smoky Jim Reed, the Missouri Mauler, and —— Wait a minute, folks; the people are crowding in so fast I'd better tell you who they are before the boys come on.

"The place is full of beautiful women. . . . Baby Peggy has just sat down in front of me; she's wearing a wonderful Chanel-red coat—that Chanel red that was named after Gertrude Ederle. Everybody is crowding around Tex Rickard, congratulating him. . . . Will Hays is biting his nails and gnashing

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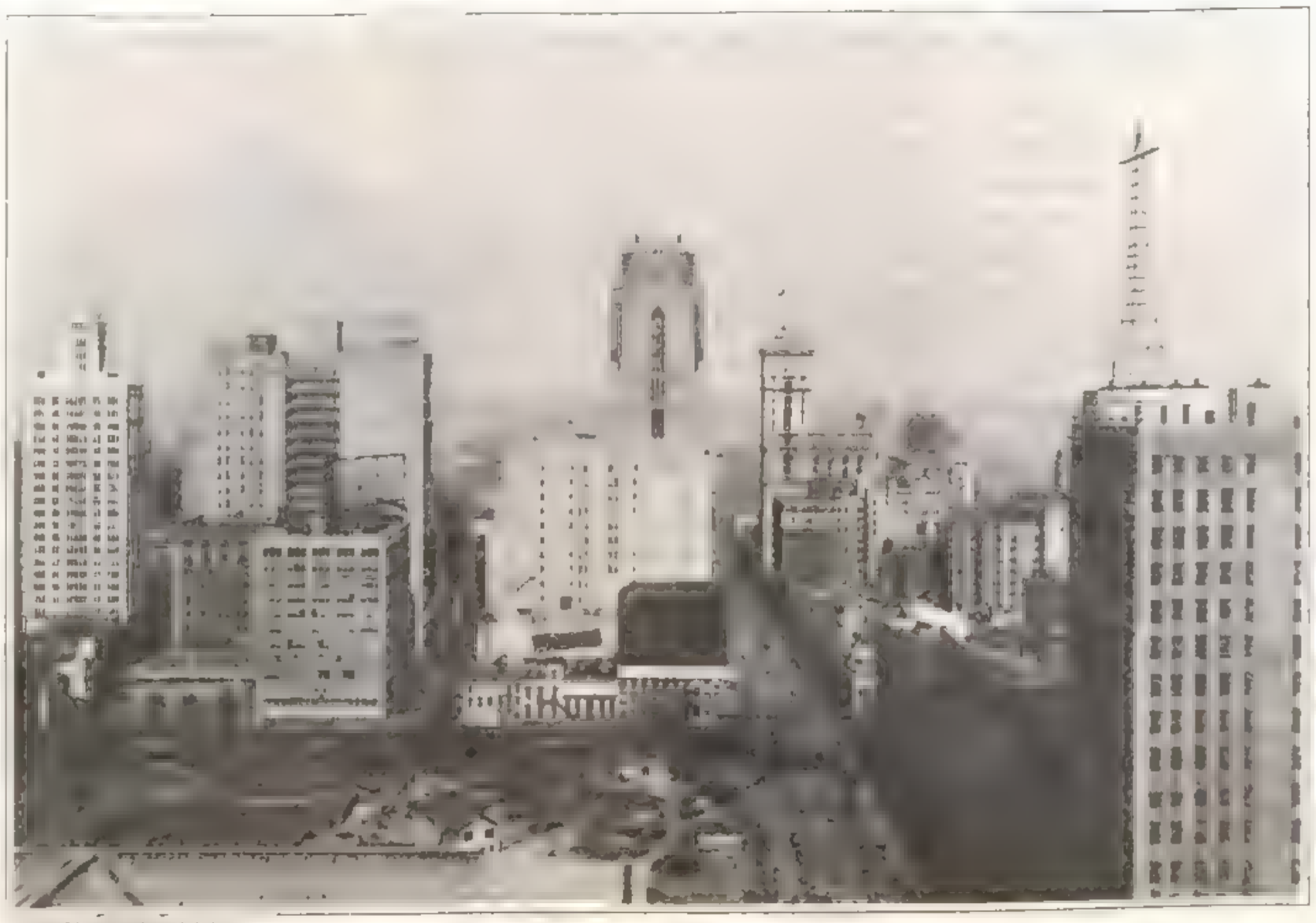
SKYSCRAPER HOUSEKEEPING

By Boyden Sparkes

IT HAD been a great department store organization and the owner of the building was a man free from financial worries. That was in the days when none of New York's department stores were north of Twenty-third Street. When the treasurer of the department store wrote a single fat-figured check about the tenth of each month, the owner of the building had collected his rent roll: and as the store operated the building, his only expense was his annual tax bill It was the nearest thing to owning a goose that laid a golden egg once a month that may be imagined



Skyscrapers Near Forty-Second Street and Sixth Avenue, New York City

Then occurred that amazing phenomenon of real estate, the shifting of a business district, and there came a day when the least discerning of men could tell that the department-store center was definitely north of Twenty-third Street. But almost before the owner of the building was awake to the tragic significance of owning a vast expanse of idle floor space in New York City, the United States, having got into the war, had need of the building to house a vital function of the Army. Once more there was an obese check, a Federal warrant, at regular intervals; but there were some expenses, because the owner had been compelled to hire the old engineer who had run the building for the department-store management. The engineer bought what he thought he needed, had the windows cleaned at intervals, kept the elevators running and heat in the pipes.

From Golden Goose to White Elephant

THEN the wartime emergency passed and once more the owner found himself possessed of acres of idle space. Some months elapsed and it remained idle. Then, with the aid of a firm of accountants, the owner discovered that his golden goose had been transmogrified, through some sorcery, into a white elephant that was costing him $1000 a day. Actually, it would not have been necessary to employ the accountants, because the fixed carrying charges of the building were known to be in excess of $365,000 a year; but the owner sensed the need of expert advice. He had lost a good many thousands of dollars, though, before he realized what kind of experts he needed, and the reason he was slow in reaching this realization was because, like many others, he did not know that there was such a thing as building management.

Building-management skill is something that is as hopeless of being acquired in an emergency by a mere building owner as it would be for a layman suddenly accused of murder to acquire in his own person the skill of a lawyer. This owner, brought face to face with the fact that unless his building began to produce revenue his equity would be wiped out, approached a real-estate firm which is really a firm of building managers. There are specialists employed by building owners just as race-horse trainers are employed by race-horse owners. It is possible for a man to own a fast horse without knowing whether the animal should have six quarts of oats a day or only two; and it is true, also, that a man may own a building and not know whether it is being properly handled; whether it should have one elevator operator or forty; whether it should have another kind of tenants; whether it should have a bigger rent roll or a smaller one, and so on into questions so complex that even building managers might quarrel among themselves as to the right answer.

After they had taken control of the building, this firm of skyscraper operators hastened to make a survey of the physical property, which disclosed something like farthest north in mismanagement. There were three porters on the pay roll of the dusty, run-down building, but there was only one broom for the entire area; and that circumstance is still cited in arguments for the employment of skilled

The Equitable Life Assurance Society Building, New York City

building managers as the most graphic illustration of ineptitude in this field of endeavor.

A gloom pervaded the dirty corridors and the vacant floor areas that was all out of keeping with the splendid plate-glass windows that had been designed to capture every possible ray of sunshine. Monstrous rats were keeping house there and an odor that was not a perfume assailed the nostrils of all who explored the empty chambers

Six months after that survey had been made every square foot in the building had been rented to responsible tenants, eight of whom were rated in excess of $1,000,000, with the result that the owner, instead of losing $1000 a day, was making a profit of $500 a day. But the renting of this building was neither the result of chance nor the hanging out of a for-rent sign. Instead it was the logical outcome of a high order of salesmanship combined with a surprisingly extensive knowledge of possible tenants and the potentialities of a region that was no longer suitable for the purpose of a department store.

Found in the Junk Pile

AMONG other discoveries made in the course of that survey was the need of new lighting fixtures better adapted to the use of lofts than the arc lights that had served the department store. It was obvious that the owner was going to be required to O.K. a $1,000,000 bill for alterations, for partitions and improvements in the electrical equipment; but that bill was $6000 less than it might have been, because the survey which revealed the need of expenditures also disclosed the presence in the basement of a huge store of materials necessary to make the changes.

As the aged engineer had been running things in a slipshod manner, there had been no attempt made at storekeeping. Instead the basement sheltered a mound of what seemed, on a casual inspection, to be junk. Sorted out into bins that were built at a trifling expense, this stuff was found, in the course of a two weeks' inventory, to include 200 lighting fixtures worth twenty dollars apiece; a number of armatures; tools and various kinds of necessary supplies When this material had been appraised at $6000 only a small part of the waste that had been going on for years was indicated.

In any large building storekeeping is essential, because there is an almost daily need for replacing electric-light bulbs, faucets, valves and other kinds of hardware that must be kept in stock if tenants are to be given satisfactory service.

The new managers of the building made no effort whatever to show space there until they had invaded the premises with a battalion of cleaning women, a score of window washers, a squad of rat hunters, dozens of painters, carpenters and other mechanics. When these workers had transformed the gloomy structure into a place scoured like a battleship, and with heating plant and elevators in first-class condition, then they set to work to sell its rentable area. That was done by the intensive efforts of a force of

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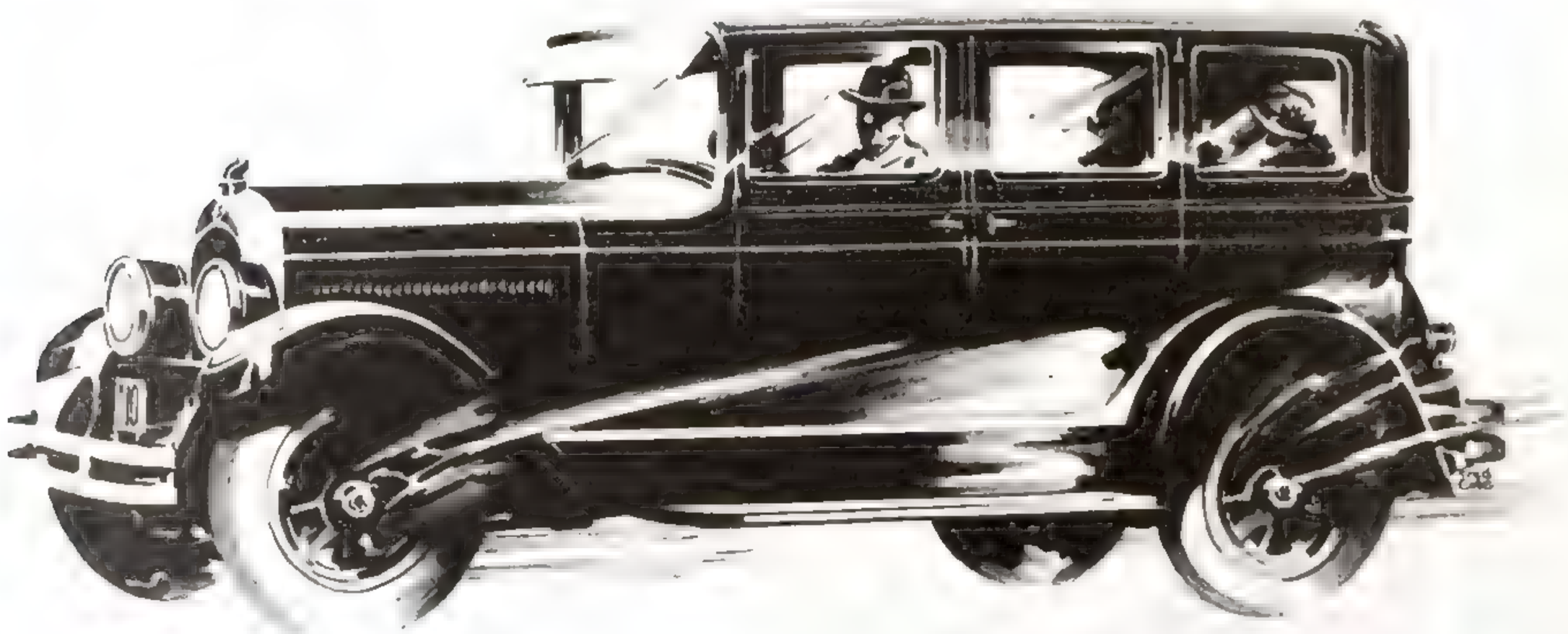
27th to 4th Place in Three Years
—Ever-Increasing Public Preference

CHRYSLER 70



CRAFTSMANSHIP

IN the beginning a fascinated public bought the Chrysler "70" for the charm and freshness of its new performance and appearance.

Behind that first Chrysler, and the public's first enthusiasm for its new qualities, are now more than three years of experience.

During those three phenomenal years—years in which public preference swept Chrysler from 27th to 4th place—motor car buyers have come more and more to know the substantial and solid qualities built into each and every Chrysler by its unique engineering and manufacturing plan of Standardized Quality.

They have found a dependability and long life in the "70"—proved by hundreds of thousands of enthusiastic owners—combined with those elements of progressiveness through which Chrysler has steadily maintained the speed, dash, beauty, luxury, economy and safety of the finer Chrysler "70" of today, as far in advance of its field as at the time of its introduction.

* * *

Phaeton $1395, Sport Phaeton $1495; Two-passenger Roadster (with Rumble Seat) $1495; Brougham $1525, Two-passenger Coupe (with Rumble Seat) $1545; Royal Sedan $1595; Two-passenger Convertible Cabriolet (with Rumble Seat) $1745; Crown Sedan $1795

f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

All Chrysler cars are protected against theft under the Fedco System.

Chrysler dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR

(Continued from Page 40

brokers employed by that firm year in and year out for no other purpose than the selling of space in buildings in Manhattan, and, moreover, in a fixed section of Manhattan. They worked as specialists.

There is a card index in the office equipment of building-management firms called the expiration file. It is a series of drawers into which is poured all the pertinent information gathered by the firm's brokers as they go from building to building in their daily rounds—information as to the date of expiration of leaseholds on space in Manhattan buildings. Blank & Doe, cloak-and-suit manufacturers, may have signed a ten-year lease in 1917 for a loft floor in a building in Seventeenth Street handled by a rival firm of building agents; but somehow, some time or other since then, the date of that lease's expiration will have been indexed by the girl in charge of that expiration file.

Perhaps a broker of the firm dropped into the offices of Blank & Doe on a blind chance, and possibly Mr. Blank himself, with no other motive than to get rid of the caller, told him their lease ran until May 1, 1927. Suppose this was in 1918, nevertheless the expiration index has carried that bit of information during the intervening years. Months before that date the information is drawn off by the girl in charge and turned over to the head of the office along with information about scores of other leaseholds that are soon to expire.

There is nothing of blind chance about that information then. Instead it will have become, for that firm with its many buildings always threatening to become yawning, empty caverns leading to the bankruptcy court, a live tip nearly as precious as gold. Indeed, when a reputable business concern with a satisfactory credit rating through responsible officers, has signed a lease for space in a big New York building, that lease has become a kind of money that is to a building owner quite as acceptable as gold.

A New Factory Rent Free

THE head of a building-management firm who is its star salesman, took one of the pregnant slips of paper that had been drawn from the expiration file. It told of the impending expiration of the lease of a clothing firm that had nine floors of a narrow building on an important corner of Broadway in the clothing district. Floor after floor had been taken over as the business had grown.

There was a blue cornflower in the lapel buttonhole of this salesman's coat as he entered the cramped office of the clothing company's president, to which his chauffeur had driven him in a $12,000 automobile.

"Look, Dash, I'm Santa Claus," he began. "I'm going to give you space in a fine building, rent free."

Mr. Dash in his shirt sleeves, and slightly popeyed, as if the strain of keeping his business going had had an effect on him like that of lifting an enormous weight, made a gesture intended to express his annoyance.

"Haven't I got enough trouble doing my work without being joked?"

"But it's no joke," insisted the real-estate man earnestly. "I can fix it for you to save every dollar of your rent."

The Main Corridor in the Equitable Life Building

"Sit down," entreated Mr. Dash, "and have a cigar. I keep these for customers."

"Before I light the cigar," stipulated the visitor, "you must tell me you'll move if I can make good—give you space, rent free, in a fine building in the right neighborhood."

"Am I silly? Of course I'll move if you can do that, but I know you can't." Mr. Dash said that between the puffs with which he ignited his own cigar.

They hitched their chairs closer together then, and the real-estate man—or rather the building-management specialist—proceeded with his selling argument. He reminded Dash that he had nine shipping clerks, nine foremen, eight basket carriers and various other employes on his pay roll chiefly because of the vertical form of his nine-story factory. Then he showed him how he could dispense with all but one foreman and one or two shipping clerks by moving his factory into a building where he could house his plant on one floor and install the conveyor method of factory processes that business men generally are accustomed to refer to as the Ford system.

"Where can I get such a place?" asked Dash finally, and when he did the building-management specialist knew that the lease for 85,000 square feet of vacant space was as good as signed. The lease was signed, too, for a ten-year period and the $50,000 expense of moving was saved in six months' time.

It is a truism of the building-space business that rent never begins yesterday. When a merchant fails to sell the stock on his shelves one day, his profit is only slightly compromised if he manages to sell it the next; but when floor space is unrented, a profit is lost that can never be recovered. In most of the big cities of the country there are numerous building owners faced with the problem of finding new tenants to replace those who have moved, or are moving, into some of the newer buildings that are reservoirs of capital earned in the recent years of prosperity in all manners of business.

Letting the Railroads Pay the Rent

IT IS unlikely that a more dramatic approach could be devised than that one of offering space to a tenant rent free. It was used effectively on the management of a big New York newspaper. Probably hundreds of thousands of persons had scanned unthinkingly an item about an Interstate Commerce Commission ruling compelling railroads under certain conditions to deliver freight without cartage charges, into warehouses within 100 feet of a water-front pier; but the item had registered on one particular seller of building space.

When a water-front warehouse on the East Side of New York was placed in his hands for rental and management, he began to make a mental canvass of the concerns that would most appreciate this arrangement designed to hook up the land and water carriers. One of his files of information disclosed that this big newspaper was constantly having difficulty with the delivery of the huge 600-pound rolls of newsprint of which it devoured truckloads each day. A thirty-day supply of paper must be stored in New York for that newspaper throughout the year. It was keeping a fleet of trucks busy hauling that paper, first from the railroad freight yards to the warehouses, and then, day by day, something less than an acre's growth of wood pulp in paper rolls to the plant.

When the proposition to give them warehouse space rent free was made, the manager was incredulous, though interested, and listened. The newspaper was paying $8500 rent for one warehouse and $5500 for another, a total of $15,000. The rent for the water-front warehouse was $14,000.

"But that's only a thousand-dollar saving," protested the newspaper executive.

"Yes, but if you save half your trucking costs, that would be more than $15,000, wouldn't it?"

"Considerably more," conceded the newspaper manager; and when the situation was explained to

(Continued on Page 44

A Few of the New Skyscraping Loft Buildings Just North of the Pennsylvania Station, New York City

Thermostatic Circulation Control
10-Plate Multiple-Disc Clutch
Controllable-Beam Headlights
Mechanical 4-Wheel Brakes
Vacuum-Cleaned Crankcase
High-Speed Starting Motor
Automatic Heat Control
Triple-Sealed Engine
Torque Tube Drive
Sealed Chassis

and

an Engine that is Vibrationless Beyond Belief

Dividends *declared by* Buick Leadership

To understand how Buick can market a car of such superlative quality at the moderate Buick price, you need to remember the many years of Buick leadership.

And then to know that the savings of great volume have been liberally used to enrich Buick quality.

One refinement after another has been added to Buick value, without any need to advance price.

Millions of miles have been driven by the famous Buick test fleet to discover and develop the new and better thing in motor car design.

These discoveries and refinements now include such exclusive items of excellence as the Sealed Chassis, the Vacuum Cleaned Crankcase, and an engine *vibrationless beyond belief.*

Enhance the buying power of your dollars. Buy a Buick, and get the dividends of leadership.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

Buick
MOTOR CARS

(Continued from Page 42

him, that warehouse close to the East Side pier was leased, creating for some other specialist the necessity of finding tenants for two vacant warehouses less fortunately situated with respect to the water front.

There is on Fifth Avenue a building erected about fifteen years ago, which makes it an old building by present standards. Through a succession of causes, this building had got into such a state that one seller of building space boasted that he could always find a tenant for some of his own buildings by canvassing among the dissatisfied occupants of space in that structure. In short, this building had reached a state where its space—the only thing it had to sell—was in bitter competition with space in uncounted hundreds of other run-down buildings.

It had been designed to serve as a combined mercantile and office building, with the first six floors, above the ground-floor store, sold as lofts and the upper floors as offices. The office floors were easily kept rented because of the myriads of people who desire a Fifth Avenue address, but the open loft space was too highly priced for factories, with the result that year after year passed with entire floors of this building unrented. A new set of owners tried to make up for this loss by raising the rentals on the offices, cutting down on service and through other pinchpenny methods. The inevitable result was an increase of vacancies. Finally the building passed into bankruptcy, and the new owners, sound building operators, promptly changed the policy.

They realized that there are countless out-of-town concerns with New York offices, business men who find an extraordinary value in a Fifth Avenue address; and that these were the logical tenants for the vacant space. The women elevator operators were smartly uniformed by the new management and drilled in the necessity of giving prompt and courteous service; all tenants having constant need of the freight elevator were moved below the seventh floor; empty rooms were painted and plastered; hallways were cleaned up and the porters warned to keep them so; old window shades were replaced throughout the building; the inefficient lighting clusters were taken out and modern fixtures installed; the rentable area was increased by abolishing some of the narrow feeder hallways and by rearranging partitions so as to provide light offices, with large lobbies for the display of merchandise.

Undesirable Tenants

ALL those changes cost less than $15,000, but the increased rental return within the space of a few months was more than $30,000, and that broker who used to stalk the hallways for dissatisfied tenants has sought another hunting ground.

A block away from this structure, in Broadway, was a building nearly as large that had been rated as a skyscraper when it was built; but it, too, had fallen on evil days and the narrow equity above its mortgage encumbrances was owned by a couple of real-estate adventurers. Hallways cluttered with packing cases and littered with discarded wrapping paper, excelsior and other inflammable materials were evidence of the presence of tenants carrying stock that increased the fire hazard, and consequently the insurance rates.

A tenantry of sinister reputation and unenviable appearance had, over a period of years, given the building a bad name.

This building, too, passed through bankruptcy, and the new owners authorized the management firm they had retained to convert the property into one having an office occupancy only, even though this meant a loss of revenue for a time.

As fast as their leases expired, and faster in the case of some delinquents, seventy-seven tenants were put out of the building. These seventy-seven included some fake stock-brokerage concerns; race-track bookmakers; some who seemed to be bootleggers soliciting orders by telephone, and various kinds of blackleg enterprises. When the last of these had gone, the new management set out to get the right kind of tenants, having waited, because they knew it was useless to approach the type they wanted until the building was purified of the old tenantry.

The new tenants in that building are signed up for moderately long-lease terms; the service is satisfactory; and under a system of wisely designed financial reserves there is small probability that the great pile of steel and brick and concrete will cease to be a paying institution for years to come, even in the face of strong competition.

Renting a new building of giant size is quite as much a problem for specialists. Some of the building construction in recent years in New York has been the outgrowth of a planned shifting of the garment-trade center away from Fifth Avenue. Many of the new buildings—with their setbacks that give them an appearance against the sky line that suggests the temples of an earlier and Oriental civilization—have been built with garment-trade money.

After having piled up a reserve fortune from the profits of his cloak-and-suit business, Mr. X. decided overnight to become a builder. He bought his site shrewdly, a Seventh Avenue plot, and before many months his fine enterprise had taken form and a few of the elevators were placed in operation. The architect was getting ready to resign his authority; only a few specialists in the builder's employ remained. It was now high time for Mr. X. to think about tenants. He had one—himself, for he was going to occupy two entire floors in the new building; but

Wall Street, New York City

that left twenty other floors to be rented, and there are not so very many cloak-and-suit firms in New York as large as X.'s establishment.

Mr. X. laughed at that member of his club who first suggested that he needed to employ a firm of building managers. He said that one of his bookkeepers easily could open up a new ledger for the building and that his own secretary would see to the collection of rents. X. had invested about four times as much money in his new building as it would have taken to buy from him his cloak-and-suit business.

One day a renting agent and another man called on him at the old quarters in a cramped building in the Thirties.

"We want to talk to you about some space in the new building," explained the renting agent. His companion was a needle-trades business man who was prepared to pay $40,000 a year for space in X.'s new building. Just as they had got settled in the chairs offered by X., that manufacturer, through the glass of his office, espied an old customer out in the stock room. He excused himself for a few minutes and went out to greet the customer.

The two in the office heard him then indulge in the sort of barter that was as the breath of life to X. They heard him haggle and dicker over a $300 lot of suits, on which his profit could not possibly have been more than $60. Mr. X. alternately pleaded with and browbeat his clothing customer until at the end of half an hour the sale was made; but when X. returned to his office the renting agent and the prospective tenant had gone. His secretary gave him an indignant report of their conversation. According to her loyal account, the renting agent had said: "This old bozo is trying to run a circus as a side show, and a side show as a circus." And the other man had replied, "Come on, let's go! Seventh Avenue is crowded with other new buildings."

But all X. said, aside from his grunt of annoyance, was, "See that Mr. Whosis, of Cedar Rapids, gets some theater tickets this afternoon at his hotel. He likes musical shows."

Mr. X. is still engaged in acquiring experience in building management by a method much more expensive than the simpler one of hiring it.

In his cloak-and-suit business he has always been able to extend credit to his customers according to their strength or weakness. Character, capacity and capital are the three factors with which he concerns himself when considering the question of how much credit to accord a new customer; but he has yet to learn much about the principles of real estate credits, because this frequently requires a consideration of the probability of a tenant's capacity to pay not only today but as much as twenty-one years in the future, if the lease runs that long. He is going to learn, by experience, that rent is for some obscure reason one of the most distasteful bills of the handful or more that all tenants receive at the end of the month; and he is going to learn, too, that rent collecting is a profession not so distantly related to that of tiger training.

The most disastrous thing that can occur to imperil the ownership of a big building, according to one authority, is the development of one of those surprising business shifts that start from time to time in all big cities, some of which defy explanation. One of the most clearly defined in recent years was the shifting of the garment-trades center to the region along Seventh Avenue between Thirty-fourth Street and Thirty-eighth, after these factories had threatened extinction to Fifth Avenue as a retail shopping center.

Fortune and Ruin Hand in Hand

THE department stores and many lesser retail shops had moved north of Twenty-third Street to escape the sidewalk congestion that resulted from the tremendous outpouring of factory workers morning, noon and night. When these same factories began to tag along after these stores, which were among their best customers, a civic committee was formed which enlisted 1800 merchants in all parts of the country in a fight to save Fifth Avenue. Those merchants agreed to boycott the goods of any factory which operated in the district for which protection was sought. The factories surrendered just as soon as the owners sensed the grim determination behind the movement.

By agreement, the needle-trades factories were established in a center along Seventh Avenue between Thirty-fourth and Thirty-eighth streets. Fine new buildings were erected and everyone concerned was much happier and much better off, with the possible exception of the owners of some of the old buildings that were abandoned as these factories were moved into the new buildings. But the shifts are not always so easy to understand, and frequently they occur before the owners of many buildings have mastered the causes or discovered what new classes of tenants are available for their empty floors.

In 1904 the silk concerns in Manhattan were clustered between Broadway and West Broadway, Canal and Prince streets; in 1907 nearly all had flocked northward to Fourth Avenue, between Seventeenth and Twenty-third streets; and seven years later, in 1914, most of the silk concerns had moved again, this time to Twenty-seventh Street; and since then, what with the amazing growth of the silk industry, this class of business fills buildings as far north as Thirty-second Street and extends even into the sacred confines of Fifth Avenue. Similar shifts have been going on with respect to newspaper plants, theaters, the millinery business, the fur trade; and some of the biggest retail stores have gone still farther north along the Avenue.

Every one of those shifts has brought fortunes to some property owners and ruin to others; ruin because few big buildings are financed on a basis that will permit them long to survive out of bankruptcy unless at least 75 per cent of their rentable area is occupied.

Increasing congestion, more stringent zoning laws, changing regulations of the fire-insurance companies, changes in the flow of humanity to and from the residential districts and the suburbs—are all tending to make more complex with the passage of each day the operation on a sound basis of large buildings.

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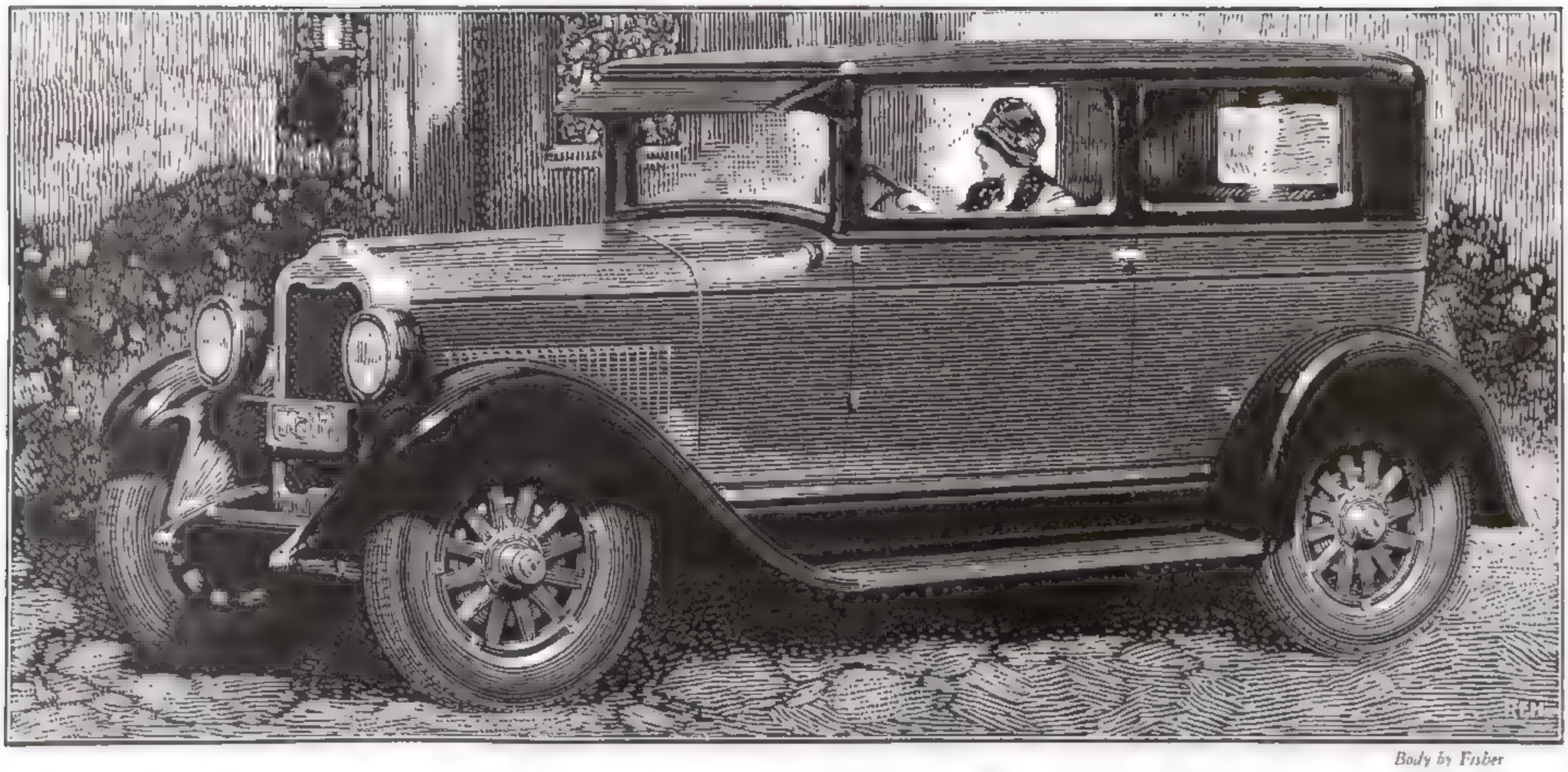

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If you are one of those sound automobile buyers who buy on comparative values, and if you compare the Greater Oakland Six against the best its field affords . . . you will discover that *only the most advanced engineering could create it . . . and only super-precision methods could produce it* . . . In no other car of the $1000 class will you find such a matchless combination of engineering advancements as in the Greater Oakland Six. For no other car, regardless of price, provides Oakland's Rubber-Silenced Chassis and Harmonic Balancer, Oakland's full pressure oiling, bronze-backed interchangeable main bearings, foot controlled tilting-beam headlights and four-wheel brakes . . . Nor in any other car of comparable price will you find so many examples of that super-precision in manufacture directly responsible for long car life and lasting owner satisfaction.

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THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE

Furthermore, He Played the Guitar and Sang La Paloma—in Spanish! Yes, Sir! And Listen

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY HIBBERD V. KLINE

JIM PALMER was mowing the family lawn when he made Herbert March's acquaintance. The time and occasion were particularly opportune. Not that Jim was any more averse to manual labor than any other able-bodied young man in Deepdene; but this was a blistering hot afternoon in early July—a Saturday afternoon, to be exact—and he could think of a good many other forms of outdoor sport that he would have preferred. It was a large and too long neglected lawn, also, and the mower wasn't biting well into the grass. Looking back at what should have been a twenty-inch track of smoothness, he was discouraged at the very outset to find a scarcely distinguishable strip whose occasional denudation only brought the uncut tufts of seeding grass into relief and marred the effect of the meadowlike expanse.

Jim dragged the mower back to the place of beginning and went over the track again. Not a great deal of improvement. Once more he tried it, and this time he saw to it that no tufts were missed, pulling and pushing the machine back and forth, shoving with the energy of exasperation, kicking the flattened patches into an upright position and approaching them at a whirring full speed. That was better. Not a perfect swath, but if it was all done as well as that nobody would have any just cause for complaint. He started another row.

He had not completed it before he decided that he wanted a drink. The garden hose was attached to the hydrant and the water came from the nozzle almost scalding hot, so that he had to let it run for quite a while before it was sufficiently cool to be potable. While he was waiting he became aware for the first time of the presence of the fellow whose family had moved in a little way down the street. He hadn't had a good look at the chap before. At the first glance he thought he wouldn't like him. For one thing, his new neighbor was wearing a spotless white silk shirt decorated with a cravat in a violet, yellow and white combination that Jim didn't recognize, equally immaculate white flannel trousers and white shoes, a white piqué hat of class and a beautifully cut sports coat. He looked too darn clean and cool, whereas Jim was attired in his garage overalls and a singlet that clung wetly to his broad shoulders. He had meant to shave, shower and slick up when this job was done; but, as he now was, he felt it rather a disadvantage before this dark-eyed dandified shrimp who was standing there so much at his ease, swinging a tennis racket.

"Warm work," remarked the shrimp.

"You're trying to kid me," said Jim ironically. "Honest, do you call this warm work?"

He wiped his streaming face with a handkerchief that appeared to be a permanent part of the equipment of his overalls, and bent to the hose nozzle. The water was now cool, and he drank thirstily and then turned the stream on himself. He had half a notion accidentally to turn it on this prettily plumaged bird; but taking another look at him, he caught a friendly smile that gave him pause. After all, one must be charitable and not judge too much by appearances. There were times when he, Jim, dolled up considerably.

"You're making warm work of it," said the other. "Your blades need sharpening, I think."

"Ye-ah?" replied Jim. "Think of you finding that out!"

"Oh, I didn't introduce myself. My name's March—Herbert March. My mother and I moved into the house down the street a few days ago."

He smiled again, and again Jim felt disarmed.

"I suspected it from the first," grinned Jim. "Something told me—or maybe it was somebody. My name's Palmer and I'm pleased to meet you, Mr. March; and if you've got a lawn mower that isn't a museum piece I'd be glad to borrow it, just to be neighborly."

"Sorry, but we haven't bought a lawn mower yet, or you could have it in a minute," said March. "Let me take a look at yours; do you mind?" He dropped his racket and inspected the blades of the mower with intense interest. "You see," he pointed out, "there's hardly any edge at all on them. Now if we had a file we could save a whole lot of time and trouble by taking a few minutes to edge them up. I've got one among the tools in the garage. I'll just run over and get it."

He got it in an incredibly short space of time. Jim took the tool and was setting to work when March interrupted him. "Say, you're starting that bevel too far back. Just let me take that file a minute, will you?"

Jim was a little curious to see what he would do, so he let him. In a moment or two he began to feel a dawning respect for this young man, who was going about the business in a decidedly competent way. Jim told him so. March accepted the compliment modestly, but insisted on finishing the blade he had started on before he turned the file over to Jim. He did this with evident reluctance, and before Jim had taken a dozen strokes he again interposed.

"No; this way. Let me show you. Watch me now."

Jim watched for a minute or two and then guessed he had the idea. March said that he would finish this one, as he had started it, and then started another, just to illustrate. In the same way he started and finished the remaining blades; then he suggested a drop of oil and oiled the bearings.

"There!" he said, getting up.

"For the love of Mike, look at your pants!" exclaimed Jim.

It was too bad about those once immaculate trousers. Bagged and grass-stained now, and the tips of his shoes greened likewise. As for his shirt, possibly the laundry might get out the oil and black grease from the bosom and the right sleeve, but it looked as if it would never be the same shirt again. Lucky that he had shed his coat

(Continued on Page 49)

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Get a can of Flit and a Flit sprayer today from the nearest store. You can't afford to wait, because the moths don't wait. The minute the temperature rises, the moths rise. They like rich homes and humble homes equally well. And they like, above all things, to pick out your choicest possessions on which their young can feed.

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Your best blankets
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His winter overcoat
Your jersey and kasha dresses
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The family's woolen stockings
Woolen sweaters, bathing suits
Mufflers, gloves, mittens
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Flit can save every single one of these—can save you hundreds of dollars, hours of mental anguish, and days of packing labor.

FLIT SAVES EVERY ONE

To protect wool, silk-and-wool, and fur articles, spray with Flit as they hang. Hold sprayer two feet from article so as to get only the fine spray on it. Flit won't stain any kind of fabric. And spray all the closets, particularly the shelves, cracks and crevices. Close the doors for fifteen minutes. Then, when you open the doors again, there are the garments, safe from moths and ready to use any time. Spraying twice a month with Flit will keep them safe too.

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In case you wish to put things away for the whole summer in trunks or chests, take every piece out, spray separately inside and out, spray the receptacle, pack the things away and close up tight.

Simple, isn't it? And safe. With Flit you can dispense with the disagreeable moth balls and old fashioned, bulky boxes and packages that take so much room in your closets. Flit really works. It kills moths.

Join the Health Squad

FLIT KILLS MOTHS *and does not* STAIN

(Continued from Page 46

"You oughtn't to have started anything like this in that rig," continued Jim sorrowfully. "I was dressed for the part. Why didn't you let me do it?"

"Oh, I got interested," said Herbert. "Let's see how she runs now."

He grasped the handles of the mower and set out. The old piece of junk ran like a charm—but Herbert March supplied the power almost entirely.

The work done, the two young men lounged in the shade of a tree in the back yard and made each other's acquaintance, beginning with Herbert's necktie. It seemed that violet, white and yellow were the colors of the Lemuel Wrenn College. Jim hadn't heard of it. Coed, by the name of it. New England? No, it was in Nevada, and no wrens were allowed to nest or even perch there. A strictly he-man institution. Not large, as yet, but growing. Herbert didn't look like a Westerner. No? Well, you see he had concealed his hair pants and his six-gun in his trunk when he started East, and being of an observing nature, he had learned a thing or two about Eastern fashions from the magazine advertisements. A man learns by taking notice. He had learned how to push a file by watching the blacksmith shop in the mine, and then practicing. He was going to learn a thing or two by watching at a technical institute—things that might come in handy when he went back to Nevada. When you learn how to do a thing you can generally do it a little better than a fellow who doesn't know how. Of course, one needed practice, too; but once you got the theory and principle of the thing—any old thing—all you had to do was look around for a chance to practice. Also, by the way, it was surprising how many people went on doing certain things in a certain way all their lives when they could do them so much better by using their beans a little, getting the theory and principle. You only needed to watch most people working to realize how true that was. Interesting!

"That why you were watching me mow the lawn?" Jim asked.

"Well, you weren't doing it in the most efficient way in the world," Herbert laughed. "It pays to start right. For instance, you've probably heard that our most expert homicides at home are careful to take their guns apart and clean and oil them and see that the cartridges are in the cylinders before they begin work. It may make a little trouble, but it saves trouble in the end. Proper preparedness. Use the old bean."

"I get you," said Jim. "When you've got a dirty job to do, dike out in white flannel pants and a white shirt."

"Well, a man gets interested," said Herbert good-naturedly.

"Anyway, I got the lawn mowed," said Jim. "I've been trying to hire it done for the last two weeks. Dad's off on a business trip, you see. . . . Know anything about a car?"

Herbert bit.

"A little," he confessed. "I noticed yesterday that you were having trouble with yours. Shall we go and take a look at it?"

"I don't want to impose on you," Jim suggested weakly.

They looked at the car. Herbert discovered the trouble. Herbert fixed the timer; Herbert adjusted the carburetor; Herbert found a frayed connection to the battery that made the current intermittent, and neatly spliced the wire. As a final touch he cleaned the spark plugs, and after suggesting a trial spin, pushed Jim out of the driver's seat and drove expertly and at all speeds for eight or ten miles before taking the old bus back.

In every instance Jim started—and Herbert finished. When he left, Jim looked after his retreating figure and chuckled.

"Well, what do you know? Who'd have thought it to look at him? You could hardly call him a simp and yet —— He's helpful, anyway; you've got to hand it to him. Helpful Herbert."

That was the name that Mr. Herbert March was known by in Deepdene before a month had passed. He and Jim Palmer had become bosom friends by that time, and Jim swore by him while conceding his weakness for rendering unsolicited first aid. There is no doubt whatever that Jim profited by that weakness. All he had to do to avoid an uncongenial task was to wait until Herbert could see him begin it. It was hardly necessary to feign any awkwardness of technic. Herbert always had a suggestion or two to make, and the next thing he was actively demonstrating his suggestion. Sometimes these demonstrations were distinctly unwelcome and even disastrous in their effect, as on an occasion when a few of the younger set were indulging in a little game in the back room at Tony's. That was before the women got after Tony and put him out of business. At all events, Jim felt himself to be perfectly competent at this pastime when the moon was in the right quarter and other signs were propitious, and the pile of chips that he had accumulated when Herbert strolled in and looked at his hand might have been considered a justification of that feeling. But no.

"Two Things You Can't Do for Me. One's Play My Hand at Poker and the Other Is Court My Girl for Me"

"That's interesting," remarked Herbert.

"Ye-ah," responded Jim dryly. "Now stand back."

"Let me show you how I'd play that," Herbert begged.

Eventually Jim yielded. He had, to a certain extent, got the habit of yielding; so he sat and grimly watched his pile vanish entirely in the course of three more deals. Herbert then bought chips himself, lost them and bought again. He had become interested. The annoying circumstance was that by a piece of fool's luck in the last deal he nearly recouped his own losses. He asked Jim how much he had lost for him, with a view to reimbursement; but naturally Jim declined to be reimbursed.

Jim was pretty sore about that, but in a day or two they had made it up and were as chummy as ever. When Selby Minns condoled with Jim and referred to Herbert as a nitwit and a buttinski, Jim put him right.

"Listen, Minnsy," he said. "I wouldn't talk about nitwits if I were you. Playing cards is the best thing you do, and you're entitled to a handicap at that. If you knew the half of one per cent of what Helpful knows about anything else, it would be a pleasure to talk to you. Get me?"

Minnsy got him. As a matter of fact, Herbert was a pretty good all-round sort of fellow. It was reported that he was a shark at mining engineering, which was his specialty, and he worked like a dog at the branches he was studying at the institute; but if he worked like a dog, he played like a pup, and was popular with the regular bunch in spite of his very gentlemanly manners, which seemed somehow natural to him and were therefore condoned. He played good tennis, and only his devotion to the theory and principle of his shots prevented him from being a more than good average golf player. He had worked out theory and principle more successfully in the art of swimming, and he gave some valuable points and suggestions to the boxing instructor at the gym—and paid the penalty gamely.

You would naturally suppose that he would have been popular with the girls. Well, he wasn't—not particularly, although it was not very long before it got around that his father owned half a dozen producing and paying mines back in Nevada. By the way, old March was a Chicago man originally, and Mrs. March was a girlhood friend of Mrs. Gellattley, which explained her temporary residence in Deepdene. The house she rented belonged to the Corwins, who were away in Europe and had left it in Bill Gellattley's charge to rent furnished if he could find a good tenant. A splendid arrangement all around. Far better, as Bill said, than living in one of these big hotels and never getting a breath of pure air.

But as to Herbert and the girls—the great trouble was that Herbert had no time for them. He rather dodged them. Not ostentatiously, and when he had to mingle he mingled with a good grace; but no one girl ever got him away from the herd and succeeded in holding him for any length of time. They all looked alike to him and he treated them all alike—rather indifferently. In some communities that might have made them all the keener and crazier, but Deepdene girls have a pretty favorable opinion of themselves; and after giving the newcomer every reasonable opportunity to find out how well based that opinion was, they practically let him alone.

Herbert was in strong contrast to Jim Palmer. You would hardly have thought it of Jim, to look at him, but he was a habitual wren-wrangler, a sentimentalist. Life with him was one jane after another, with the briefest of intervals. He was on the most intimate terms with the cankerworm of disappointment, and his affections had been blighted so often that their perennial sprouting seemed miraculous; yet no sooner had one flapper given him what he called the razz than he was deliberately baring his bosom, as it were, for another deadly wound. At this time he was cherishing an apparently hopeless but by no means secret passion for Mildred Davies. Mildred seemed a mighty nice little thing, and was not definitely appropriated by anybody else; so she might have been good-natured enough to string him along for a while at least. But she wasn't even doing that, and eventually the anguish caused by her coldness became too great for Jim to bear in silence; so one afternoon, in a burst of confidence, he told Herbert about it.

Herbert listened sympathetically to his friend's halting and shamefaced confession, thoughtfully fingering his abbreviated mustache the while.

"As nearly as I can figure it out, old socklets, your previous record is against you," he said at last.

"Previous record, nothing!" said Jim. "There ain't no previous record. I told her that. I don't mean to say that I haven't rushed one or two skirts, as a fellow will, and I don't deny that for a while I thought Zolia Means was the one and only. Yes, I fell for Florrie Arnold, too—fell hard for her—and Beatrice DeWitt. Oh, I'm not trying to hide anything! But you can tell how much I really thought of them by the way I feel about them now. It gives me a laugh, honest! Listen, Helpful; this is the real thing. I never felt the way I feel about Mildred in my whole life before about any girl. A fellow can tell. When the right one comes along, he knows. I'm telling you. Why, those flappers aren't any more to be compared to Mildred than—than—well, than anything you like to mention. They simply ain't there. She's a wonder. No, sir, this is the very first time and no previous record about it. I told her so, and she gave me the merry, musical ha-ha. Well, what am I going to do? I don't suppose you've had any experience; still, you seem to know how to handle 'em."

"N-no," agreed Herbert, pondering. "N-no, I haven't had any personal experience, as you say. Still—still, I think I've got the principle of the thing. Perhaps you —— Let me think."

He stretched himself on Jim's bed and lit a cigarette, frowning reflectively at the photographic gallery of beauty, framed and unframed, that decorated Jim's mantel.

"Of course, as I told her, I can't offer her any pomp and luxury to speak of," Jim broke in after a minute's silence. "You know what I'm getting, and it won't run to retinues of pampered menials and Russian sables and a box at the opera. All the same, I've got a couple of lots ——"

Herbert waved his hands impatiently, continuing his concentration of attention on the photographs. Jim watched him wistfully. He felt that a mighty brain was struggling with a knotty problem in his behalf. Still, he wanted to put the situation clearly.

"She told me she wasn't thinking of that," he ventured after another pause. "I knew she wasn't the kind of girl that would mind sharing even poverty with the man she loved. Not that she would have to, with me."

Herbert slowly turned his dark eyes on him.

"What was she thinking of?" he asked. "Did she say?"

Jim showed some embarrassment; then he laughed, shortly and bitterly.

"She said she was thinking of Edna Pettigrew's Persian cat," he sneered. "Now laugh, darn you!"

Herbert didn't laugh. He swung his legs off the bed, assumed an upright position and threw his cigarette end into the hearth.

"See here, buddy," he said, "I think I've got an idea that will straighten things out for you. But you listen and don't butt in."

"Shoot," said Jim hopefully.

"To begin with, I don't know Mildred, so that I haven't anything more than an impression of a pretty girl who ——"

"She's more than that," Jim interrupted enthusiastically. "That doesn't begin to describe her. If you had any eyes you'd see that 'pretty' was insulting her, even as far as looks go. I should say you didn't know her! You've got her tangled up with somebody else; that's about the size of it. I've seen some pippins in my time ——"

"You want to hear what I think about this or don't you?"

"Oh, go ahead. Only —— Go ahead. I'll keep my mouth shut until you're through. The point was —— Tell me what you think then."

"I can't if you won't listen. I was going to say, 'A pretty girl whose tastes were perhaps a little more refined than the average' If I had looked at her more closely than I did I might have considered her a ravishing beauty; and if I had talked with her more I might have discovered that she had Madame de Sevigne and Margot Asquith faded to a pale, an invisible gray shade hardly distinguishable on the horizon."

"She has, at that," declared Jim. "I don't know either of these dames, but if Mildred —— Oh, all right."

"I'm glad you said that," Herbert told him. "It will help to show you what I mean. Being intellectual and refined, she would naturally feel that however much she might like a fellow, she wouldn't want to encourage him if he was—er—well, what she might consider a little on the roughneck and lowbrow order. Now, I don't say that you are that, Jim, old scout, and I don't think so; but you're too darned candid. If anybody makes any allusion to anybody or anything that they seem to think you ought to know about, don't confess your ignorance—side-step. Just nod your head and look wise, and when you get home consult a biographical dictionary or an encyclopedia."

"I get you," said Jim. "Give me those names again. Here, write 'em down."

"The next thing," Herbert proceeded, as he returned the notebook and pencil, "is to cut out some of your slang. I don't say altogether. You can throw in a word or a phrase now and then to give a little picturesque color to your conversation, but don't be excessively slangy. Make me?"

"I apprehend your meaning perfectly," replied Jim with a grin—the first during the discussion.

"Fine! Now I don't exactly know what to say about your manner, but I honestly think you might improve on it a little. I can hardly tell you just how, because, as you say, I've not had any experience. I don't see the sense of a man chasing after a girl unless he wants to marry her—never have—and I see even less sense in a fellow marrying before he's thirty-five or so—if then. Personally, I've got my work to do, and that's enough for me. You feel differently about it. I think you're making a mistake, but you may not be; and, as your friend, I'm willing to help as far as I'm able. As to your manner, then ——"

He pinched his chin and again became thoughtful.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he exclaimed suddenly. "I've got the principle of the thing down fine. You take me up to call on her—well, we'll go right now—and I'll show you just exactly the way ——"

Jim's big fist came down on the table with a force that sent his tobacco jar tumbling to the floor.

"Stop right there!" he cried. "Nix on that, cull! Not in a thousand million years! You can show me how to do a whole lot of things, but not that little thing, and I'll break your neck if you try it. 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?' Fine business, but it doesn't get by. Not to any noticeable extent, and you'd better believe I'll be taking notice."

"You surely don't think ——" Herbert began.

"I surely don't. I know—absotively! Two things you can't do for me. One's play my hand at poker and the other is court my girl for me. Not on your life, boy! Never think it! Dismiss it from your mind; forget it! I'm willing to take directions and advice, but when you propose to show me—show me!—how you'd go about it to win Mildred's heart, I take out a chunk of blood-red chalk and draw a plain line—a dead line."

His fist came down again.

"It strikes me you're making a good deal of an ass of yourself," said Herbert mildly. "Great Scott! I don't want your Mildred. There's not the least need of getting excited about it."

He laughed, and Jim's savage expression gradually disappeared.

"I didn't mean exactly that I thought you'd double-cross me, old man," he said apologetically. "Only you don't know Mildred and the temptation it would be. I wouldn't trust myself. Listen; you just tell me what you think would be the right way to act and I'll do the rest. Honest, I believe you've given me a point or two already that's going to help considerably."

"H-m-m! Well, listen then," said Herbert, after another period of cogitation. "I don't suppose you'd mind if I took some other girl. How would it be if you picked one you thought wasn't too easy and I tried her out for you—up to a certain point, of course. You might get a point or two by watching my fine work. Just as you say, of course. It's going to take up quite a little of my time and it will be rather painful, but I'll do it for you if you say so."

Jim slapped his thigh and whooped approvingly.

"That's the eye!" he cried. "Helpful, I hate to flatter you, but when it comes to ideas, there's no part or portion of you to be discerned elsewhere. How's that for picturesque color? Now let me think. I wouldn't wish Beatrice DeWitt on you, although she isn't exactly easy. There's Maggie Murray —— No, not Maggie. I've got it! Helen Mayberry, by golly! Outside of Mildred, Helen's the pick of the bunch, and she's just got back from a visit with her aunt at Newport, and that gives us a good excuse to call. Just wait until I get into some real calling clothes and we'll hustle right over there."

He started up and began opening drawers and scattering about shirts, collars and neckties. Then, having made his selection, he rushed for the bathroom, whence he presently emerged, pink, sleek and shaven, and diffusing odors of cologne and bandoline.

Just as they were about to leave he stopped and looked at his shoes.

"Not by any means what they should be," he remarked. "Got to shine 'em up a little. Sit down for just a moment."

He disappeared and returned forthwith, carrying a tin of polish, a strip of flannel and a brush. After a quick side glance at Herbert, who seemed lost in reflection, he began to smear the polish on his shoes. He coughed. Herbert took no notice. He bunched up the flannel and began to rub.

"This is a job I particularly despise," he observed.

Herbert came to life instantly.

"Holy mackerel!" he exclaimed. "I should think it would be, the way you go at it! Don't wad up your cloth. Spread it out and hold the ends. No, not that way. Great guns, man, haven't you ever noticed how a professional shoeblack shines 'em up? Don't bear down so hard. Here, put up your foot and let me show you. Get the principle of it? Wait a minute; there's no rush about this. Now, you see, I just spread on a thin film of the polish and give it a final rub. There you are! Now the other foot. It's best to give it the first going over before the polish is dry; do one shoe at a time, see? If you had a soft brush it would be better, but we'll make the rag do. Now for the finishing touch. And there you are! Ten cents, please."

"You maka da boss job," Jim grinned, surveying his glistening footwear. "Les Williams wanted to bet me a five-spot that he could make you do that for him. I guess he'd have won it. It just occurred to me to see if he would. Another thing, Helpful; it makes me realize how wise I was not letting you begin to show me how to woo Mildred."

Considering Helen Mayberry in the cool, dispassionate manner that he might have considered any other girl—if he had ever considered girls at all—Herbert's summary of his impressions of her were about as follows:

Age, somewhere about twenty; height, medium; build, slight, but well proportioned; complexion, good; hair, dark chestnut, abundant, but bobbed; features, rather irregular, yet not displeasing in their general effect; chin, pointed; mouth, medium sized; teeth, white and tolerably even; nose, insignificant and lacking in character; eyes, color brown, lashes and brows of a darker brown, the former curling and the latter almost straight; ears, not visible. The general composition of the foregoing features being, as heretofore noted, by no means disagreeable even in repose, but at no time warranting much more than honorable mention.

Disposition, probably what is termed difficult—inclined to frivolity; manner, self-assured; not conciliatory; has evidently been foolishly indulged by her parents and by members of the male sex generally; [Note: Her father, Walter W. Mayberry, is reputed rich, and the house is, for Deepdene, unusually large and luxuriously furnished]; she has had an exclusive-boarding-school finish, with a little Vassar varnish superimposed, which appears to have stuck only in spots; mind, average; has apparently made the most of her little Eastern social experience, but is not patronizing.

"No, she doesn't put on any side," said Jim as they returned. "She'd be lonely in Deepdene if she tried it, but she doesn't want to. I give her credit for that. And perhaps you noticed that she wasn't lonesome."

"King doesn't seem inclined to let her be," remarked Herbert.

"That baby would like to spill arsenic in your soup, you take it from me," said Jim. "He was watching you closer than I was. He must have a hunch, the dirty look he gave you one time. Not that I could see any reason for it, myself. You generally warm up to your work; but as far as I noticed, you certainly never gave her any idea that it was love at first sight with you. You sure handed her one or two nasty little biffs in a perfectly nice way."

"Sarcastic, was I?" smiled Herbert.

"Sort of."

"Rather on the coolly cynical order?"

"You might call it that."

"Too well-bred to show that I was bored to tears, but a trifle languid. Slightly amused once in a while by her immature point of view. Did I strike you that way?"

"Maybe. But listen; if you think that would get me anywhere with Mildred, I don't."

"Don't be too darned sure about that. The young lady is intrigued. You didn't notice, did you, that now and then for an instant my mask of indifference slipped? No, I thought you didn't. She did, though. I'm afraid she didn't miss one of those involuntary betrayals of my interest in her."

"Too fine for me," said Jim. "Too fine for me. I guess I'll have to watch you a little closer. Maybe, now that you've called my attention to it, I'll be able to follow you better. When will we go up there again?"

"Not too soon," Herbert answered. "I've got to struggle against this strange fascination for a few days, anyway, before I yield to it."

It was nearly a week before Herbert and Jim went up to the Mayberrys' again. In the meantime, Jim had seen Mildred only twice, in obedience to Herbert's instructions. On these two occasions, however, he thought he had made some progress.

"I sprung Madame de Sevigne on her and it went across big," he reported. "She hadn't read Margot's recollections of the happy days gone by—only the reviews, but she'd been intending to. I told her I'd let her have my copy. I will—as soon as I get one. 'It's interesting, in a way, to a student of human nature,' says I. Listen; I told her I'd been up to see Helen Mayberry and I thought Helen had improved 100 per cent since she'd been with her New York relatives. I talked Helen for ten minutes steady; and honest, I don't think that she liked it. I didn't let on. No mush the whole time, and I never edged within three feet of her, except when I came in and when I went. I'll bet I had her guessing."

"You're doing well," Herbert approved.

"I didn't even let the mask slip. She asked me if I was coming over on Thursday night and I told her I wasn't sure. 'I don't know that it's wise for me to expose myself too much to the violet rays of your luminous lamps,' I told her. 'It's dangerous,' I says; but, understand, I said it lightly, so

(Continued on Page 58)

The greatest proving ground in the world

THE INDIANAPOLIS MOTOR SPEEDWAY
WHERE MARMON CARS OF THE PAST DECADE
HAVE BEEN PROVED OUT

CONGRATULATIONS are coming from everywhere on what has proved to be the greatest automobile success of the times.

Little Marmon 8 test cars—an almost constant sight on the Indianapolis Speedway during 1926

EVERYONE says of the little Marmon 8 that in addition to being about the fastest thing in the world, it appears so sturdy and well-built. The fact is that probably no small car to date was ever so staunchly constructed or so thoroughly proved out in every detail.

Some of the first experimental models were sent across the continent—through the Rockies and the Sierras—and across the Mojave Desert.

Others were run day and night for months on the Indianapolis Speedway scene of the famous annual international 500-mile sweepstakes. Here speed was gauged—not by the speedometer—or even the stop-watch—but by electrical timing.

Here the little Marmon was put up against practically every known make of automobile.

That is why we so confidently make some rather unusual claims about its performance—and proudly put the Marmon nameplate on it as evidence of its fine, precision workmanship and sturdy construction throughout.

the little MARMON 8
AMERICA'S FIRST TRULY FINE SMALL CAR

The little MARMON 8

WHAT IT WILL DO

70 honest miles per hour with ease. Ability to maintain top speed hour after hour.

Fastest acceleration ever known, due to new discoveries in line-eight carburetion and scientific valve design.

Lightning-quick gear shift and remarkably easy in all phases of driving and handling.

18 to 22 miles per gallon of gasoline. Oil consumption practically negligible.

Easy riding as cars twice its weight, due to basic new comfort factors applied for the first time to smaller car design.

COMPLETE LINE OF STANDARD CLOSED AND OPEN CARS—ALL UNDER $2,000, F. O. B. FACTORY

MARMON MOTOR CAR COMPANY · *INDIANAPOLIS*

Watch This Column

If you want to be on our mailing list send in your name and address

"Les Miserables" in One Picture!

You will remember that I submitted to a vote of the people the question as to whether *"Les Miserables,"* our magnificent picturization of Victor Hugo's classic, should be shown in the theatres in one long picture or in two parts of medium length.

When the first returns came in, the vote was so greatly in favor of the two-part showing that I jumped to the conclusion that that would be the consensus of opinion and so decided it. But I spoke too soon. I hadn't figured on the eleventh-hour vote which developed into a landslide the other way.

Many a political candidate has made the same blunder. And I freely admit mine. Now that *all* the votes are in and counted, I know the great majority want *"Les Miserables"* in one complete, enjoyable evening of entertainment. So that's the way it will be shown.

As soon as the result was seen, I engaged the best film-editors in America to bring this Universal Film De France Production to a single picture, and their work has been remarkable. They have retained all that is essential, and when you see it, I think you will agree that the picture is just as Hugo would want to see it on the screen.

More than anything else, I would like your comments on it when you see it. Be on the lookout for it, and ask the manager of your favorite theatre when he is going to show it.

I also would appreciate your comments on *"The Collegians,"* the series of two-reel comedies of college life, by Carl Laemmle, Jr., full of youth and beauty and the stirring American college life.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Send 10c each for autographed photographs of Dorothy Gulliver and George Lewis

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

SKYSCRAPER HOUSEKEEPING

(Continued from Page 44)

The largest office building in the United States is the Equitable, with 24,000,000 cubic feet in its forty-one stories. Nearest to the Equitable in size among existing structures is the General Motors Building in Detroit, which, although only fifteen stories high, incloses 20,411,000 cubic feet. After that in order come the Railway Express Building in St. Louis, the Union Trust in Cleveland, the Illinois Merchants in Chicago, the Continental and Commercial Bank Building in Chicago, and then the Woolworth Building, which has 13,200,000 cubic feet, although it is the tallest building in the world.

"One more story on this plot would have drained away some of the profits we are taking now," said a mechanical engineer who is operating head of one of the largest office buildings in Manhattan recently. "One story less would have sacrificed some of those profits."

What is known as the setback law—a zoning regulation that changed Manhattan's sky line by compelling builders to conserve light and air for neighboring structures by stepping back the walls at fixed intervals above a certain height—was passed after the plans for this building had been approved, else it could not have been as big as it is.

In order to illustrate his contention that there is an economic ceiling which a big building may not profitably pierce, the manager drew a rectangle on a sheet of paper.

"Here is the ground plan of your building," he said. "The first floor there should bring rentals four times as great as are earned on the upper floors." Then he drew another smaller rectangle in the big one. "That is your smokestack. For every floor you add, this must be increased in size."

Then he drew another small rectangle. "This is the plumbing stack. That, too, increases in thickness for height, cutting down your rentable area."

He identified another rectangle as the ventilation stack. Next he drew a much larger rectangle. "The most important service rendered in high buildings is transportation elevators. We need a certain number for the first ten stories. We need additional ones for the next ten stories." He marked off additional space for those.

Wiping Out the Ground Floor

"In this building, with a resident population, during office hours, of 11,600 people, we carry about 92,000 passengers in our elevators daily. For transporting that many passengers up and down we have—and need—sixty-three elevators, of which forty-eight are in the high-rise group. There is a frequency of thirty to forty-five seconds in our elevator service. That is satisfactory. But suppose this building had been made ten stories higher. You can see that it is possible to go so high that you would have nothing left to sell."

He blocked out another rectangle in his ground plan, and fattened both the plumbing stack and the smokestack by 25 per cent. When he did so, it was easy to see that he had wiped out of existence a big slice of that precious ground-floor space.

Some of the tower buildings in the United States that rise to impressive heights are not economically sound, according to many building managers. These point out the case of one tower building which had to go through two foreclosures before enough of the capital charges were wiped out to make it a sound business enterprise.

In the office building just described a staff of seventy-two elevator operators, including four starters and the night and relief operators, are necessary to man the sixty-three cabs. Besides, there are nine mechanics. These men are a vital part of the force of 500 employes on the building company's pay roll. There are, for example, 170 cleaning women who work about seven hours a night, each of them cleaning about 1000 square feet of rentable area an hour. Each woman has a locker in the building and once a week they receive individually the cleaning materials necessary to carry on their work, including aprons and caps. The corridors and stairs are cared for by forty or more porters, who work in the daytime.

Concrete Experiences

Every week day during the year, excepting only those when New York's transportation system is crippled by weather or strikes, between nine o'clock and ten minutes past, 1700 persons stride into the building and crowd into the elevators to be carried up into the building. That is the elevator peak of the day. At noon there is another ten-minute peak during which 1700 passengers must be carried down. Five o'clock is another climactic period in the elevator operator's day. The normal working load during each ten-minute period is about 750 passengers, but it is the peak loads which determine the number of elevator cars each big office building must have. Each car in the building carries fourteen passengers besides the operator, and a round trip requires about 150 seconds, the high-rise groups keeping to the same schedule as the low-rise cars by swooping up and down the shafts at express speed.

Logically, there should be another peak when the men and women employed in that gigantic structure swarm back from luncheon, but the return to work is a gradual thing, with the result that every count that is made shows only a flat peak on the graphic chart that is the manager's guide. Just at present it is the ambition of many big-building managers to persuade the employers of all those who swarm in and out of their buildings to stagger their working hours so as to flatten the Alpine heights on their graphic charts of elevator service, and they hope to succeed because this will enable them to give better service, and better service means satisfied tenants, which in turn means a well-managed building.

The wisest of the building managers, knowing how terribly costly is the process of replacing new tenants for old, know also that it is cheaper to give the best possible service at all times. So it is that in the biggest buildings heat, light, drinking water and towels are provided.

In one building, this is carried to such a point that the building manufactures its own ice for the tenants' water coolers and it operates a laundry for the towels provided for tenants. By doing so in such a mammoth building two things are accomplished. The elevators are freed from the burden of carrying a lot of ice and towel venders through the building during the day, and when the tenants arrive in the morning they find their offices already equipped with fresh drinking water and clean towels. A charge is made for this service, but as a rule it is less than the tenants would have to pay anyone else.

A vast amount of experience is written into the bricks and mortar of the office buildings of the country. The shape of the corridors, the location of the elevators, a myriad of little details that never bring themselves to the attention of the throngs who pass and repass through these hivelike places, are the concrete expression of things learned at bitter cost.

In every elevator cab in some of the best managed buildings there is a telephone. Once an old man, who was more than self-important, was trapped for hours in an elevator in one of New York's downtown buildings. Other financiers were waiting for him. Impatient calls were made to his office, but all that could be learned was that he had left. For dramatic purposes it is necessary to say that fortune hung on his prompt arrival at the rendezvous. Certainly in the Wall Street district enough fortunes are made and lost each day to make such a matter commonplace. At any rate, when the balky elevator which held that old man a prisoner finally was induced to start, he made such a fuss that the likelihood of a future occurrence of the sort was given serious attention. That is why it is possible to stand in an elevator cab in some big buildings in New York and put through a long-distance call to Detroit or Chicago or San Francisco.

Another little bit of forethought of that sort was brought to the attention recently of a bond dealer whose office is high enough for him to see either the North or the East River from his windows. Some Liberty Bonds—$15,000 worth—were missing. For a full twenty-four hours everyone in the office was sure they had been stolen. At no time, though, did the broker suspect anyone in his employ; he knew all of them too well.

Finally he invited everyone to help him review every single thing that had occurred in the office from the moment the bonds were last seen until the moment their disappearance had been discovered. A list was made of every person who had come into the office for any purpose. Another list was made of the assorted recollections of other things that had happened in the office.

The boss' secretary contributed to this list the fact that he had thrown away, during the period under consideration, an accumulation of financial circulars and pamphlets.

"Get me the building manager," ordered the boss when that incident was recalled to his mind.

The building manager asked only one question, and that was the date the papers in question had been thrown away. When he was told that it had been done within forty-eight hours, he invited the bond man to meet him down in the lobby, and from there he took him down into the subbasement, fifty feet below the street level.

Waste Paper on File

In a big fireproof storeroom there, one protected by a sprinkler system and ventilated to the smokestack, was a moving-van load of large brown canvas bags. A porter, summoned by the manager, rooted among these bags for a few minutes and then produced two that were tagged and numbered in such a fashion as to identify them as containing the waste paper collected from the broker's floor; better still, they contained only a part of the waste collection of that floor.

Within ten minutes after the paper from one of those bags had been dumped out on the floor the broker was in possession once more of the heavy manila envelope that contained his Liberty Bonds.

Hardly a day passes without someone in the largest office buildings raising a cry about the disappearance via the waste-paper baskets of something of great value, and for this reason the collection sacks are classified and held intact for at least two days. After that they are taken away by the dealer who has contracted for the waste paper from that building.

In this particular building more than 200 bags are required for each day's output; a total of about 850 that are in use at all times, and since they cost two dollars apiece and the life of a sack is about three years, replacement of this one item costs about $600 a year. But that money is spent cheerfully, because the two and a half tons of waste paper collected from the building every day brings in a fine revenue every month. In April, when many firms clean house, the daily collections are much larger, and totaled for that month in a recent year 74.5 tons, which, at sixty-five cents a hundred pounds, earned for the building owners $968.50.

(Continued on Page 54)

NASH

Leads the World in Motor Car Value

The New
Special Sedan
Special Six Chassis
$1485
f. o. b. Factory

Today's Style-Trend in Body Design

A Nash Contribution to American Body Craftsmanship

From all aspects this new Nash body design portrayed by the *Special* Sedan pictured above constitutes a history-making forward step in American creative body artistry.

Greeted with overwhelming enthusiasm at the great Motor Shows it will unquestionably be the most sincerely imitated new development in the automobile industry.

This striking new design, with its French-type roof, and arrestingly attractive rear body contour, is offered by Nash on both the Special Six and Advanced Six chassis.

The *Special* Sedan on the Special Six chassis, displayed herewith, is superbly finished in a lustrous blue. Its invitingly luxurious interior is enhanced with a real walnut steering wheel; and the inside window mouldings, door panels, instrument board, and crowned panel above the instrument board are of walnut finish.

The upholstery is genuine Chase Velmo Mohair Velvet, gray in tone, and heavily tufted.

The larger *Special* Sedan on the Advanced Six chassis enjoys the same extreme quality in fittings and appointments and also has the big Nash 7-bearing motor — *the world's smoothest type.*

The face is soothed, refreshed, feels velvet smooth

Quickly heal the INVISIBLE NICKS

EVERY shave leaves the face nicked in countless unseen places. For the skin, instead of being smooth as it looks, is made up of tiny ridges and irregularities. A razor sharp enough to cut your beard is bound to nick it slightly.

For safety and comfort these nicks must be quickly healed.

A tingling dash of Pinaud's Lilac on cheeks and chin. . . . A rush of healing circulation. . . . And the face is soothed, refreshed. Feels velvet smooth!

Regular use of Pinaud's Lilac makes the face hardy, protects against chapping and prevents skin eruptions. You'll like the faint lilac odor from which it gets its name.

Get a bottle *today* at any drug or department store. Ed. Pinaud's signature appears on each bottle. Or send coupon for a free trial size bottle. Pinaud Incorporated, 90 Fifth Avenue, New York, sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris.

ED. PINAUD'S LILAC

[*Lilas de France*]

Heals tiny nicks, protects against chapping

FREE—TRIAL SIZE BOTTLE
PINAUD Incorporated, Dept. K 102
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Send *free* sample bottle of Pinaud's Lilac to

Name _____

Address _____

(Continued from Page 52)

And yet there are buildings in the country so poorly managed that the waste-basket harvest is treated as a janitor's perquisite.

In many of the large buildings now being planned in different cities of the country the housekeeping experience of many skyscraper managers is being crystallized in improvements suggested by them through a building-planning service which has been devised by the National Association of Building Owners and Managers. Thus, in the course of a two-day meeting some months ago at which the owners and architects of a projected 9,000,000 cubic feet New York structure collaborated with one of these committees, there was poured into the plans for this tower building the accumulated experience of building managers from Cleveland, Detroit, Boston, Chicago and Seattle, as well as New York.

In Columbus, Ohio, suggestions of such a committee covered nearly every phase of a proposed structure and resulted in arrangements being provided in the plans for the basement delivery of furniture and supplies so as to prevent for all time interference with the regular service when tenants shall be moving in or out; also for an increase in the height of the attic.

A great deal of stress is laid by building operators upon the need of actual cash reserves for depreciation, contingencies and vacancies. In doing this the usual practice seems to be to pour all rentals over a 90 per cent occupancy into a vacancy reserve which can be drawn upon when the occupancy is less than 90 per cent. Such a vacancy reserve, it is argued, will enable buildings to go through a period of depression without the necessity of curtailing service, postponing needed replacements and repairs, accepting an inferior class of tenants or in any way permitting the building to fall into a second class, thereby reducing its value and shortening its profitable life.

In the largest buildings it is easy to see that depreciation is something more than an accountant's noun. One of the biggest spends fifty dollars a day for twelve inspectors who devote all their time to hunting evidence of the physical decay, the vandalism and the accidental breakage which are meant by that word "depreciation."

A shutter bar which dropped twenty stories from a rusted fastening on one big building not long ago killed a merchant in an adjoining store. The award of the court practically wiped out the equity of the owner of the building from which the bar had fallen. Rigid inspection would have prevented that disaster.

The wear and tear of the 60,000 pairs of feet was the one factor that made it necessary for the management of a New York City skyscraper to replace the marble treads of the stairways when they were only eight years old. In that time the shuffling feet had worn them down 1.25 inches. The force of the wind beating against the walls provides work for a couple of brick pointers, whose job it is to replace the disintegrating mortar before a brick shall have been freed entirely of its bonds. A couple of the building's painters have work to do always, because at least one out of every twenty-five visitors either writes on a wall with a pencil, cuts with a penknife, squirts tobacco on the walls or works some other damage.

Some of the vandalism is of a sort which makes it wise to keep a small force of private police and firemen in the building. Brass fittings are stolen from the fire hose, sections of pipe are taken, electric-light bulbs disappear, windows are broken—and taken all together, these are the things that spell depreciation.

Crumbs of the food brought into the older tall buildings by stenographers, office boys and others are sufficient to maintain in sleek condition many rats and other species of vermin, and these in turn add to the pay roll by making it necessary to hire trappers. In one of New York's water-front skyscrapers wharf rats became such a problem that the building manager tried ferrets and even snakes as a means of ridding himself of their destructive presence. In the end, though, this manager obtained a secret compound, the odor of which was of such a fascinating flavor that rats came down from the topmost story to sniff and dine—and die.

Skyscraper housekeeping, you may be sure, is a profession.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH POLITICS?

(Continued from Page 39)

his teeth over in the corner. . . . Wait a minute, folks, till I turn the mike around and you can hear him gnash. . . . It's a beautiful sight here with the platform draped with flags and a pitcher of water and a glass and everything. . . . Suzanne Lenglen is right next to me talking French to Jack Dempsey and Will Rogers. . . . Queen Marie has come all the way back from Rumania just to see this dear, darling convention and —— Ah, here come the boys now!

"They have on the most gorgeous bath robes you folks ever saw. Bill's is a sort of apple-sauce green and Al's looks from here like that raspberry they're wearing so much this year. They're going to their corners now. Now they're shaking hands. . . . Everybody's ready. . . . That's the announcer you hear giving their weights—neither of the boys weighs quite as much as he did in 1924. . . . There's the bell. They're off! They're dancing around. Bill is on his toes, but Al fights flat-footed, as usual; he's aiming for Bill's nose. He just caught him on the chin with a terrible right, but Bill brushes it off. Bill gets in a pretty left jab, but Al is well covered. They've gone into a clinch. The referee has just warned them they've got to cut out so much talking in the clinches. . . . The boys aren't half doing their stuff as they used to—just dancing around and feinting. . . . My, my, they aren't what they used to be at all. . . . Al swings like a gate, and Bill dances away," and so on. But you see what we mean, don't you? Take that one little idea of having the candidates in bath robes—that alone would arouse interest, if not much else, wouldn't it? Or wouldn't it?

And while we are on the subject of conventions, it seems to us very necessary that we women should know definitely just what part we are expected to play at them, so that we may prepare ourselves accordingly. Recent observations have led us to the inevitable conclusion that our activities have been narrowed down by the men leaders to only two—being alternates, and seconders, thirders, fourthers, fifthers, and so on, of nominations. To both of these occupations we are bitterly opposed. The former, consisting as it does of merely waiting round for a delegate to die—which they practically never do except, in Swift's poignant phrase, at the top, which doesn't seem to interfere with their voting—is in our opinion an appalling waste economically, unless you are the sort of woman who always has a little bit of pick-up work with her, or who can really get a lot of fun out of a buggy ride.

Our objection to woman on the rostrum is, we admit, purely æsthetic. It isn't that only rarely can we hear what she says, because in nine cases out of ten in either sex, what of it; but we can't help feeling that if Paris had first seen Helen of Troy when she was giving The Mocking Bird as a whistling solo, or Antony's first glimpse of Cleopatra had been while she was making a speech seconding Cæsar's nomination for emperor, history would certainly have been minus some of its most perfect, so to speak, outlines. And doesn't it seem as if this old world was full enough of trouble and beauty shoppes without our—but after all, what's the use? If men have forced us into the situation, however unbecomingly it dislocates the contours of our jaws or makes the cords in our necks stand out, we must make the best of it.

And speeches for the campaign of 1928 are not going to be such easy things to make.

To begin with, the only issue, according to better men than we are, is prosperity—and we ask you! The Republicans, naturally, are already beginning to point with pride to it, and the Democrats, necessarily, to view it with alarm, with both sides scurrying busily around marshaling, as it is called by the better sort of writers, forbidding arrays of facts.

For 1928 is to be essentially a fact year in political speeches, the usual passionate appeals to patriotism, the sanctity of the home, and general apple sauce being practically eliminated owing to prosperity's being just one of those things like baked custard or mashed potatoes—perfectly all right, but you simply can't get all wrought up about it. Consequently, only by cold hard facts will the Republicans attempt to sell us on the idea that prosperity is simply dandy; while the Democrats, by facts equally cold and equally hard—such as, for instance, showing how the boll weevil has been so affected by prosperity that it won't eat cotton, stick won't beat dog, dog won't bite pig, and so on. The theory presumably being that the boll weevil is eating silk these days, owns its own home and a car, and refuses an honest day's cotton eating for an honest day's ration of exterminator, or whatever they used to give it—will hope to prove that prosperity's not so good.

For the benefit of those who wish to speak in the coming campaign—and aren't we all?—but who do not yet feel themselves to have fully mastered the new technic, we have prepared the following specimen of a fact speech which, by a simple and judicious rearrangement of affirmatives and negatives, and the individual's choice of issues, may be used as a model by speakers of either party in favor of, or in opposition to, practically everything.

Try this over on your microphone in a very loud voice, taking special care to pronounce those words, or parts of words, printed in capital letters at what is customarily known at the top of the lungs, and see how surprisingly effective and convincing it is.

"My FRENS: (gulp) Th' TIME has COME f'RUS to FACE the FACTS. In JANUary NINETEENTWENNYSIX there were ONEBILLIONTWENNY SEVENMILLIONTHREEHUNTHOUSNTWO (insert here any of the usual campaign issues such as Unemployed, Better Babies, Dirt Farmers, Grade Crossings, the Debts, Prosperity, Water Power, New Sewerage System, Evolution, or What Have You in your community) AS COMPARED to ONEHUNMILLIONTWENNYSEVENTHOUSNfourhunsixythree the PREvious Year, which was, as you will recall, NINETEENTWENNYFive. NOW LET US GO BACK to NINETEENFOURTEEN which saw the PEAK of proDUCTION with SEVENBILLIONFOURMILLIONEIGHTHUNANTHIRYSIXTHOUSNfihunfittyfive bushels CONSUMED in THIS COUNTRY ALONE as OPPOSED, my frens, to ELEVENmillioneighthuntwennythree the FOLLOWING YEAR which was nineteen FIFTEEN, SHOWING THAT under a { DEMOCRATIC / REPUBLICAN } administration it { INCREASED / DECREASED } FOURHUNMILLIONTHREEHUNSIXYNINETHOUSN two-hunfittysix bushels, or THREE PER CENT. THINK OF THAT, my frens. NOW, frens BEARING IN MINE this amazing

(Continued on Page 58)

GLOWING BEAUTY

THAT OUTLASTS THE CAR.

THE only beauty worth having is the beauty that endures. Discriminating buyers therefore select closed cars upholstered in CA-VEL—the same long-lived fabrics that interior decorators and furniture designers specify for their finest creations. They know that the car's interior will never grow shabby, and that its loveliness will remain fresh and undimmed long after they are thinking of a new model.

CA-VEL is a vast advance over the rich velvets that were once the special delight of kings.

Its designers have found a way to produce a fabric with a glowing surface that will endure years of hard usage. The colors are fast. The yielding pile retains its shape. There is never a ruffled appearance.

More yards of CA-VEL velvets are now used for fine car interiors than of any other fabric. Makers specify it to insure you greater beauty, better wear and increased motoring satisfaction. Remember the name—CA-VEL—and use it when you buy your next closed car. Collins & Aikman Company, Est. 1845, New York City.

©

CA-VEL

VELVETS OF ENDURING BEAUTY

(Continued from Page 54)

GAIN / LOSS } of THREEHUNSEVENNY-SEVENTHOUSNeighthunantwo DOLLARS and sixysix CENTS, WHAT DOES THIS ALL MEAN? My FREN'S, it means just THIS—that YOU and I paid in NINETEENSEVENTEEN FIVE-HUNMILLIONTHREEHUNAN-SEVENNYSIXTHOUSNEIGHT-HUNANsixtysix DOLLARS aneighty CENTS, or THREE-TWENNYSEV-ENTHS of ALL the MONEY in the CIVILIZED WORL', while in NINE-TEENTWENNYONE —— ' and so on and on and on for years and years—and remember we're every bit as tired writing it as you are reading it, and that's nothing to what the people will be who will have to listen to it, if they will.

In the Frock-Coat Era

We shall not bother to give any examples for nominating, seconding, thirding, fourthing, and so on, speeches, as there will be no noticeable changes in style from those of previous years, the old formula, with which you are all familiar, consisting of twenty minutes, more or worse, of "HE IS A MAN WHO—inaudible—AND WHO—inaudible—AND WHO MOREOVER—inaudible—WHO HAS ALWAYS -inaudible—AND WHO—inaudible ——" ending, just as you're sure it's never going to, in the disclosure of the candidate's name, which dénouement usually contains about the same amount of what is known in the drama as the surprise element, as the President's Thanksgiving Proclamation—still being *de rigueur*. We shall, however—prompted by our usual spirit of helpfulness—offer a little list of questions and answers with which we feel sure the embryo political speaker will find it worth while to familiarize him, her or itself.

Q.: Whom are you for? A.: The People.

Q.: Whom are you against? A.: The Interests.

Q.: What do you pause for? A.: A reply.

Q.: What do you stand on? A.: My record.

Q.: How do you stand on issues? A.: Foursquare.

Q.: How do you point? A.: With pride.

Q.: How do you view? A.: With alarm.

Q.: What kind of deal will you give? A.: Square.

Q.: What kind of dinner pail? A.: Full.

Q.: What will you uphold? A.: The President's hands.

Q.: What about Prohibition? A.: Now you tell one.

We also feel very strongly that there is a particularly crying -not to say whimpering and wringing-its-hands—need for more politicians. Honestly, we never were more serious in our lives! We consider that the politician has been most unfairly treated by both press and public, to say nothing of pulpit. Even dear, tactful old Noah Webster, who is about the only writer we know of nowadays who won't call a spade a spade, comes out boldly with: "Politician now commonly implies activity in party politics, esp. with a suggestion of artifice or intrigue." To which we reply esp. your old you-know-what.

But if there is any decline in the quality of our modern politicians from those of an earlier day, we attribute it directly to the passing of the two-button back, or frock coat; our theory being that the frock coat provided an ideal hiding place for the old-time politician's left hand, so that even his right, let alone the general public, didn't know what it was doing—with the result that he has come down through history to us as a statesman. But what possible chance has the modern politician, in the pitiless publicity of his cutaway, to get away with anything, if you see what we mean? As we said at the beginning of this article, some of our best friends are politicians—aye, and we will go further now and say that we wish to heaven they all were! To our way of thinking, if everyone had to be elected every two years, as congressmen are, to whatever position in life they now hold—husbands, wives, plumbers, friends, conductors, head waiters, kings, cooks, taxi drivers, and so on—this sad old world would not be the vale of tears it now is. Personally we love people who are trying to make us like them; we adore having charm exerted for our benefit; we're crazy about being spellbound; we're simply mad about being wept with when we weep, and rejoiced with when we rejoice—in short, we yearn for people who care for us as only a congressman can care! How wonderful if everybody cared as your congressman cares! If, for example, letters such as the following, modeled after his, were the rule rather than the exception which they certainly are:

Dear Miss Dayton: May I not tell you how very, very much distressed I was to learn that the hot-water faucet in your bathroom, which our Mr. Woofle supposedly fixed on Friday last, continues to drip? I myself have experienced a dripping hot-water faucet, dear Miss Dayton, and know just what it means. Rest assured that anything that lies in my power to do to remedy this evil will be done, and that I shall continue to serve you in the future as I have in the past if you will grant me your support in the coming elections. Our Mr. Woofle will call on you immediately. There will, of course, be no charge.

Truly yours,
ORVILLE C. CHRIPPS.

Dear Miss Dayton: As perhaps you know, I have been your cook for the past eighteen months, and my term will shortly expire -next November, to be exact. As it is my earnest desire to represent you again in your kitchen, I beg to remind you of my record while in your employ. Your gas bill for the fiscal year ending January, 1927, is the lowest in the history of your home. Caraway seeds have been entirely eliminated. Parsley has been used solely for decorative purposes and has never entered your food. No string bean has ever left your kitchen until it was thoroughly unstring. I have never given you a soft boiled egg. I stand on my record, and am proud of it, and trust that you will give me your hearty support in the coming campaign.

Truly yours,
MATILDA S. CRUMBACKER.

You see, we're just giving you the idea and you can go on with it yourself if you're the sort of person who likes to dream, as we do, noble deeds, instead of doing them all day long.

To Make the Entente Cordialer

In closing, as we simply must if we don't find that little old list of needs, and pretty quick, too, we want to warn those of our readers who did not tiptoe quietly out on us during that fact speech, that a most important question which is sure to grow more and more moot as time goes on is that of our foreign policy. Happily, we believe we have stumbled upon a simple solution. We believe that the chief cause of the present dislike of Europeans for us Americans could be at least partially eradicated by eliminating the opening line on our passports which reads: "To all to whom these presents shall come, Greeting." Why, when we think of the people we know who went abroad last summer and handed this sentence to the inspectors of the various countries—well, we don't blame them a bit for thinking we're making fun of them.

It's too provoking about that list, for if there's one thing we do enjoy above another it's telling what's wrong with things, and we're sure there are a hundred and one little needs we can't for the life of us remember! It's funny, too, because we know we had it—the list—when we went to get the four dollars and ten cents for the laundress, because we remember seeing that blue sample next to it and thinking it the sample—wasn't nearly so pretty as the one we didn't get. Perfectly aggravating, because it must be somewhere!

THE hand that writes an order must leave a clear and unmistakable record of the sale. Salesmen who carry a Conklin Endura pencil are never embarrassed by breaking or jamming of leads, or confused by an illegible entry. Conklin Endura pencils are made in two models, long and short, fitted with clip or ring. They come in Sapphire Blue, Mahogany, Black and Red to match all Endura pens. Prices $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00. Like the Endura pens they are identified by annular rings in contrasting color on cap and barrel. Ample magazine capacity. Concealed, replaceable eraser. Smooth, positive action.

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Comparison of Specifications for M. S. S. A. E. Ideal Car and The Reo Flying Cloud Sedan

Points of Comparison	*Ideal Car of M.S.S.A.E.*	*The Reo Flying Cloud*
Wheelbase	*121 inches*	*121 inches*
Number of Cylinders	6	6
Type of Motor	*L-Head*	*L-Head*
Crankshaft	*7 Bearings*	*7 Bearings*
Bore	*3¼ inches*	*3¼ inches*
Stroke	*5 inches*	*5 inches*
Piston Displacement	*249 cu. in.*	*249 cu. in.*
S. A. E. Rating	*25.2 h. p.*	*25.2 h. p.*
Actual Horsepower	60	65
Motor Speed at Maximum H.P.	*2800 rev.*	*2800 rev.*
Gear Ratio	4.6	4.58
Pistons	*Aluminum*	*Aluminum*
Final Drive	*Spiral Bevel Gear*	*Spiral Bevel Gear*
Lubrication	*Pressure and Splash*	*All Pressure*
Location of Valves	*At Side*	*At Side*
Intake Valve Material	*Silchrome*	*Silchrome*
Exhaust Valve Material	*Silchrome*	*Silchrome*
Pressed Steel Frame	*Yes*	*Yes*
Propulsion Through Springs	*Yes*	*Yes*
Torque Through Springs	*Yes*	*Yes*
Half-Elliptic Springs	*Yes*	*Yes*
Rubber Spring Shackles	*Yes*	*No*
Balloon Tires	*Yes*	*Yes*
Artillery Type Wheels	*Yes*	*Yes*
Brakes—		
1. Foot Internal, 4-wheels	*Direct, Mechanical*	*See note for newest development in industry*
2. Hand-External Drive Shaft	*Yes*	*Yes*
Cam and Lever Steering Gear	*Yes*	*Yes*
Single Dry Plate Clutch	*Yes*	*Yes*
Gear Set Unit with Engine	*Yes*	*Yes*
Three Forward Speeds	*Yes*	*Yes*
Location of Piston Pin Bearing in Piston	*Yes*	*Yes*
Piston Rings	*Four*	*Three*
Integral Crankcase	*Yes*	*Yes*
Upper Half Cast Iron	*Yes*	*Yes*
Lower Half Pressed Steel	*Yes*	*Yes*
Engine Supports	*Three*	*Four*
Chain Timing Gear Drive	*Yes*	*Yes*
Counterbalances Used	*Yes*	*Vibration Damper*
Oil Pump	*Yes*	*Yes*
Oil Cleaner	*Yes*	*Yes*
Oil Rectifier	*Yes*	*No*
Water Pump	*Yes*	*Yes*
Radiator Thermostat	*Yes*	*Yes*
Water Capacity 4 Gallons	*Yes*	*Yes*
Carburetor	*1⅛ inches*	*1⅛ inches*
Vacuum Fuel Feed	*Yes*	*Yes*
Air Cleaner—Inertia	*Yes*	*Yes*
Cigar Lighter	*Yes*	*No*
Battery, Generator and Starter	*Yes*	*Yes*
Sedan Body	*Yes*	*Yes*
Four Doors	*Yes*	*Yes*
Covering Materials, Broadcloth Upholstery, Top and Body Finish		*Same* Also furnish mohair
One-Piece Windshield	*Yes*	*Yes*
Snubbers or Shock Absorbers	*Yes*	*Yes* (See Note)
Car Heater	*Yes*	*No*
Bumpers	*Yes*	*Yes* Front and rear
Windshield Wiper	*Yes*	*Yes, automatic*
Cowl Ventilator	*Yes*	*Yes*
Dash Gas Gauge	*Yes*	*Yes*

N. B. 1 Since 4-wheel, internal, expanding, hydraulic, two-shoe brakes made their first publicappearance on the new Reo Flying Cloud, they have been acclaimed by automotive engineers and technical experts as the last word in automobile brakes.

N. B. 2 As standard equipment, the Reo Flying Cloud carries *four* hydraulic shock absorbers of atype heretofore found only on the most expensive automobiles.

Suppose

150 Automotive Engineers Could Agree on an Ideal Car

Wouldn't you like to own that car?

They Have— and *You Can*

YOU know, when automotive engineers get together in technical session, they tell their real names, and they say what they think.

They are not trying to sell each other something, and professional pride brings out their most deeply cherished ideas.

So when the Metropolitan Section of the Society of Automotive Engineers (the well-known S.A.E., which includes the engineering brains and genius of the automotive industry) held a contest in January, for the design of an "Ideal Car for the American Family," it was a significant event.

150 automotive engineers competed for the prize. The specifications submitted by the contestants were synthetized into a composite set of specifications for an "Ideal Car"—that dream of all engineers.

The representative items are printed in the column at the left.

The "Ideal Car," you will note, has neither 116" wheel base, nor 126"—but *exactly* 121".

It is not an 8-cylinder car, nor yet a 4—it is a *6-cylinder car.*

It has a bore and stroke neither more nor less than 3¼" x 5" but *exactly* that.

The pistons are not cast iron—they are *aluminum.*

It has neither a worm gear final drive, nor a hypoid gear final drive—but a *spiral bevel gear* final drive.

It has the things that the *engineer* knows to be ideal in a motor car, for the *American*—not the European—family.

No other car exhibited at either the New York or Chicago shows even approaches the Flying Cloud in its identity with the "Ideal Car."

Check the specifications of the "Ideal Car" in column 2 at the left with those of the Reo Flying Cloud in column 3.

Note how very, very many are identical. Note in how many instances the Flying Cloud gives you greater strength, greater possibilities of performance than even the ideal.

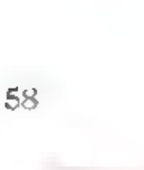
You will find that the Flying Cloud in common with the engineers' "Ideal Car," has exactly 121" wheelbase; a 6-cylinder L-head motor, 3¼" bore, 5" stroke, 7-bearing crankshaft, forced feed lubrication, spiral bevel gear final drive, half-elliptic springs, single dry plate clutch, cam and lever steering gear, etc., etc., etc.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY · Lansing, Michigan

The REO FLYING CLOUD

Week of March 21st

Do you *ever* bid a queen-high suit originally? Do you use the two-bid to show weakness? The Bridge hand below features these important problems. Bid and play it your way now; then compare with the experts' game as scheduled.



Mrs. Helen M. Hubbard, San Francisco, dealer, South—
Spades ..... A, 5, 3
Hearts ..... Q, 10, 9, 3, 2
Diamonds 7
Clubs ..... A, Q, 9, 6

Wilbur C. Whitehead, New York, West—
Spades ..... K, J, 9, 7, 6
Hearts ..... K, 4
Diamonds ..... Q, J, 10
Clubs ..... K, J, 10

Milton C. Work, New York, North—
Spades ..... Q, 4
Hearts ..... A, J, 8, 6
Diamonds ..... K, 5, 2
Clubs 7, 5, 4, 3

Mrs. Catherine A. Streeter, Los Angeles, East—
Spades 10, 8, 2
Hearts 7, 5
Diamonds ..... A, 9, 8, 6, 4, 3
Clubs 8, 2

Tues., March 22, 10 P. M. (E. T.)

WEAF, WSAI, KSD, WCAE, WCCO, WWJ, WRC, WEEI, WFI, WGN, WGR, WJAR, WOC, WCSH, WTAG, WTAM, WGY.

See papers for broadcasting time of following.

WPG	Municipal Station ..... Atlantic City
KPRC	Houston Post Dispatch ..... Houston
WFAA	Dallas News ..... Dallas
WSMB	Saenger Amusement Co. New Orleans
WSB	Atlanta Journal ..... Atlanta
WMC	Memphis Commercial Appeal Memphis
KTHS	New Arlington Hotel Hot Springs, Ark.
WDBO	Rollins College ..... Winter Park, Fla.
WDAE	Tampa Daily Times [illegible]
WJAX	City of Jacksonville Jacksonville, Fla.
WSUI	Wisconsin News [illegible]
WOAW	Woodmen of the World [illegible]
WDAF	[illegible]
KOA	[illegible]
KPO	[illegible]
KFI	Los Angeles Times [illegible]
KGA	Rhodes Dept. Store [illegible]
KFOO	Louis Wasmer, Inc. [illegible]
CFCN	J. R. Booth, Jr. [illegible]
CKGW	Can. Nat. Carbon Co., Ltd. [illegible]
CKAC	La Presse [illegible]
CKY	Manitoba Tel. System [illegible]
CFCH	The Electric Shop [illegible]
CFAC	Calgary Herald [illegible]
CJCA	Edmonton Journal [illegible]
CKCD	Vancouver Daily Province [illegible]
CFCF	London Free Press ..... London, Ont.
CJBC	Radio Assn. of Prescott ..... Prescott, Ont.
CHNS	Northern Electric Co. ..... Halifax

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THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE

(Continued from Page 50)

she might think I was just kidding her. Get the idea?"

"You're doing so well that I don't think it's at all necessary for me to go on with this," said Herbert. "Let's go and play a little tennis."

"No, sir-ree," said Jim. "I want to learn all that you've got to show me. I'll need it all before I'm through, and don't you forget it."

That night Herbert, bestowing a little thought on the campaign he had undertaken, amplified his first impressions of Helen Mayberry, and in one or two instances revised them. A little younger than twenty; not more than nineteen, perhaps; remarkably graceful in her movements; on the whole, bobbed hair rather becoming to her; corners of her mouth had an upward inclination, which indicated that her disposition was more amiable than one hastily imagined; she was self-possessed rather than self-assured—a subtle distinction, but necessary to make in the interests of justice, the self-possession being due to an absence of self-consciousness rather than to conceit; voice decidedly unusual; one liked to listen to it, irrespective of anything that she said, and certain of its tones lingered in the memory like a melody half captured. No, "insignificant" wasn't the word to apply to her nose.

King had been there among those present. That lad seemed to be a fixture. Not that it mattered in the least, really. The thing was to keep before Jim's eyes a model of polite restraint, easy sophistication, imperturbability and good humor. Later, one might have to make more frequent visits and pay some of the attentions proper to an admirer—flowers, candy, books and that sort of thing—but one would have to keep his admiration carefully veiled most of the time.

It wouldn't do to commit oneself or to arouse a hopeless passion in a maiden bosom. That wouldn't do at all. Jim considered that his friend was making a hit.

"All the same, I think you're a liar when you say you haven't had any experience," he told Herbert. "If you could play poker half as well as you play this game you wouldn't need to work."

"You see, I like to work," said Herbert, "better than pink-teaing around with you. As far as experience goes, I don't see that it's necessary if you have intelligence, and I never denied that I was intelligent. I've read Locke, too, and the Dolly Dialogues. That's right; get out your notebook. It's old stuff, some of it, but you might give it the once-over. Where are you going now?"

"Going to see Mildred. I've stayed just about to the limit of human endurance. I'll tell her that when I see her, and then I'll casually mention that I just came over from Mayberry's."

He went gayly off, and the next day when Herbert saw him he beamingly announced that Mildred was weakening.

"She made room for me on the porch swing with her, and that's something absotively unprecedented for Mildred. I'll tell the world! The next thing to throwing her arms around my neck and resting her head on my manly chest. And do you know what I done did? Dragged over a chair and plunked down in it. Lit up the old jimmy pipe 'Ah,' says I, 'this is solid comfort!' 'That's all you men think of,' says she. 'It's not all I think of,' says I. 'What else do you think of?' she asks me, giving me the artless eye. I betcher she thought I was going to tell her something mushy. 'Sometimes I think of Edna Pettigrew's Persian cat,' I says. Whee-ee! Say, I wish you could have seen her look at me!

"It's all right though. She had it coming and she took it like a little sport, and she made me some fudge before I went. Listen; if she'd done that two weeks ago I'd have fallen dead. Listen, Helpful, if you ever start a correspondence school of advice to the lovelorn and you want a written testimonial, you can have one from me. 'Sir, after only two lessons ——'"

"I think you've learned a thing or two," Herbert told him complacently. "As I remarked before, I think you could go on your own now and let me off."

"Think so?" asked Jim dubiously.

"Well, I don't know. Maybe I'd better keep on a little while longer. I guess it might be as well to speed up a trifle. Perhaps a few roses now, eh?"

"King keeps her stocked up with roses," objected Jim. "They're his specialty. Watterson brings her violets, and Gaffney sweet peas. I understand they've got a gentlemen's agreement about it. I think Gaffney's got a little the edge, because he keeps tab on her frocks and picks a shade that goes with 'em. About the only thing I can think of for you is orchids, and they cost like the deuce. You understand I'm going to foot the expenses of this, don't you?"

Herbert didn't understand that at all, and couldn't be made to; but he opposed orchids as too ostentatious.

"What I'll do is get up early some morning and gather a posy of wild woodland blooms, simple and sweet, with the delicate fragrance that Nature has given them, and spangled with dew. That's the idea -only I won't do it just yet. Well, I'll think of something."

"I'll bet you will," said Jim admiringly. "I wouldn't put it past you to write poetry. Only listen; you don't want to set any stunts that I can't do. I guess I'm equal to buttercups and daisies and marshmallows and marigolds, though. Shall I try it out?"

Herbert thought not. He couldn't see Jim as a romantic Nature lover. Different people had to use different methods, in keeping with their characters. A great thing was to master the theory, get a solid basis of principles, and then act accordingly.

"So far I haven't any fault to find with the way you've followed my advice," Herbert said. "Now you want to keep your eyes peeled and find out what Mildred's tastes are besides the literary bug she seems to have. Use the bean and get a line on what she's interested in. Discover her prejudices and weaknesses."

"She hasn't any," declared Jim stoutly. "She's as free from any prejudices and weaknesses ——"

"Of course she is. Well, in the meantime, just continue the present course of treatment. Got any engagement for tomorrow evening?"

Jim said that he had half promised to saunter over to Mildred's for a while, but if Herbert wanted to do anything else he supposed he could pass that up.

"Well, if you want to come over to Mayberry's with me, I'm going to drop a good deal of my critical, fed-up and fastidious air and make myself agreeable—just to show that I can if I want to. I might even make a few gestures of gayety."

"I'll come," said Jim.

Really Jim wasn't at all keen about going; but he was not sorry that he went, for Herbert certainly showed 'em. Quite early in the evening Zolia Means remarked that, after all, Mr. March seemed almost human; and Jim was particularly interested to see how his old flame, Florrie Arnold, seemed to be falling for Herbert. The expert was openly flirtatious with all the girls, but he reserved a little special manner for Helen that she seemed to appreciate. Now and then the two exchanged smiles as if there had been some secret understanding between them, although there could have been nothing of the kind. Needless to say, there was dancing, and Herbert astonished them all by a saltatory interpretation of the Rosary that was a riot—a scream from start to finish, and yet graceful and refined. Pure art! And that wasn't all. Zolia started to make a Welsh rabbit, and Herbert, after a tactful suggestion or two, finished it for her and it was pronounced the slickest ever—by all but King, who said that the look of it was enough for him.

But the climax was capped when Herbert vamped an accompaniment on the piano to a ditty that Ernie Pettigrew sang. It had a chorus in which Herbert joined very noticeably, and he was led to admit that he had sung tenor in the Lemuel Wrenn Glee Club. Furthermore, he played the guitar and sang La Paloma—in Spanish! Yes, sir! And listen; if he didn't look like a young Spanish cavalier singing to his sweet lady true, dear, for all his well-fitting evening clothes, with his dark eyes looking into dim infinity -and just once in a while resting on Helen—well, he had 'em all going. Expression! Pathos! And the way he handled the little old box!

There was one long, simultaneous sigh when he finished; and then the skirts gathered around him, and the derrick and most of the casing went up into the air. Some gush! He laughed it off pretty well, though. He had learned the song from a Mexican driller at the Morning Star Mine. He didn't speak Spanish himself. Just enough Mex to carry him along—"Bueno si dinero pronto tamale tortillas chile con carne, señora." No, nothing doing. That was the only song he knew and he made it a rule never to sing it twice in the same evening.

Before the party broke up, Helen got in a word or two with him. She had been talking to Jim while the other girls were handing Herbert all that bunk. She looked quite serious and laid a hand lightly on Herbert's coat sleeve.

"Why didn't you ever tell me that you had music in you, Mr. March?" she demanded.

"Would you call it that?" asked Herbert, smiling at her.

"That song? Well, yes. You were off the key once or twice, and your voice is untrained; but it's naturally good. You might do a great deal with it if you'd go to a good teacher. You really are fond of music, aren't you?"

"I haven't had very much chance to hear any that you would call good, I guess. Would you consider the Stars and Stripes Forever good?"

"In its class." She waved Sousa aside. "Don't be idiotic, please. But you've had a good chance to hear some orchestra concerts since you've been here. Why don't you go to Ravinia some evening?"

"Do you go?" Herbert asked.

Helen told him she never missed a concert if she could help it.

"All right," said Herbert, "we'll go. I mean, of course, if you'll let me accompany you. I'd be more likely to get something out of it if you'd explain the music to me a little. You play, don't you? I know you do. Do you sing? With your wonderful voice ——"

"No, I don't sing—even with my wonderful voice. I'm lucky enough to know that I can't. I like to keep the many friends I have, you see, and I very seldom play within their hearing, for the same reason."

"That wouldn't apply to a mere acquaintance like me, would it?" Herbert asked. "You could afford to take the risk, you know. Won't you—some morning soon, perhaps—play for me? Please! I say 'some morning,' because your friends wouldn't be so likely to be around."

"I'm not so sure that I would mind having you for a friend," Helen answered demurely. "However, I'll consider and let you know."

That was the beginning of the speeding-up program; but before Herbert got along very far with it, Jim came to him in a state of great agitation.

"Well, we've certainly spilled the beans between us," he announced. "I kind of had a hunch the other night that I ought to have gone to Mildred's, and it seems she stayed in all evening expecting me. Well, I blew in yesterday just in a summer suit,

(Continued on Page 60)

What a salesman says is fine, but what the *car itself says is final.* Go to an Auburn dealer. Tell him you want to drive the new Auburn 8-88. You want to see *what* it does and *how* it does it. You want to drive 5 or 50 or more miles per hour—on good roads and bad ones, on hills and round sharp curves. You want to see for yourself how easily it steers, how well it holds the road, how it does not tip, how smoothly it performs, and how comfortably it rides. Tell the dealer you know Auburn *must* be good, you hear so much favorable comment, and see so many thousands on the streets, but that you want to see if *it meets your requirements. You want the car to sell itself.* If it does not, you will not be asked to buy.

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AUBURN

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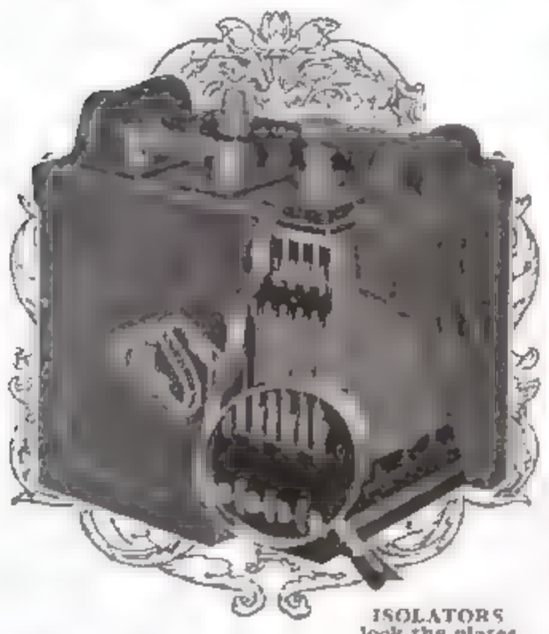
VESTA



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City

(Continued from Page 58)

and nothing underneath but knee-lengths and sleeveless, and I got a chill that set my teeth chattering. Sort of a dumb ague. That little fiend Zolia had just been there and told Mildred about the elegant time that was had at the Mayberrys', and how Jim Palmer was certainly rushing Helen pretty hard, and it looked as if Helen was encouraging him. Wouldn't that jar your grandmother's preserves? Now I've got a setback that it's going to take me weeks to make up. What's more, I've got to get a new line of stuff. Mildred's sore. No use telling her that I haven't any more use for Helen Mayberry than a snake's got for corn plasters."

"Listen," Herbert interrupted frowningly; "there's no occasion to knock Miss Mayberry, you understand."

"I'm not knocking her," protested Jim. "She's all right in her way; but she's not Mildred, and I'm not rushing her."

"Fat lot of good it would do if you tried it," said Herbert.

"Holy smoke! What's biting you?" Jim demanded, opening his eyes widely. "I'm just telling you that Mildred thinks I've got a case on her—on Helen, I mean. You can't tell her anything else either. Where I made my mistake was cracking Helen up the way I did after we first called on her. I thought Mildred had forgotten that, but she hadn't—not a word of it. Well, there's one thing sure, and that is we've balled things up. Maybe if you'd had a little real experience —— Well, I'm not blaming you so much as myself."

"Did you tell Mildred that you were just trying to get her interested?" Herbert asked.

"Certainly I didn't; but—certainly, I didn't. I'm following your instructions, ain't I? I have been. All the same, something's got to be done. I can't sleep; I haven't eaten a square meal in the last twenty-four hours. I tell you, I'm up against it, Helpful! You don't know what it is!"

He looked so utterly wretched that Herbert was moved between pity and a desire to laugh.

"Cheer up, old scout!" he said kindly. "You aren't anywhere near being up against it. If you've really succeeded in making her jealous, what does that mean, eh? Just think a moment. Reason it out calmly. I should say she's crazy about you, and here you come grousing and playing the baby."

Jim brightened, but only for a moment.

"That's all right, and may be so," he grumbled; "but you don't know that little lady. She's through with me, as far as I can see. She's proud, and she'd rather break her heart than give in. Something's got to be done; and listen—I'm not going around to Mayberry's with you any more."

"I don't think it will be necessary now," said Herbert. "I can give you an outline of what I've done each time, and you know the general plan—which I may vary from time to time according to circumstances; that is, if I keep on, which honestly I don't think I shall have to do. If you just sit pretty for a week or so, and act in a friendly, natural manner if you happen to meet Miss Mildred anywhere, I'll bet you a new hat that you'll have her eating out of your hand before a month's out."

"You're on," said Jim. "Might as well save something out of the wreck, and a hat's something."

"Don't be indifferent and don't be too eager," Herbert cautioned; "just friendly and natural. Let her make the overtures, but give her a chance to make 'em without sacrificing her pride. You can let her see that you've been hurt, but you're too big to allow it to rankle."

"Uh-huh," said Jim.

"I'm going to see Helen tomorrow morning," said Herbert casually. "I don't suppose there will be anything to report, and it will probably be the last time. She's going to play for me a little. You remember I advised you to find out Mildred's tastes. Now I found out that Helen was musical. What happens? Why, I'm crazy about music, myself, and that gets me a special tête-à-tête now and then."

"Oh, you're smooth, all right, all right," growled Jim.

Herbert went to his tête-à-tête carrying a bunch of exquisite wild flowers, fresh and wet with dew. At least Helen said they were exquisite. He had plucked them himself in a certain bosky dell that he had discovered and which he would have to show Helen sometime.

"Of course, it's a fearful bore, rambling in the woods," Herbert drawled in his best manner. "I sometimes wonder what makes me do it. Some sort of primitive urge, I suppose. Silly to bring you these weeds, too, when you have so many beautiful roses. Don't pretend to like them; it isn't at all necessary, I assure you."

"It's not necessary to assure me," Helen told him. "I don't have to pretend I adore them. I do. Wait until I get something to hold them."

She left him for a minute or two, taking with her the beautiful roses that he had mentioned; and when she returned she began to arrange the weeds in the vase the roses had occupied. For a wonder, Herbert made no attempt to help her; but watched with something like real pleasure the graceful motions of her lithe body, of her arms and her deft fingers, losing no fleeting expression of her animated face as she frowned in perplexity at a difficult bloom or smiled at a happy solution of the difficulty. He had long since remarked the dimple that occasionally appeared in her right cheek, and had marveled at the tremendous effect of what was, after all, a mere depression in the skin, a trick of the facial muscles in a certain juxtaposition. What reasonable explanation was there of its undeniable charm?

An absurd rime of his childhood came into his head and he repeated it aloud:

"The man in the moon has a mole in his chin,
He says it's a dimple, but dimples stick in."

Helen gave him a quick glance, and you should have seen her dimple then—and heard her laugh! Then she became more serious.

"Shall I play you some Chopin now?"

"If you please," said Herbert.

It is possible that he would have preferred to talk, or listen while she talked to him; but he knew better than to excite the faintest suspicion of such a preference. Besides, he really loved to hear her play—and watch her play.

There is nothing in the Nocturne in E Flat to suggest the human nose, one would say; but in a dreamy sort of way Herbert considered and reconsidered that feature of Helen's, while the limpidly sweet tones answering the girl's loving touch on the keys filled him with a sentimental rapture. "Insignificant!" Just because it wasn't massive and dominating. Could any nose be imagined that would go better with that dimple? You might as well call the dimple insignificant because it was small—or the tiny freckles, a little cluster of which, at the bridge, gave exactly the right degree of piquancy to that deliciously tiptilted, most fascinating of noses!

He was not quite sure how much time had elapsed when Helen stopped playing and turned on the bench to look at him. He neither spoke nor moved. He felt in some strange way spellbound, and unwilling to make any effort to break the spell.

"You aren't asleep, by any chance?" she inquired.

"No," he answered, rousing himself; "just dreaming."

It was true enough. He had never been addicted to self-analysis and he resisted the temptation to think those dreams out; but in the privacy of his own room that night he was just sufficiently honest with himself to admit that there was danger in the courtship that he was pursuing and that it was time to call a halt. It was taking up too much of his time—interfering to a great extent with his work. As for Jim, he could give Jim advice without making love—yes, that was what it amounted to—making love to Helen; especially since Jim had declined to observe, personally, the progress of the affair. Also, there was something not at all straight about it, and he was conscious of a growing disinclination to make these ridiculous reports. That would be in effect a betrayal of a lady's confidence. It wasn't done.

If Helen had been different—just the ordinary type of girl, shallow, conceited, frivolous, brainless—then there might be some excuse. But she was none of these things.

Settled! He would quit!

Unfortunately there were engagements that he had made and would find hard to back out of. It would look too marked to cease abruptly his visits to the Mayberrys', and there were other places where he would certainly meet Helen. He had promised to show her that woodland dell too. There might be some way of postponing that excursion, however. It might rain on the appointed day. The dance that his mother was giving, at his request, was another affair. Still, as the son of the house, he couldn't be expected to single out any guest for special attention. He might be supposed to take on another class at the institute to excuse himself from any further morning call. Another one like this morning's —— No, she was too fine a girl; too fine in every way, too sweet, too lovable to treat as a lay figure. He had been a rotter, and his good intentions didn't excuse his conduct.

He made up his mind not to see her for a couple of days; also he would notify Jim that the stuff was off.

Jim usually dropped in at some time during the evening, but he didn't show up. Herbert wasn't sorry, being in a solitary humor.

But there was no sign of the young man the next afternoon or evening; and when, the following afternoon, Herbert saw him passing the house, Jim merely waved, grinned and passed on. At that Herbert shouted, and Jim stopped irresolutely and then turned back.

"What's your rush and where have you been keeping yourself the last few days?" Herbert inquired.

"Oh, no particular rush," Jim answered. "How's the old boy?" His grin was rather forced, one might have thought, and his jovial manner had a touch of embarrassment. Herbert didn't notice it at the time, but it occurred to him afterwards. "Been busy as a one-armed paper hanger," Jim added, after an awkward pause.

"Yes?"

"Sure! Oh, I didn't tell you, did I? Why, it's all right about Mildred now. I'm the white-haired boy again. Of course, I don't mean—I mean that she's got over the idea she had that she was being double-crossed. I happened to meet her, and I—well, you know what you told me. Not too eager, but friendly—friendly and natural; that was what you told me, wasn't it?"

"Good for you," Herbert told him. "I'm all the more glad because I've been thinking that since you don't feel you want to watch me, it would be foolish for me to go on with this business. No sense in it, do you think? I might tell you that I did thus and so, but I don't believe it would help. Anyway, you can toddle alone now."

"Well, between you and me, I believe I can," said Jim, almost apologetically. "We're good friends now, she and I. I put it on that basis—just pals—get me? Well, so long. See you later. I'll keep you posted on how I make out. Going up to the house after dinner."

He turned abruptly and hurried off. Herbert stood looking after him absently. Slowly a smile spread over his face and he snapped his fingers as one inspired.

"Why, that's the idea, of course!" he exclaimed. "Just good friends—pals! No need of constraint, of dissimulation or avoidance. We can be friends. Why not?"

He wondered why the idea had not occurred to him without Jim's suggestion.

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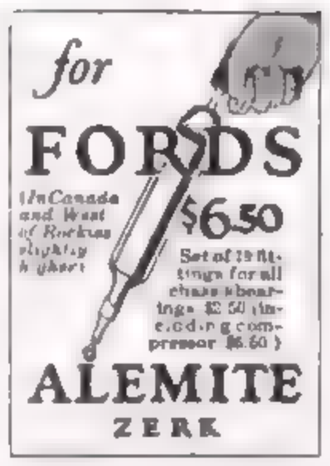

Here is a way to escape 80% of these repair bills

80% of repair bills have been traced to one cause which you can now eliminate . . . and reduce the operating cost of your car 1c to 1¾c a mile

Are you inviting a big repair bill—through careless or neglected lubrication of your car?

Last year twelve million car owners did. *Their* penalty was a $2,000,000,000 repair bill. Actually more money paid out for repairs than the entire nation spent for gasoline.

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It's no trick to lubricate your car the Alemite way. Not hard. Not dirty. Not tiresome. Just a few minutes of your time—an Alemite gun—and the job is *thoroughly* done.

For Alemite or Alemite-Zerk fittings have replaced grease and oil cups. On more than 11,000,000 cars. Probably yours. So all you have to do is this: Attach the nozzle of the Alemite gun to each fitting—and push the handle.

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There is no guesswork. You can see each point as it is lubricated. You can see the old grease ooze out and the clean lubricant take its place. Repeated every 500 miles and your car is getting the best possible care.

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High Pressure Lubrication

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Probably because he had the preconceived thought of love-making; whereas nothing had taken place at all incompatible with a straight, square, genuine friendship between two people who found themselves highly congenial. Helen had said herself that she might like to have him for a friend. Well, her being a woman didn't make it any the less possible. Certainly he had never had the least inclination to chum with a girl, but Helen wasn't at all like the common run of girls. At the present moment he could think of no man of his acquaintance whose society he found more agreeable than hers.

He was tremendously relieved at this happy solution of the difficulty, and impatient to see Helen and begin the new relationship with a clear conscience. Not that it would make any actual change. Things would go on much the same as during these last few weeks, only with the understanding that would be clear to them both—that there would be no darn nonsense.

So things went on as they had been going on; or if anything, a little more so. There was a growing frankness in their intercourse that Herbert found delicious. Helen rallied him gently, but efficaciously, on his tendency to show people how to do things. On one occasion he had found her knitting, and after watching her for a few minutes he had given her a useful hint or two and attempted to take the work out of her hands. That, Helen told him, was just about the limit, and comparable only with the case of the Boston child who instructed his grandmaternal relative in the art of imbibing ovarious nourishment by suction. "My helpful friend," she called him whenever he had symptoms of a relapse, and that helped, itself. He much preferred to have her call him Bert, as did the folks residing in what he called God's own country. It seems he meant Nevada. He confessed to feeling mighty homesick for Nevada at times.

"Why?" she mischievously asked him. "You know you aren't really a Westerner, and you'd feel hurt if anybody took you for one. You like to be thought cosmopolitan—a man of the world saturated with cosmopolitan culture. You can't quite get it across, and yet you do very well for your opportunities. You impressed me frightfully the first time I saw you."

But she said that in a way that took the sting out of it, and there was no rancor in the energy with which he repelled the charges she had made. He talked with real eloquence of his West, of its majesty and wild beauty, of the spirit that was bred in its sons and daughters—not knocking the rest of the United States. No, he was a Westerner, and glad of it. He wanted to live in the West and die in the West and have his body resolve into the regional elements. Becoming a little too earnest, he concluded, mock heroically, in the words of the immortal Elijah Pogram:

Rough we may be. So air our Barrs. Wild we may be. But so air our Buffalers. But we are children of Natur and children of Freedom and our boastful answer to the Despot and the Tyrant is that our bright home is in the Settin' Sun.

"I'm glad I gave you that nasty little dig," said Helen. Her eyes were glowing with something of the fire in his. "Tell me some more about it, Bert."

Herbert told her lots more; not only then but on numerous other occasions when they walked or drove together. He told her about the mines and the miners; about Lemuel Wrenn and the gay doings there; about his father, whom he seemed to like; about his own work and the work he expected to do. He put their friendship to the test by showing her blue prints and was thrilled to find that after a little explanation she understood them. And this was the girl that he had once thought had an average mind! A pal! The best kind of pal! It was wonderful how they hit it off!

"There's no use talking," said Herbert, "you'll have to see that country."

"I'd love to," said Helen, not perfunctorily, but with quiet earnestness.

"You could stand it for a month or so anyway," Herbert went on. "Of course, if you lived there you might find it lonely, and get bored; but ——"

"What makes you think so?" she interrupted. "Have I seemed to you a bored sort of person? Of course, this giddy whirl of gayety in Deepdene may have unfitted me for the hardships of pioneer life; but I'm singularly adaptable and —— Oh, look at the Black-eyed Susans! Just what I need. Let's go and get a few; the field won't miss them."

Yes, everything was progressing very satisfactorily; Herbert's musical education among other things. He had been three times to Ravinia with Helen and Mrs. Mayberry, and once with Helen alone. He was gradually becoming more aware of the personality of Mrs. Mayberry, who was one of the best; and of Mr. Mayberry, who seemed a pretty good old scout and a good listener. Knew a little about mining in a theoretical way, but more about oil. He quizzed Herbert pretty thoroughly about shale deposits in his district, and Herbert was able to tell him a thing or two. Well, it was pleasant to feel the friendly atmosphere.

It is a peculiar circumstance that as Herbert was driving over to the Mayberrys' in the nifty little roadster he had recently acquired he should be thinking of the absurdity of the general belief that a real friendship is impossible between two persons of opposite sex. Granted that there was such a thing as sex appeal, did that necessarily militate against friendship? It might—indeed, would—were it the only appeal, the only bond, the only attraction in the relationship; but where it was only one of many agreeable elements, bearing its moderate and just proportion to the rest, it simply perfected the whole. Precious ointments, myrrh and frankincense, or whatever rare and priceless dope you care to mention, would become none the less precious contained in a beautiful vase of fine porcelain, even if they were usually packed in a tin can. Friendship was not only sympathy of feeling, an identity of viewpoints, tastes, habits, prejudices, experiences; it was essential that there should be certain endearing qualities proper to each individual, qualities to be admired or pitied, together with one or two entirely divergent. A friendship between two men is a lovely thing; but a friendship between a man and a woman is, for all the popular misconception, lovelier still, giving to each of its parties the added delight of the true sex appeal—of the man's mind to the woman's, of the woman's to the man's. A woman gave to the man the charm of her feminine personality; she gave him ——

He was still meditating along these lines when he arrived at the Mayberrys' door. He stopped and took from the vacant seat beside him a large box of candy friendship's offering that he had selected with particular care and a diligently acquired knowledge of Helen's tastes in fillings. On second thought, he replaced it, for his friend had promised to take a little spin with him if she could get away, and he had no doubt that she would be able to. As the maid admitted him Helen came tripping down the staircase; and at the mere sight of her he felt an emotion of gladness beyond anything that he had ever before experienced. With it came the thought, what if she had not been at home? Suppose—just suppose—that no Helen Mayberry existed, or that he had never known that she existed! Imagine Deepdene without her! Imagine life itself without her!

The last supposition struck him so unexpectedly and with such tremendous force that he had to fight for a moderate degree of self-possession. Helen had made her descent holding both hands behind her. She now extended one to him, and he was surprised at its coldness. Her smile was warm enough, though, and brought the dimple into play. Why wasn't there a dimple on the left cheek too? No, it wouldn't do. Her eyes seemed to dance at him, yet they had a queer sort of light in them, an expression that he had never before seen and that made him vaguely uneasy.

"Go in and sit down for a minute and I'll be with you," she said, nodding at the library door.

He obeyed.

"Our horses are saddled and pawing the ground outside," he told her as he went.

At their last meeting he had proposed teaching her to ride, so that if she ever did come to Nevada ——

"All right," she answered, still standing with her hands behind her back. "Go on. I won't keep you waiting."

He was a little puzzled; but he had no time to wonder, for within the minute she appeared at the doorway, and with a demure, undimpled smile, bobbed him a little schoolgirl curtsy.

"How do you like it?" she asked.

It came to him that she was wearing a new hat, and not being very sure, he stared in silence.

"Well?"

His mind was wandering. He made an effort to bring it back and to arouse his critical faculties.

"Come nearer the window," he said. "I can't see it very well in that light."

She seemed to float rather than walk to the window, and then faced him again.

"I think if you closed your eyes I could give the hat my undivided attention," said Herbert. "No, open them—quick! Heavens, you had a narrow escape!"

"Escape from what?" she asked innocently.

"From walking into the bookcase."

"But I was standing quite still."

"I know. That was what made it all the more dangerous."

She shrugged her shoulders with an air of giving him up.

"But about the hat—do you like it? Criticize it if you want to; I'm not above getting hints from anybody. Harvey King admires it tremendously. He thinks it's splendiferous."

Herbert felt his rising spirits unaccountably dashed.

"Have you been showing it to King?" he asked coldly. "Well, I should think you weren't."

"Weren't what?"

"Above getting hints from anybody."

"The question is, do you like it?"

Herbert surveyed the creation carefully. Helen helped him by pivoting slowly so that he could observe it from every angle.

"No!"

He almost shouted it, and she raised her eyebrows.

"I always thought you had good taste," she said.

"I have," agreed Herbert, "and that shocks it. You needn't look at me like that. You asked my opinion and you've got it. I don't like it at all."

Helen removed the pins, almost jerked the hat off and laid it on the table.

"I don't think I feel like driving with you this afternoon," she said in an offended tone. "I believe I've some letters to write."

Herbert seemed not to hear her. He was looking at the millinery.

"See for yourself," he said coolly. "Look at it! It's like an inverted green majolica jardinière. The shape is outrageous and the color hits you in the eye like a brick. That ornament too—to use the accepted term—a magnified snail if you can imagine a snail with green tail feathers. King would like it. You see it, don't you? Candidly, now!"

"I consider it the most becoming thing I've ever worn," Helen told him.

"I agree with you, but only to a certain extent," said Herbert. "When you first came into the room with it on I was fairly giddy with admiration, but when I considered the thing impartially I saw that it was simply you—the charm radiating from you, your coloring, the shape and the poise of your head transfigured the monstrosity, so to speak. If you get my meaning, you become the hat. As it lies there on the table, it's all that I said it was. Now put it on again. Ah-h! Now it's a seven-time winner! I scorn to flatter a hat, even to please you, but you and it together ——"

She dimpled at him, and that was too much for Herbert. He took a step toward her, and seizing her hands tried to draw her to him. His eyes left no doubt in the girl's mind as to his emotion or the manner in which he was about to express it; but she was so far from sympathetic that after she had snatched her hands away and pushed him from her, she regarded him with an expression at once hostile and scornful.

"I think you're rather overdoing it, Mr. March," she said.

It would be hard to imagine anything more pitiable than Herbert's consternation at these words and their icy tones. He stepped back and his face paled as his hands dropped to his sides.

"I—you—I—I don't understand," he stammered.

Yes, he did understand. Of course he did. It was just that she didn't understand and he had been too precipitate. He didn't understand himself before he had entered the house, and here he was taking her comprehension for granted.

"Don't you see, Nell dear?" he asked her gently. "I love you and I want you to marry me."

She took another step back and clapped her hands together applaudingly.

"Lovely!" she cried. "You do it beautifully!"

Herbert had never seen anything harder than the little smile she gave him. No dimple about it. Consternation again seized him.

"I'm in earnest," he said. "Half an hour ago I didn't realize it myself, but I think I must have loved you, really, from the first moment that I met you."

"Not so good," Helen commented. "It sounds shopworn, if you know what I mean. You'll have to tell Jim Palmer to try something else. And now that we've got to this point at last —— Oh, I forgot my part!" She pursed her mouth primly. "I'm sorry, Mr. March, but I had no suspicion that you entertained any other feeling for me than that of a friend. I fear that I cannot return your love. And now having got that settled, you will excuse me if I leave you."

She moved toward the door. At the mention of Jim Palmer, Herbert realized with a shock the extent of the calamity that had befallen him. His first feeling was one of utter dismay, and that was succeeded by a sense of undeserved injury that angered him. He barred her way.

"Do you mean to say that you've been amusing yourself with me all this time?" he demanded in a voice husky with emotion.

Helen laughed lightly.

"It has been rather amusing," she answered; "amusing and unusual. I certainly never expected to be used to illustrate a man's method of fascinating a girl for the benefit of another man—as an experimental subject. I shouldn't have said 'a man,' though. I think you have shown yourself rather less than a man, Mr. March. You may tell Mr. Palmer that too. And now will you let me pass?"

"Please sit down and listen to me," said Herbert. In his bewilderment he was suddenly possessed by an insane impulse to revert to the coolly cynical and lightly bantering rôle that he had assumed occasionally in the beginning of their acquaintance. "If you are going to play your part properly and insist on rejecting me you must remember that you aren't the one to make the exit. It is my poor privilege to do that. I want you to have the proper memory of me as I turned at the door, a noble and mournful figure, and bade you a last farewell." He abruptly dropped the ironical. "You've got to hear me!" he cried with all the tragic force he was feeling. "I'm in earnest about this."

Evidently Helen was in earnest too. Coolly, calmly, disdainfully, with her

Continued on Page 67

TODAY Chevrolet stands unchallenged as the greatest producer of gear shift trucks.

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There are added miles in Goodrich Silvertowns—that's why the salesman can call upon more prospects with one set of these tires. He can travel more times around his route—present his sales message to a larger number of customers—turn in a longer list of sales to his company—earn more commissions—before he buys new tires. How Goodrich Silvertowns add to his sales in other ways is a longer story. . .

YOU hear a lot about "pick-up" these days—mental pick-up—physical pick-up—restored vigor that comes from a few moments of relaxation during the day.

And that is another thing that Goodrich Silvertowns will give to a salesman, in addition to an extra measure of miles and sales.

Physical pick-up—because of the sheer restfulness of riding on these plump,

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Mental pick-up—because the man who rides on Silvertowns gives not a worry, not a thought, to his tires.

All this means a lot to the man who sells—to know he can run on schedule—to feel just as alert, for his five o'clock call, as he felt on his first call in the morning. It all adds to his sales.

When you come to think of it, these same factors of comfort, dependability, long mileage mean just as much to the man who uses his automobile for other purposes.

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PROOF! Two years have shown the advantages of the flat, broad-shouldered Goodrich Silvertown Balloon tread. Easy control and long service, from Silvertowns' scientific distribution of load. Freedom from irregular tread wear. Noiseless traction. All these are tested by experience, in the Silvertown Balloons now ready for you at Goodrich dealers'.

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. . . they last longer

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Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation
Sold in England and colonies under trade-name COLUMBIA

(Continued from Page 62)

mouth set in a hard line, she moved past him and left the room. Herbert waited a minute or two, hoping against hope that she might return; and then he made his way to the hall, picked up his hat and let himself out.

"Our horses are still there and pawing the ground," he muttered; and then, laughing loudly, climbed into his car and drove off.

It was almost inconceivable! The duplicity of it, the heartlessness of it, the callous, calculating cruelty of it! Of course, Helen had resented the stupid scheme that he had so unthinkingly devised, and that was all right. She was not to blame for feeling resentment, and if she had promptly shown it, frankly told him or allowed him to see that his visits would be unwelcome and his acquaintance undesirable, it would have been no more than he had deserved—at the time; but to pretend to accept his friendship, to feign friendliness, and more than friendliness; to set herself deliberately to win his confidence, and more than his confidence—as he now saw that she must have done—for a moment's gratification of a revengeful spirit—that was something almost devilish, and absolutely unforgivable.

Well, it was good enough for him. He had never liked girls very well, and now he had had his experience—one that would last him a lifetime. It was not until the next day that it occurred to him to wonder how Helen had become possessed of what he had supposed to be a secret between him and Jim Palmer. Impossible to suppose that Jim had told her; equally impossible the idea that Jim would have blabbed, as a joke, what would only expose him to the larger share of ridicule. Jim had, at times, some quaint notions of what constituted a joke; but he had more than rudimentary ideals of honorable conduct. It was a mystery. He sought Jim out. To his amazement, Jim blushed to the roots of his sandy hair and, after a little stalling, made a faltering confession.

"Well, I'm not going to lie about it. I don't know how you got wise, because, ordinarily speaking, the third degree and a million dollars wouldn't have got a word of it out of me, even to her."

"What do you mean—her?" Herbert asked.

"Mildred, of course. You see, it was like this: At the time, I thought you wouldn't mind me telling her. Only, of course, you didn't know her as well as I did, and that's the reason I didn't tell you that I told her. I thought it would be just about as safe as going off a mile or two from nowhere and digging a hole in the ground and whispering into the hole; and then it was the only way to convince her that I hadn't a case on Helen. You understand how that would be, don't you? All the same, I wouldn't have done it if I had thought it would get any farther. I don't believe anybody could have been listening in. We were on the porch together, and you'd better believe I didn't shout it. Listen, Helpful ——"

Herbert turned on him in a rage.

"If you call me that again I'll smash you!" he cried. "You big fool! You can't see? Well, I'll tell you. Mildred just toddled over and spilled it to Helen, that's how. I'll bet a horse they had heaps of fun over it too. Anyway Helen knows it, and she's let me know she knows it. A nice mess you've got me into with your mushy affections, your bone head and your slack tongue! You big ass!"

Jim's fists knotted and his face grew scarlet; but he took it. Herbert glared challenge at him for a moment, and then turned on his heel and left him planted. So that was that.

Herbert was having a pretty hard time of it and he did not try to kid himself into the belief that he wasn't. You can't, if you lie awake night after night, thinking over and over of one thing and fighting an agonizing fight with thoughts that repel at one point, break through your defenses at another in overwhelming force. A hopeless thing when, in a miserable present, you are obliged to live over scene after scene of a happy past, recalling this that she said and recalling that that she said; recalling her voice with its every inflection, her smile here, her gay laughter there, her sweetly serious tone when she spoke of something else; recalling the sudden light of pleasure that flashed into her eyes at some sympathetic understanding. There was the devil of it—desperately to want somebody who never existed, to crave companionship that was aversion, a tenderness that was feigned to conceal cruel purpose, a sympathy that was antipathy! No, you couldn't kid yourself under such circumstances as those.

It was difficult enough to preserve an unconcerned appearance to the outside world of Deepdene. Still, for a week or two Herbert took his usual part in the social activities of the suburb and was at pains to make himself agreeable. Of course, he met Helen now and then. Something of an ordeal, that, for him, because she made no attempt to ignore him. Certainly she had, as he had decided at the outset, made the most of her social experience. She could smile at him. Well, he could smile, too, and did, and even exchanged commonplaces with her when it seemed necessary. Yet he knew that there were bitterness and malice in her heart, and if in a moment of weakness he should speak a word that was not trivial or betray by a look his miserable and unmanly yearning for her, in that instant she would repel him with a savage joy in whatever pain and humiliation she might be able to inflict.

He had proved that—tentatively—the first time of their meeting after her unworthy triumph. He had hoped that reflection might have brought repentance, that absence—an absence of four days—might have softened her heart; but at his first advance her face became a mask of cold, smiling hatred, and he stepped back and became faintly amused, rather bored, but politely endeavoring to conceal it. After that week or two he cut the crowd entirely.

"Too busy. A big grind of work and none too much time to get through with it, if"—and here it came out—"if we get off before the fifteenth of next month. Sure! The fifteenth! You don't think we're going to miss a Nevada winter, do you? And apart from our well-known winter sports, we've got my more or less aged father to think of. He thinks he wants a little family life again and needs the strong arm and active brain of his promising son. No, I don't think I'll sell the car. I believe I'll ship it." Thus Herbert.

So the Marches were leaving. March Senior really had threatened more than once to leave his business to rack and ruin and take a week off to fetch them; but Mrs. March was used to threats of that sort. Moreover, she had been trying to coax him to Chicago for a holiday. She herself had been having the time of her life, and had by no means exhausted the delights of the old town; but now, out of a clear sky, she wanted to go.

"Don't you think we had better, Bertie?" she asked Herbert one evening. "Or do you want to, boy?"

Herbert took his fingers out of his tumbled hair and raised a rather haggard face from the book over which he was bending.

"I guess so—yes—why, yes," he replied "I don't care. I'd just as soon. Yes, let's go." He turned a page—the first he had turned in an hour.

"Sometimes a change of scene does one a lot of good," said the mother. "I know this visit has done me good."

Herbert closed the book on a finger and laughed at her.

"You're a clever woman, dear," he said. "That last sentence showed superlative tact."

"I don't know what you mean," she told him.

But she did know; and after a few moments, seeing that he had resumed his book, she left him with a warning not to work too late, and sighed only after she had closed the door. She never forced her son's confidence, and her patience in waiting for it was generally rewarded. Still, she had ears to hear and a tongue to question discreetly elsewhere, and was, as Herbert had remarked, a clever woman.

Here it was the twenty-ninth. Only two weeks and two days, and Mrs. March already bending over trunks and sorting things to pack. No denying that it would be a relief to get off from eternal reminders and the sharp stab of occasional meetings. There would be little to regret. Only, perhaps, Jim. The poor idiot hadn't meant any harm. He, too, had been a victim of woman's duplicity, and probably would be until the end of his days. Think of falling in love with a Mildred—and marrying her! Too bad he would not see Jim again, after parting with him in anger; but Jim was off on a belated vacation somewhere in Northern Wisconsin, so it couldn't be helped.

Regretting this as Herbert did, it was with as much pleasure as surprise that he received a letter whose postmark and a round, scrawled return address told him that it was from Jim himself. He opened it and read:

Dear Friend Herbert: [All right then, if he felt friendly.] I am taking the little old self-filler in hand to hope that you have got over feeling sore at me. You know me. I ain't mad at nobody, myself, now, altho I sure came mighty near spanking you the last time I saw you. I don't blame you much for saying what you did, just the same, because it looked like I had given you a dirty deal, but I guess intentions count and I sure didn't intend to. Joe Petersen joined us here yesterday morning and he tells me that you are going to hit the trail back to the great wide open spaces where hot red blood runs in the veins of real, husky hemen, contrary to the cold milk and water that oozes out of us shemales when we cut our fingers. I'll tell the world that we've got some space out in this section, though; and if it isn't wide open, the guides know where you can get it. But I'm sorry that you're going, old top, and I feel mean to think that I maybe won't see you again for quite a while. But maybe I will, at that.

Joe gave us about all of the short and simple annals of the hamlet, I guess. If he missed anything I don't know what it was. And right here, old scout, I want to whisper something in your ear. It's straight from the feed box too. Now I don't want to butt in, but it doesn't seem to be any secret that you went all the way with a certain person. I guess you got interested and didn't realize what the consequences would have been if you had been taken up on your proposition; but, be that as it may, I want to tell you that you haven't got and never did have the right dope. Believe me, all that friendly and indifferent stuff is the bunk. You pulled a bloomer with it. Mind, I'm not blaming you for it, but you admit yourself that you're a rank amateur. You want to go after 'em hard, and you don't want to leave 'em in any doubt about your intentions. I've had experience, and I tell you that dope is right. Cave-man stuff, if necessary. I may be a bonehead, but if at any future time you get interested, you take your Uncle Jim's advice and you'll thank him for it.

Well, be good and don't take no bad money. I'm going to try to fix things so I can see you before you go. But if I don't, you'll know it's because I can't. There's a reason.

Yours as usual,

J. W. Palmer.

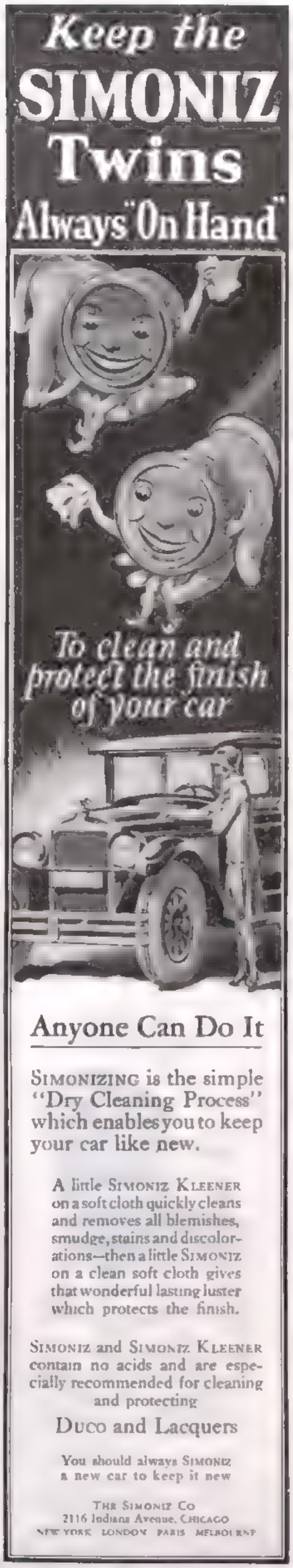
P. S. The fish are biting right along.

Herbert's first reaction to this was one of anger. Making camp gossip of his rejection, were they? He could imagine them joking about it. No, they wouldn't do that with Jim around either. Jim wasn't the sort to join in that kind of sport, nor would he tolerate ridicule of an absent friend. Rather funny, though, this assumption of superior wisdom. "I've had experience!" "Take your Uncle Jim's advice!"

He reread the letter and suddenly broke into laughter. Not the sardonic sort, but a fit of honest mirth, the first he'd indulged in for ages. Then he became thoughtful for a long, long time, and finally he started up, went out into the hall and slipped into a light overcoat.

"Mother!" he cried. Her distant voice answered him. "I'm going to run into town. Don't wait lunch for me; I won't be back until you see me."

Without waiting for further question, he hurried to the garage and got out his car. As he closed the garage doors, he muttered, "All right, Uncle Jim, I'll take your advice." Then he settled himself into the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Big business pays a lot of attention to bettering office conditions, not because big business is bigger hearted, but because it is bigger brained. The best customers we have for Sikes Office *Easy* Chairs are big executives. They know the value of comfortable chairs in getting more and better work out of an office staff.

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seat, slid out of the driveway into the road, stepped on the gas hard and was gone.

"Mr. Herbert March asking for ya," said the parlor maid, extending a card between her thumb and forefinger.

She had received it quite properly on the ritual salver, but she had her self-respect and there was a limit to foolishness, so she had left the salver on the table at the stair landing.

Helen looked up quickly. Her eyes widened, and then she drooped their lids languidly.

"I told you what to say, Estelle," she said coldly.

"I tol'm so," replied Estelle. "He said f'rme t'givya this, anyway." She poked the card forward again. "W'atli tell'm?"

Helen took the card, looked at it under knitted brows, saw the P. P. C. in the corner and tossed it aside.

"I suppose I shall have to see him," she said, in the same languid way. "Tell him, please, that I shall be down in a few minutes."

As the door closed, Helen's languor disappeared. She leaped to her feet and stood for a moment or two with her hands pressed closely to her bosom; then she went swiftly to her mirror and inspected the pale reflection that confronted her. She pulled open a drawer—too quickly—and it dropped from her trembling fingers and spilled its contents on the floor. From the scattered articles she retrieved such as she wanted, and leaving the rest, again confronted the mirror, in which the pale face gradually assumed a roseate bloom. Her tightly compressed lips relaxed and took on a deeper crimson tinge and then wreathed in a smile—not an extraordinarily pleasant smile, though. She tried it again.

From her toilet table she went at last to a closet, and swinging the door back, lo! another mirror, in which she surveyed herself from head to feet. What she saw there should have satisfied her, but did not, for she passed into the closet and presently came out with her arms laden. A few minutes more, and what had been an exceptionally orderly room was bestrewn with heedlessly flung apparel from open drawers that still gaped open and from an erstwhile neatly arranged shoe rack. The girl worked swiftly, but not surely, and now and then she stopped entirely and seemed, whether standing or sitting, to have become suddenly oblivious of her surroundings; rousing herself from this trancelike condition, after a moment or two, to resume her feverish activity. Yet when all was done, and after glancing at a tiny platinum watch that she had clasped on her wrist, she deliberately seated herself and waited.

Not calmly. From time to time she made, but almost instantly checked, a movement to rise. Her attitude was one of strained attention. Sometimes she seemed to listen and sometimes her lips moved soundlessly, but as if in speech. Occasionally she looked at her watch and twice held it to her ear. At last with what seemed to be a sudden impulse she sprang to the door, and pausing only for a moment, slowly descended the stairs.

Herbert should have been pacing the floor like a caged panther by all tradition, but he had ensconced himself comfortably in a capacious chair in the darkest corner of the room, so that she did not instantly see him. He got up and faced her.

"Oh, good afternoon, Mr. March," she said in a coolly pleasant voice.

"Do you observe that the right hand of fellowship is extended to you?" asked Herbert.

"So it is," she replied affably, raising her eyebrows as she glanced at the hand—"if that's what you choose to call it." She passed him and seated herself on a solitary chair. "Do, please, sit down for a moment or two," she said. "I'm afraid I haven't much time, but you might as well sit. . . . So you and your mother are leaving Deepdene? Your friends will be sorry."

Herbert perched himself on a corner of the library table, the right hand of fellowship supporting his chin and its elbow propped by his left hand. In this posture he regarded her with disconcerting intentness.

"Nice of you to call," said Helen sweetly. "It's a beautiful day, isn't it?"

Herbert made no reply, but continued to stare until she made an impatient movement.

"Why did you come down?" he asked.

"I understood that you wished to see me," she answered. "Perhaps it is mother you want to speak to. I'll go and see if —she went out, I think; but she may have ——"

"Why did you come down?" Herbert repeated.

"Really, Mr. March! Well, you seemed to be rather insistent. I believe the maid told you ——"

"She told me that you were out—yes. But that doesn't explain it at all. Politeness doesn't explain it, curiosity doesn't explain it. Shall I tell you why you came?"

Helen arose with dignified displeasure.

"I admit a feeling of curiosity, but I am sorry I indulged it," she said. "Perhaps you thought you had not insulted me sufficiently. I think that must have been ——"

She did not finish the sentence, because, as she was turning to go, Herbert suddenly caught her by both arms and held her, not ungently, but with a firmness that she felt it useless to struggle against.

"I see that I was right," she said, trying to speak evenly.

"You know that you are wrong," Herbert replied roughly. "I mean to hold you until I feel sure that you will listen to me. I'm not going to have you throw away your last chance of listening, and I'm not going to talk about the beautiful weather either. If you had thought that, you wouldn't have come down, would you? Be honest with me. Never mind whether I'm a rotter or not; you can be honest with a rotter. Would you have come down if you had not believed that I was going to try to justify myself, and hoped that I might be able to?"

"Perhaps not," she admitted. "One likes to be able to think charitably of people."

"That was only partly honest," said Herbert. He had never for an instant taken his eyes off her face. "You have grown thinner," he said, after a moment, as if talking to himself. "I think you are paler than you used to be, but you have painted your face so that —— Don't be angry, and don't try to get away. I think you have been suffering a little too. I hope you have. If it is any satisfaction to you to know that I have suffered you are welcome to the assurance."

"If you will be kind enough to let me go I'll promise to listen," she told him—"if you think you can justify your behavior."

Herbert released her.

"I'm not sure that I can, but this is what I want to tell you," he answered: "I had a friend who was in trouble over a girl who didn't seem to care for him, and he asked my advice. Being a prize idiot, and knowing nothing whatever about girls, I gladly advised him. Being of a helpful disposition"—he gave a short, bitter laugh—"I volunteered to demonstrate my theories of love-making if he would select a suitably difficult subject. I can't justify that. I'm hot with shame whenever I think of it. Still, I had called only a few times on the difficult subject before I realized that I was acting like a cad. Then I stopped. I told my friend that I was through. It was understood that he was to manage his own love affair without my example and—so that was the end of that."

"I don't quite understand," said Helen. "You say you stopped. How stopped, may I ask?"

"For two days I kept away entirely from that young lady," replied Herbert, with a faint smile. "I determined not to see her again any more than I could help, although I was strongly attracted to her. Then it occurred to me that as there was no longer any question of love-making, there was nothing to prevent a friendship between us if she would so honor me. I didn't know that Jim Palmer had foolishly confided our secret to a third person, believing that it would remain a secret. Jim didn't tell me that. So I walked into this fools' paradise of friendship and discovered my new friend to be the dearest, sweetest, most companionable being I could have imagined—far beyond anything that I had imagined she might be. She became dearer and dearer to me every day; she became a part of me, a condition of my existence dearer and dearer—always in my thoughts.

"Then one afternoon I made a discovery—that I was in love with her—deeply, irrevocably in love with her."

Helen drew a quick breath and flashed an upward glance at him as he paused.

"I told her so—and she laughed at me," Herbert continued. "It seemed that she had known all along of this stupid scheme of two stupid young men, and that she had resolved to punish the chief offender by making him love her—by raising him to heaven's heights so that she might plunge him the deeper into—we'll say humiliation. She had been acting a part all the time—acting wonderfully—concealing her outraged pride and showing the victim nothing but a false kindness. Day by day, day by day!"

"Mildred had only just told me," Helen said in a low voice.

"Ah!" cried Herbert. There was a world of relief in that exclamation; yet, oddly, his self-possession seemed somehow shaken. "I—I only considered that possibility this morning," he said. "I've been unjust to you."

"No more than I was to you," said Helen quickly.

"But you came down. And you are going to forgive me and think kindly of me again?"

"I'll—I'll try to," she told him tremulously.

He took an eager step toward her, but checked himself.

"That wasn't exactly what I meant," he said. "I mean—I want you to understand. You mustn't be uncertain for a minute of what I want. You haven't forgotten, have you, that I told you that I loved you? Oh, Nell, I want you to love me a little, if you can."

"I can't do that, Bert," she told him sadly.

He was silent for a moment.

"Then it's good-by?" he said at last.

As she did not answer, he sighed and turned away. He was almost at the door—a mournful figure enough—when she called, "Bert! I said I couldn't a little."

On the fourteenth of the month Jim Palmer returned from his vacation and almost at once hurried over to the Marches' and, brown as a berry and beaming like the noonday sun, burst into Herbert's dismantled room and manhandled and mauled its occupant with ursine enthusiasm.

"Good little guy!" he cried. "Attaboy! I've heard all about it and I'm plumb rej'iced. Sorry for poor Helen, but somebody's always got to get the worst of it. You little skeezicks! Took my advice, did you? Didn't I tell you? Listen, shrimp: there's a heap about differential calculus and arthritis I don't know; but when it comes to girl I'm one of the wisest birds ever. So you're coming back in a couple of months to get bumped off! Fine! Jim will be right at your side to see you through and take your last message. If you could hold off until next June we could make it a double event. Yes, sir!

"Gosh! I didn't mean to knock you over. Didn't hurt you, did I? Yes, sir, I'm elected. Everything settled. Her folks resigned and mine reasonably glad. I won't say how I feel about it, but I tell you, Helpful, she's the loveliest, sweetest, prettiest ——"

"I know, I know," said Herbert tolerantly. "So you've settled matters, have you? Well, old fellow, I congratulate you, but I think Miss Mildred is to be congratulated too."

"Mildred, my foot!" exclaimed Jim. "Are you crazy? It isn't Mildred, you poor fish; not in a thousand years! It's a girl I met up in Wisconsin."

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TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 37)

cooperation of all other department heads. I did not wait for them to offer it; I made the first overtures in every case. I went to them for ideas, for suggestions and for help.

"As I surveyed the situation I saw at once there were at least six men, any one of whom could bring about my failure. There was the credit manager, the advertising manager, the production manager, the treasurer, the traffic manager, the sales-promotion manager, to say nothing of several vice presidents. I felt that the president, who hired me, would do all he could, but even a president can't force an old department manager to help a new department manager if he doesn't want to.

"I knew the credit manager could seriously handicap my work in getting new accounts, if he desired to set up arbitrary limitations. The advertising manager could withhold cooperation, not visibly, but in a subtle, half-apparent sort of way, and literally tie my hands if he wanted to, or if he tried to run the department in his own way without working with me.

"The treasurer could handicap me in a dozen ways. He could pare down certain appropriations; he could withhold certain vital facts and figures concerning costs and expenses. The traffic manager could permit his department to slow up distribution to such an extent that we could quickly lose any gains which might come as a result of my plans.

"In the palm of each of six or more men my fortune rested. Business is so organized today that even a slight inertia in any one department will vitally affect every other department. Never before was the old saying about the weakest link in a chain so true.

"After I made a careful preliminary study I saw that each of these various executives was running his department single-handed; each man did things as he saw best; each man looked at the business through the eyes of his own department. There wasn't any apparent antagonism or ill-feeling, yet there was a vague undercurrent of a you-let-me-alone-and-I'll-let-you-alone spirit pervading the entire organization.

"My job, as I saw it, was to dovetail my work with the work of each of these various key executives. First, I asked the credit manager to take lunch with me. I asked him what complaints he had to register against the sales department. When he had unburdened himself at some length, I definitely promised to correct several of the faults he pointed out. I asked nothing in return, nor did I make any counter complaints or accusations.

"Then I set about correcting the faults he pointed out. None were serious; rather they were just small, but annoying, little matters which irked him. Correcting them improved our department and enlisted him as a booster for me."

A Harvest of Ideas

"The production manager had similar small complaints. He couldn't see why we had to wait until April to start selling a certain item which was shipped in May. He claimed that his costs were increased 25 per cent through having an avalanche of rush orders in April and May. I promised to make an early start. I even promised to sell as much before April as had been sold in the past by the first of May. At the time I didn't know exactly how I would keep my promise, but I felt that it could be done. I persuaded our salesmen to start selling this item in January, and not only stole a march on our competitors by starting three months ahead of the season, but I released our salesmen for other more important items during April and May. This one stroke won the production manager's everlasting gratitude. He said he had advocated the idea for years, but everyone told him he was crazy.

"From one department head to another I went, seeking complaints, ideas and suggestions. Honestly, I found enough loose ideas lying around unused to last for a year.

"Each man has his pet peeve and his pet obsession. Each man thought I was an unusually efficient sales manager because I was willing to try some of his ideas.

"The credit manager used to demand fourteen to twenty days to investigate a new account. Now he investigates accounts of prospective buyers before the salesmen call. So we ship fourteen to twenty days quicker than we did in the past to new customers. That was one of my suggestions to him, but I made it only after I had tried some of his suggestions.

"For every suggestion I have put into practice I have been able to advance one of my own, and get it acted upon, or at least tried. Mind you, all the suggestions and ideas were available for all of my predecessors. But they chose to give orders and take no suggestions. I chose to take suggestions and get things done without giving orders.

"It has become a hobby of mine, this gathering of dormant ideas. It has paid me well too. I am getting credit for being an excellent sales manager because I made a success of a job where four well-known men failed. But I only used the tools they scorned. Perhaps that is putting it too strong. I suppose I should say I used the tools they thought they could get along without. I think every executive in this business feels that he has played a real part in the success of the sales department. And each one of them is right. He has."

After I talked with this sales manager I talked with several of his fellow department managers. Without knowing it, they all confirmed what he said. Each of them told me what a corking good sales manager their company had. One man summed up the situation in a nutshell when he said, "Why, that boy will turn heaven and earth for me."

Little did he realize that in turning heaven and earth for him the sales manager was insuring himself that the other man would, at some later date, turn heaven and earth for him.

Free But Dependent

Hundreds of men are failing every day because of the inertia of their fellow executives. Hundreds of others are failing because they think they can step into an organization and play a lone, but successful hand. There isn't one executive position out of a hundred that isn't so dovetailed with a dozen others that it can be managed independently.

The advertising manager may fail because he can't win the coöperation of the forelady in the mailing department; a shipping clerk in a corner of the shipping room may put a millstone around the sales manager's neck; a thoughtless correspondent may take the heart out of an important branch manager. So the man who can induce men to pull together need fear no failure. Like the sales manager who told of his success, he can succeed on the loose ideas he finds unused in every department.

—EUGENE WHITMORE.

BOSTON'S BEST

(Continued from Page 25

the balls introducing girls to society are given in their parents' houses, but it is becoming necessary, even when a house is very large, to divide the lists and give two parties instead of one. There are several clubs which are sometimes used for this purpose, and there are several hotels in favor; it is typical of Boston that the less expensive of these is considered the smarter. But unless some line of demarcation is found presently, everyone will have to relinquish the custom of making this sort of entertaining a personal affair of their own individual background, and adopt stereotyped surroundings hired for the occasion.

Incidentally, the mother of one of the hundred and fifty debutantes of this year found it imperative to cut down the number of guests for her daughter's ball and tried for days to find some basis for exclusion.

It was then that she realized how cohesive society was because of the close relationship and intermarriage between so many of its members. Finally, in desperation, she induced an experienced social secretary to go through the pages of typewritten names of young men and mark after them "D" or "S."

Spending Without Splurging

"'S' were the ones I asked," she explained. "It stood for sober. And it was the only way I could find to make the list small enough!"

One of the results of basing membership in society upon family affiliations has been to make competition in mere expenditure of money of much less importance than it attains in most other cities. Money counts very little in Boston. There are occasionally newcomers of wealth who attempt to buy their way into society, but they do not often succeed. There is, moreover, a suspicion among the older generation that entertaining which is too elaborate and too costly is in itself vulgar and marks the outsider as not belonging to our best people.

The Bostonian likes to have things done well, and he appreciates the dignity of a perfectly executed dinner, but he will not spend money on what is known as splurging. He will live with comfort and he may own delightful houses in town and in the country and at the seashore, but he will try, when he does spend money, to get full value.

"We let the new rich plaster their ballroom walls with orchids and import jazz orchestras hundreds of miles for a single night's entertainment," one of them said. "But we don't particularly like that kind of thing—except as an occasional spectacle, like going to the theater. It certainly doesn't make us think that the people who do it are going to be so congenial that we want to rush to invite them into our own homes."

Of course the fact that most Bostonians possess fortunes which are secure, even when not large, makes them all the more aloof from the temptation to welcome outsiders simply because they spend money freely. This temptation is powerful in communities, such as may be found today in Europe and in our own South, when families of traditional leadership have become unexpectedly poor.

"Whenever I hear people begin to use the phrase 'our impoverished aristocracy,'" someone said, "I know that it's only a question of a short time before the new rich will be controlling their society."

And it is equally true that in young and growing communities, where a man's worth is measured by the size of his income, there is usually an easy road of expenditure leading up to social supremacy. Boston, however, does not come under either of these categories. Most of its families of acknowledged prestige still have money and its days of vigorous commercial enterprise are over. These two factors contribute much that is unique in its social life; some of their results are delightful; about others there is question.

"There are too many cousins and aunts and connections by marriage everywhere," said one critical member of an old family. "It's all very well to say that this produces a charming, effortless society, but it also produces monotony and something very like stagnation. What we need is an infusion of new blood—some interesting people whose ancestors had never heard of Beacon Hill."

Wholesale Invitations

"But think of all the young men from Cambridge who swarm to the debutante parties," someone protested. "Isn't that new blood?"

"Certainly not! They are under the influence of Boston. It affects them. They don't change it. Their chief rôle is to supply three or four dancing partners for every girl. Anyway most of them either come from New England or are friends of New Englanders, or they wouldn't be on the lists. They are part of Boston."

When a serious-minded youngster asked a subdeb whether she approved of two or three social clubs at Harvard, she answered, quite seriously, "Oh, they're splendid. Why, they are so exclusive that it's quite safe just to send invitations for dances to the secretaries for the whole membership, instead of having to look up each name."

The current impression is that most hostesses do not spend much time in looking up individuals, however. The usual method is to use the season's list, which is usually compiled by a professional social secretary. In making the original list, which is afterward passed from hostess to hostess, she will usually include without question, as the subdeb said, the entire membership of certain clubs—men who have distinguished themselves, usually in athletics—and of course the majority will be drawn from Boston families.

Not long ago two undergraduates who roomed together saw an interesting example of the social advantage which an out-of-town man sometimes possesses. Both of them had been brought up in the same Western city, but two years before he came to Harvard, while he was still at preparatory school, the father of one of them had moved to Boston for business reasons. Therefore, in the catalogue, his son put down Boston as his home address, although he had never lived there. The man whose family had remained in the West was invited to all the Boston debutantes' parties, while his friend was never asked. At first they were astonished, then, as they began to understand the selective process by which names were chosen, they realized that whoever had made out the list had omitted the name with Boston after it, confident that, as the name was unknown there, he could not be eligible.

It is said that a foreigner once asked a Boston girl if there were any class distinctions in Boston.

"N-no, I don't think so," she replied. "I think the class of 1924 is not very different from 1925 or '6."

As far as debutante and subdebutante life is concerned, society centers around Cambridge.

As someone said, "All of the invited and most of the uninvited men at dances are from Harvard."

She spoke of one ball last year to which twenty-two hundred invitations were issued.

(Continued on Page 75)

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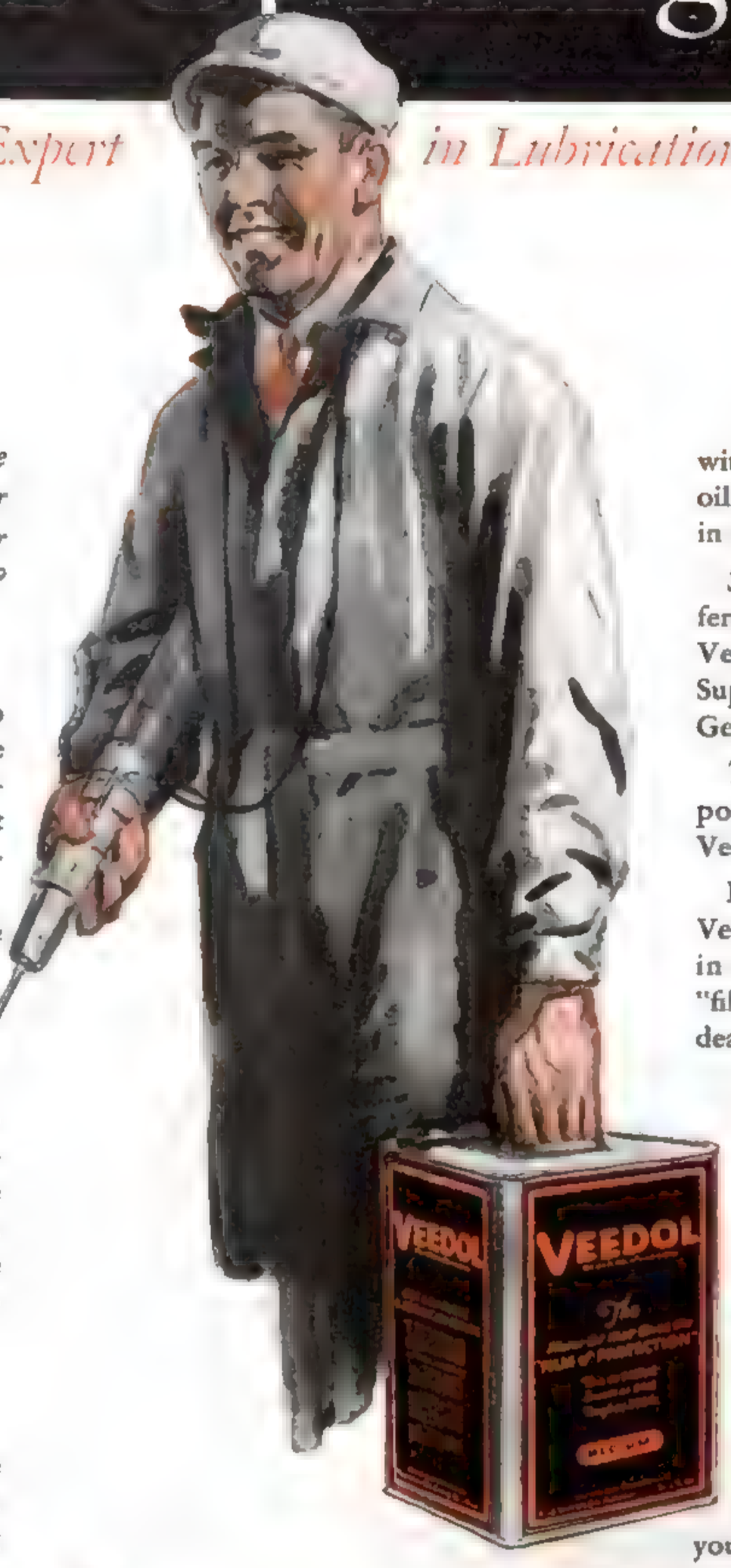

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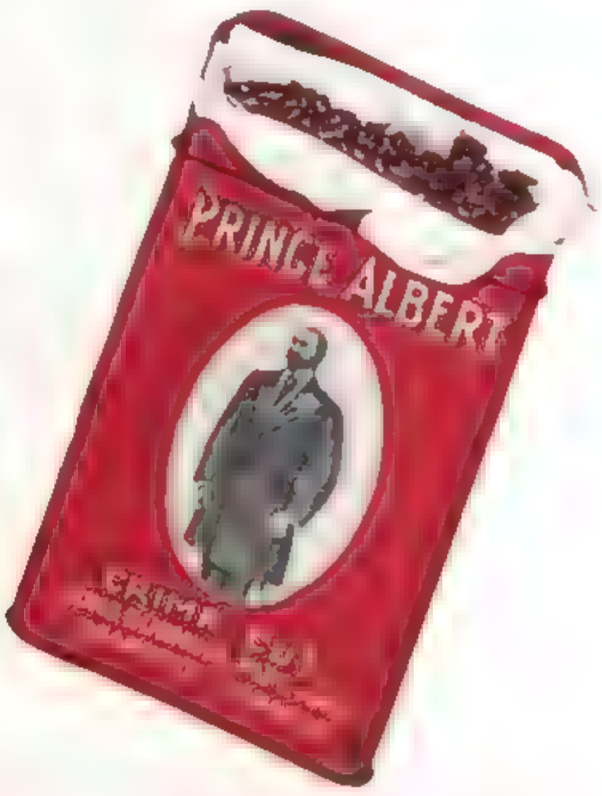
SOME fellows are like that. Maybe it's long practice. Maybe it's instinct. It doesn't matter. I know I picked a winner when I wrote "Prince Albert" in my personal smoke-column. I have never had occasion to cross it out. It's there in indelible ink—to stay!

I knew I was on the right track the minute I got that first whiff of P. A. in the tidy red tin. It was fragrant and refreshing as mountain air. The first fire-up confirmed my belief that here was the one tobacco for me. It was cool and consoling. It tasted great!

Prince Albert is so mild that you can go to it, load upon load, morning to midnight. Yet it has the full tobacco body that lets you know you're smoking. It is so considerate of your tongue and throat. It's just a winner any way you look at it. It will win you too.

That's my guess, anyhow. I suggest that you get squared away immediately on this important matter. Your pipe can be either a cheer or a chore, depending on the tobacco you pack it with. There's no other tobacco anywhere like good old Prince Albert for *real* pipe-joy.

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.



PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

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(Continued from Page 70

There were seventeen hundred acceptances, but the total number of guests reached twenty-one hundred. This meant four hundred gate crashers.

"I don't see why we don't use cards of admission to be presented at the door," she said.

"We're so awfully careful about letting only the invited guests get into a wedding, where, after all, the bride is pretty well protected, no matter who comes. But any stray man in evening clothes can come into a ball and dance with a deb!"

One wonders what those stern old Puritans, who in 1636 organized Harvard University, would think of the way its proximity is regarded by the average young girl of today. There was a long period when its influence upon New England life was powerful due to the fact that most of the clergy were educated there, and the clergy led the community.

"And even now," someone said, "you can look at even the most frivolous branches of our society and see some traces of this strong religious feeling of the past. I don't know that our young people go to church any more than any other—although I suspect more of our older ones do—but did you ever stop to think that in Boston people don't give balls on Saturday night, the way they do in most cities? That's one result of the old Puritan tradition anyway."

The Great Harvard Influence

In no other city of America has the influence of a university been so powerful a social factor. New York seems scarcely conscious of the existence of Columbia University. The group of buildings and the green campus way up on the West Side form no part of the fashionable New Yorker's cosmos. Moreover, many men who are most prominent in the activities of the city have graduated from Yale or Princeton or Harvard or some smaller Southern or Western college. And in Chicago the same condition exists. To be sure, in both places, when a guest of national or international distinction arrives or when the citizens desire to give intellectual tone to some particular occasion, they will solicit the attendance of certain members of their universities' faculties. But in no place is there the close interweaving which has knit Boston and Cambridge.

Someone said to the mother of a subdeb, "I suppose the intellectual influence of Harvard upon Boston is very great."

"I haven't time even to consider that," she replied; "I am so busy with its social influence. It controls all the activities of the young."

The first proof of Harvard's dominance in this regard can be seen in the fact that all the Friday nights for 1927 and 1928 are already engaged for coming-out parties. All, that is, except those which occur during the mid-year examinations in February. At this time everything comes to a dead stop. This is such a matter of course that a young Boston girl who was in Rome during February of one year when someone spoke of the social season ending temporarily—meaning, of course, because Lent was beginning—said, "Why, I didn't know they had mid-years over here too!"

Friday is not only the day always chosen for debutante affairs, but Friday nights mean to the subdeb the dances which represent the last stages of her social preparation before she comes out. They are simpler, of course, than the functions enjoyed by the full-fledged debutantes, but they are attended by exactly the same girls and boys who will next year meet at more formal parties.

A Weighty Problem

A Bostonian ran into a former classmate from out of town early this autumn, and took him home informally to dinner. When they were alone over coffee and cigars, the visitor asked a great many questions about the other's affiliations with their Alma Mater.

"I envy you so your opportunity of keeping in touch with it."

"Well," said the Bostonian, "so far there's only been one problem in connection with Harvard that I've ever been called upon to decide."

The stranger was interested at once. "And what is that?"

The host glanced toward the library, where his wife and eighteen-year-old daughter were busily engaged in blue-penciling long lists of names. "The burning question is—shall freshmen be invited to coming-out parties, or shall we ask no one under sophomores?"

Certainly to the average girl—and at such times to her father and mother, too—the proximity of the oldest university in America means chiefly a source of endless young men for dances.

But where marriage—that next step of social life—is concerned, one finds that despite the number of these young men from outside there are surprisingly few marriages between them and Boston girls. This may be due in part to the fact that most of them are not in a position to marry until some years after they have left college and that by this time they have either gone home or are seeking their fortunes in New York or Chicago—rarely in Boston.

On the other hand, Boston society contains many outside—one might almost say alien—wives of Boston men.

"The boys begin, when they are about eight, to go to dancing school with their cousins and their sisters' friends, and year after year they see these same girls. Even in the summers they are pretty apt to go to the same places. They see them constantly. So of course when the girls are finally eighteen and come out, they are so well known by all the young men that all novelty is gone," one of the older generation explained. "The visiting girl has an advantage in all communities, but in Boston she has more than in any other city. Moreover, Boston girls often are provincial."

One of the out-of-town wives was questioned about the truth of this assertion. "It's all true," she answered. "For instance, just the other day, at tea at my own house—and I came from the Western Coast, you know—a cousin of my husband was talking about the dreadful prospect in store for her because her husband's class reunion was approaching. She said, 'Oh, dear, what shall I do? John will insist upon asking all those strange men from Dubuque, Illinois, and Denver and every place, and I don't know what to talk to them about! Why, I—I'm lost with a woman from Worcester!'"

And anyone who cares to look up the geographical distance from Boston to Worcester will get some idea of the spiritual isolation of this particular Bostonian.

However, once a stranger has been accepted, she is admitted by gradual stages into every shrine except one. The first thing that shows her that she will be taken eventually into the heart of society is apt to be an invitation to join the sewing circle of a certain year. The year will be fixed by the date of her coming-out, no matter where it occurred. Each year there is a new organization formed of the current debutantes, called simply "The 1910 Sewing Circle," or "The 1926 Sewing Circle." During the first year the members usually meet for luncheon once a week, but later on the meetings become less and less frequent. There are vacancies from time to time, and the girl from out of town who is asked to fill one of them will have gone a long way toward becoming one of Boston's best.

She may be asked, too, to join the Chilton Club, which is the smartest women's club, corresponding to the Colony Club in New York. Its president, incidentally, is as nearly the acknowledged leader of society as is any one person.

The Unattainable Privilege

In time of sickness or misfortune the stranger will find kindliness and generosity flowing from people whom at first she had thought cold and inconsiderate. She will find that, although there is not the spontaneity or warmth of the South or West, the quality of friendliness which time brings her in Boston is of the finest.

"In fact, there is only one privilege occasionally accorded to native daughters which she will not be allowed to enjoy," declared a New York woman who often visits in Boston. "The outsider may do everything else, but she must not misbehave."

Misbehavior, she went on to say, is not welcomed, regardless of its source, but if it occurs, the miscreant, to be forgiven, must be one of the best. For in that case an alibi is always ready. If a really well-bred Bostonian elopes with someone else's husband, for instance, or violates any of the conventions, it is certain to be attributed to the fact that she had a great-aunt who was a little queer, or that her grandfather married his first cousin.

The power of family tradition, which extends even to scandals, is shown in a more pleasant way by the kind of Sundays which the typical Bostonian leads. During a comparatively few years Sunday has become

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throughout America, a day neither of worship nor of rest so much as one of searching for amusement. The old-fashioned family dinner has disappeared with the other traditions, especially among the younger generation. But in Boston, perhaps because of the greater impersonality which exists even among close relatives, Sunday is apt to prove the occasion for a family gathering. There is usually one house, often in the country, where two or three generations of the same family will always gather for luncheon or supper.

It may be that the close affiliation of members of the same clan is due, as one of the ablest young novelists declares, to the realization that as individuals they would not have so much significance. Or it may be, as in the case of not dancing on Sundays, that even the most worldly minded still retain something of the early New England religious influence.

For the Puritan's belief was that each family was a church in itself, and the father of the family was capable of carrying on religious service. This identity of religion with family was bound to have a lasting effect, even though in time the original reasons for it were forgotten.

The Southern wife of a Bostonian declares that even into their love of the city itself this matter of family enters.

"The narrow crooked streets which confuse me, and sometimes when I get lost irritate me dreadfully, delight my husband because his ancestors wound their way in and out of them. And he loves all the funny little bookshops, and even, I think, the stores where more low-heeled shoes are sold per foot than in any other place in the world. But best of all he loves the old wharves. Now to me the smell of salt air and dead fish, and so on, is as bad one place as another, but my husband says that here the smell is absolutely unique. He sniffs it the way a circus horse sniffs sawdust.

"'Why, my father came down here every day after school,' he says, 'and his father, too, when he was a boy. And they used to watch the ships unload, and grandfather used to sail boats of hemlock bark from one wharf to another. Of course it doesn't smell like any other sea!'"

This same girl insists that her courtship was conducted entirely on Boston Common—that beautiful natural park in the center of the city's shopping district.

Meet the Folks

"I had gone up to visit his sister," she said, "and every day, on some excuse or other, Ned took me into the Common. It's a nice enough place, and I dutifully admired the elm trees and the frog pond and the Brewer fountain and everything he pointed out, but still I couldn't see why he was so persistent about taking me there. Finally, on the day before I was leaving for home, he said, 'I want you to understand all about me before I ask you a very important question.' So he took me again to the Common, but this time he went straight on to the burying ground, and there he pointed out all the graves of his great-grandfathers and maternal great-uncles, and so on. When he had finished, he said, 'Well, now you know all about me. Do you think I could make you happy?'"

Of course she tells the story with a certain embroidery of post-marital humor, but it illustrates a significant factor in the viewpoint of Bostonians.

"When men are in the courting stage," she added, "they always try to put their best foot forward. Some of them will tell you about their rating in Bradstreet, or of the good clubs to which they belong, or how many women have been in love with them, or even what the Prince of Wales said when they were introduced. But not Ned. He wanted to let me know what kind of people his were, generation after generation. In his mother's house he showed me the lowboys and highboys and the family clocks and desks and all the old silver. I tell you when you get a New Englander you're not buying a pig in a poke. You can find out exactly what he's like without even seeing him."

Two generations ago Julia Ward Howe said to a young painter who had done many portraits of Bostonians, "Given age and sex, couldn't you construct a Cabot?"

The greatest difference between Boston and the rest of the country lies in this significant fact that one finds there an unequaled continuity of family standards. There is no place in the world where family is more important. The myriad descendants of Annecke Jans in New York, the Southerners who are related to Lord Baltimore and half the gentry of England and Normandy, have no conception of the importance which family attains in New England. For there it is no mere matter of naming one or two famous ancestors and shining in the reflected light of that dim and constantly dimming halo of distinction. In Boston, generation after generation bears the same name, lives in the same approximate neighborhoods, goes to the same places in the summer, and sends its children to the same schools and universities.

A Novelty for the Novelist

There are outsiders in Boston society, however, and coincident with the economic changes of the past decade, there are more and more of them. But the essential point is that they are rarely absorbed, as they are in many cities, nor do they often take the lead, as is sometimes the case in New York. In Boston they usually remain conscious of themselves as outsiders.

A man from the Southwest who now lives in Boston declared the other day that there are no people more hospitable or kinder than New Englanders, after you get to know them.

"And how long does that take?" someone asked.

"Well, I've lived here twenty years and I'm just getting acquainted!" he answered.

On the other hand, there are people from outside who come to Boston to live and who are in every way qualified for association with the best, but who declare that this society is so lacking in variety and vitality that they have no desire to become part of it.

One such family, who, probably because they made no effort to penetrate the high walls of exclusiveness, were taken in with unusual promptness, declared eventually that the only way to enjoy oneself in Boston was to remain outside.

"I had always supposed that it was a center of intellectual life, and I had imagined that one would go out to dinner and meet all manner of interesting people. But after we'd gone out for some time I realized that this was just a myth. We saw very nice conservative people whose ancestors had been distinguished, and we met the smart hunting crowd—who are the same the world over—and the young set. If we did meet writers or painters anywhere at dinner my hostess always very carefully explained that they were awfully well connected, and intimated that they really only wrote or painted as a pastime."

She found that the de luxe Bohemia of New York does not exist in Boston, that there is almost no café life, and that due to the rigidity of the program of most people's days, it was extremely difficult to inject spontaneity into entertaining. Occasionally, when interesting people from out of town appeared unexpectedly she tried arranging impromptu entertainments, but finally gave it up.

"Of course part of it is due to their lack of interest in all but the most distinguished visitors. And even in the case of the famous ones there's no scramble to meet them, such as one finds in other places. But even when they do want to accept invitations at the last moment, they can't, because in addition to their ordinary social engagements, they are so occupied with committee meetings and boards of directors and philanthropic work—most of which they have inherited along with their old silver and mahogany."

She told of an unforgettable experience which she had undergone during her first year. A very well-known woman writer, whom she had met in Europe, wrote her that she would be there for a day or two, so, several weeks in advance, she asked a group of women to luncheon in her honor.

"But no one had told me that it's fatal to give a luncheon in Boston on Friday!" she mourned. "So I chose this day. I noticed that the first two women I invited both said, 'Yes, I'll come if you are lunching at one o'clock,' so I named that as the hour. I just assumed that they had other engagements early in the afternoon. It didn't occur to me then that all of Boston's best go to the symphony concert every Friday! And of course someone was very late. I can still see her coming into the drawing-room, where we all sat looking at our watches, saying, 'Oh, my dear, I am so sorry, but I quite forgot it was symphony day!' Well, as everyone—except the guest of honor and me—was going to the concert and wanted to be there promptly at 2:30, luncheon was rushed through and no one stayed, even a second after coffee had been served, to talk to the novelist."

A matter of minor surprise to the newcomer is the earliness of the hour at which women—particularly those of the older generation—are apt to pay calls. In other places this is rarely done before five, but in Boston they may come any time after three. Their days are so systematized that they consider it foolish to waste those hours between luncheon and tea, regardless of the convention in other places. When one asks who is the leader today of Boston's best, the answer is usually made that there is no one acknowledged arbiter. Yet it sometimes seems as if the influence which controls it is the spirit of the best of the past; not only those uncompromising Puritans of the stern-and-rock-bound-coast tradition, who believed so firmly that the family unit constituted the church, but also that vigorous enterprising crowd of the early nineteenth century, who made great fortunes in all manner of ways and then declared solemnly that they would "make Boston the city of God."

Chronic Pointing With Pride

Today the great-great-granddaughters of these men may smile at the naïveté of an assertion like this. But the daily program of their older sisters and their mothers and their friends will bear testimony to the extraordinary number of charitable, educational and cultural endowments with which these ancestors tried to put their theory into practice. In fact the most exclusive of all the debutante organizations—much smaller than the Junior League or the Sewing Circle—is the Vincent Club. Only the most talented or the most beautiful or the most popular of the debutantes are elected to its membership, and it is an honor eagerly sought for. The Vincent Show, which they give, is the most fashionable performance of the season. Yet it exists solely for the benefit of the charity hospital whose name it bears.

The critics who complain of the domination of Boston by the past, are apt to concentrate on its lack of cosmopolitan flavor and ignore the fact that this very thing constitutes most of Boston's charm. It may be true that society there lacks the variety and the brilliance which other cities furnish, but it is more importantly true that in an era of nomadic tendencies and indiscriminate affiliations, Boston, more than any other center, maintains its own individuality and adheres to its own standards.

And the more that one considers separately these standards, which are often high and unworldly, the more one agrees with the Western girl who said, after a season there, "When you first come to Boston everybody seems always to be showing you things of interest; and they always do it with the same gesture. They always point with pride! But after you've begun to see what it all means, you think, 'Well, with their record, who wouldn't?'"

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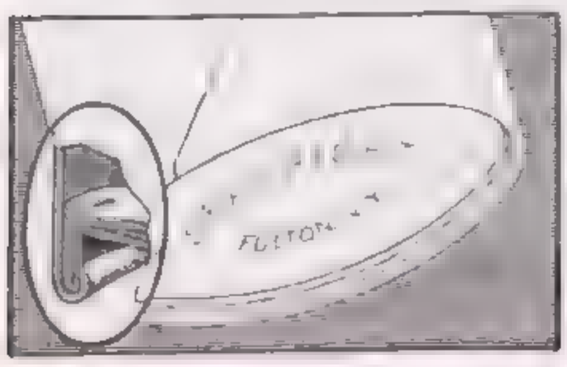

NEIGHBORS

(Continued from Page 27)

conduct of an involved plan. One must keep an unflurried mind and a resolution backed by cold judgment, and he had been gravely in danger of losing both. In short, Walter had discovered what it was to be frightened; for a short time it had seemed to him that his actions had collected behind him in a sturdy mass and, with their shoulders against his back, were jostling him to the brink of a precipice. But the sun was shining again.

True, there were still clouds in the west, ominous clouds, but he fancied he had the magic with which to dispel them. Give him time now—a few days, a week, two weeks at most—and he believed he could bring it off with glowing success; even to a success he had not contemplated.

This optimism was due to two causes—he had added a new factor to his plan, and there had arrived an official of the Consolidated Lumber Corporation to look into conditions. The plan carried Walter a step farther than he had contemplated going, and was not a nice plan according to the standards of more ethical gentlemen. But it seemed necessary, which was sufficient for Walter. It involved a maximum of treachery, and against one of his own blood; but if well contrived and efficiently carried through, it would free him of all suspicion and leave his hands unstained. James was to be the object of these attentions.

As to the arrival of Mr. Woodson, of the Consolidated, Walter had come through with colors nailed to the masthead. He had rather anticipated some such visit and was ready. He met Mr. Woodson at the station and escorted him to the mill, where, for a long day, they conferred. In this conference Walter had but one object, and that was to avert the sending of a substitute for Warren Cross—and he succeeded. Indeed, he did rather better than that.

"Mr. Woodson," he said, "I'm relieved that you've come to see exactly how things stand."

"I'm worried about Cross," Woodson said. "That was a terrible thing, and I feel responsible in a way, for I recommended that he be sent here. You feel sure he is out of danger?"

"The Old Doc says so," Walter said. "And it was a great relief to me. A fine man, Cross. It was a difficult position for him, but I must say for him that no man could have handled it more fairly. Naturally I knew there was dissatisfaction with my management—due, as I shall show you, to events which I should have controlled very soon—but there was never friction between Cross and myself. A fine young man and an able young man."

"He's all of that."

"The big mistake," Walter said, "was in changing the ownership of the mill. We should never have sold, and you should never have bought."

"Perhaps."

"Fact, and I've regretted it. I was more or less forced into it by my family. You see we're queer folks up here; clannish and a little ingrowing. This mill was a sort of town affair. Perrigos ran it and half the town was supported by it. We knew every man, and most of them had worked for us since the day they commenced working. It was second nature with them to work for the Perrigos."

"I suppose there's something in that."

"A great deal. . . . The town resented our selling to you. People felt we had no right to sell. We're a queer lot," he repeated. "I suppose they thought they had some sort of vested right." He laughed. "My brother and I were in bad with everybody."

"I see."

"Well, that's where production dropped. They would work their heads off for the old mill—it was second nature to them. But you folks brought in something of the notion of absentee landlordism. That's the idea. Their backs were up."

"I see," repeated Mr. Woodson.

"It hit every place. People we bought supplies from wouldn't make the same deals they made with us. They as good as said strangers owned the mill, so let's sting them. You know how it is."

"I do," Mr. Woodson said grimly.

"And there was even a little active deviltry—especially in the woods. It was a bad mess."

"It was," Mr. Woodson agreed.

"It seemed to me," Walter said, "the only course was to take it easy. When they saw they were being treated just as we used to treat them, and they were still, in effect, dealing with us Perrigos, I figured they would slip back into the old habits and sort of forget about you folks. It was commencing to work out. I feel we would have been back where we were in another six months. I know it."

"You're making a case," said Mr. Woodson.

"I should have come down to see you," Walter said regretfully, "but my hands were pretty full right here. Naturally you didn't understand, not being on the ground—and then Cross came. That tipped the bucket over again. It waved the fact of absentee ownership—corporation ownership—in their faces again. Now it's all to do over again."

"Cross was told to be diplomatic."

"And he was. People took to him, but as an individual. They resented him as a representative of a foreign corporation. No man could have done more than he, nor done it better. But they got it into their heads he was sent to kick us Perrigos out, and they didn't like that. The idea of having to deal with strangers sort of disturbed them. But I think this unfortunate accident has done away with a great deal of that."

"You mean?"

"Why, as I say, folks liked him. And when this happened, with him up here away from old friends and all, the town was mighty sorry for his little wife. Sympathy does a lot to do away with resentment."

"I'm and this strike?"

"Well, that was the only act of Cross' I could criticize It wasn't just the time to cut wages, even if that seemed a necessary course. When he had those notices of a 10 per cent cut posted, they just walked out"

"I'm surprised. It doesn't sound like Cross to use that sort of judgment."

"Probably," said Walter, "he was worried, and wanted to get results on the jump. After all he's a young man. And when he was hurt and the order was out, I was powerless. I think I could get the men back in a week or so if I had authority to put wages back."

"By all means," said Mr. Woodson.

"Probably it will be five or six weeks—maybe more—before he will be able to be around again."

"Undoubtedly." Woodson considered. "I thought of sending another man up temporarily; but, in the circumstances, I guess you'd better carry on. Then we'll see."

"The mistake," Walter repeated, "was in selling to you. I wish we hadn't done it."

"As things have turned out," Woodson said. "I'm not sure I don't agree"

"Um—I don't suppose you folks would consider a resale."

"Well, it's a new thought."

"My family wouldn't come in. As I say, they forced my hand. But I'm sure I could finance the thing. There's money around this town. I'd have to show them something of a bargain though. Hard-headed citizens. . . . This mill ought to be run locally."

"All mills should be," said Mr. Woodson, "but it isn't always practical."

"And," said Walter, "there's such a thing as minimizing a possible loss."

"We might clean the whole place out and import labor."

"I wouldn't do that," cautioned Walter. "Well, that was just a thought. Consider it, Mr. Woodson, and let me know. Meantime I'll stir around and see about some financing."

"I'll take it up with the board," Mr. Woodson said.

Toward the end of the day he called upon Janet Cross to inquire after her husband and to express his sympathy. He was a brusque man, and businesslike. She could not escape the thought that his call did not flow from a deep and sincere sympathy, but was rather a matter of form. His solicitude and proffer of any assistance he could give were of a hollow sound, and she was not sorry when he left to catch his train.

Nor, when he was gone, could she prevent herself from contrasting his call with the calls of the Bridges and the Foxes and the Knowleses and the Hewitts—with the calls of utter strangers with baskets on their arms and real friendship in their eyes. She could not but remember that Aunt Hat had scarcely left the house an instant, and that she dared offer no payment to the queer old woman except a black dress pattern. If it had happened in New York! Her mind played with the idea. How many of her friends would have given up their bridge, their theater, their pleasant occupations to come and virtually take off her hands all the care of her household, as Kitty Bridge and Edna Fox had done. And as for Nellie—she could well imagine how a servant in New York would very likely have left at the first intimation of trouble and of extra work. But it might have been one of Nellie's own family.

She remembered her terrible loneliness at the realization that her husband was frightfully injured in this out-of-the-way place; how she had longed for doctors at the end of the telephone and competent ambulance surgeons and splendid hospitals.

Sarah came in. "I wonder where Eunice is. I haven't seen hide or hair of her today," she said.

"You've seen enough of her every other day," Janet said with a hint of a smile.

"She's a dear," said Sarah. "But one feels sorry for her. I guess she has a pretty dreadful time at home."

"If I'm any judge," Janet said, "she sends as good as she gets. . . . And you don't seem to find her family so objectionable."

"Oh, James!" Sarah said airily "He's like keeping a pet. But not a lap dog, my dear, not a lap dog. He's got me winging. I never saw one just like him."

"Then look out," Janet said. "It's bad when they puzzle you. Beware of a handsome and inscrutable young man—and propinquity."

"Don't you worry," Sarah said. "I can roll my own little hoop. And don't you ever think, my dear, that I'm going to cook any man's biscuits so far from Forty-second and Broadway. My idea of the ultimate thing in country is an estate on Long Island."

"Maybe some good'll come out of this awful mess," Janet said. "It may mean our pulling out of here."

"It's not so bad," Sarah said unexpectedly. "I've had a pretty ripping time."

"Novelty, child, novelty. It'll wear off. You can't spend your life slumming up a trout stream with James Perrigo."

"You never were up a trout stream with him," Sarah said cryptically. "It's got its points."

"Does he ever talk? If he does I've missed it."

"When he does," said Sarah, "it isn't chatter. And I'll say this without fear of successful contradiction—he looks the part."

"What part, honey?"

"Don't be silly. He looks the way a man that fools around the woods all the time ought to look."

"In the movies," Janet jeered.

(Continued on Page 80)

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H 17

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Name

Address

City

(Continued from Page 78)

"Movies nothing! James is all on the up-and-up."

"I wonder he understands you when you talk. What's that—night-club English?"

Sarah disregarded that gibe. "Ren warned me off him the night of the fry. I wonder what he was getting at. It wasn't just a dirty dig—he had something on the little old mind."

"Just couldn't see you living up a tree and spending your days hanging from a limb."

"I can imagine worse things," Sarah said, and there was a trifling edge on her voice. "I'm not a fluff, you know."

"I don't know what you are," Janet said good-humoredly, "but I know what you look."

"Go on, darling, be frank."

"You look," said Janet, "like a 1927 model with all the accessories. And you've got to run on asphalt pavements."

"That," said Sarah, "is my virtuous intention—and that sounds like James. That's one thing I like about him—you can always tell when he's in the offing, so you can duck if you want to. I wonder if he whistles in his sleep."

"I'd find out," Janet said significantly. "Personally I'd prefer a snore."

"Be yourself," Sarah said shortly, and walked toward the front door, arriving there just as James Perrigo came abreast of the house.

"I heard the dicky bird singing," she said jauntily.

He paused and regarded her gravely. "And you came out," he said disconcertingly.

"Well, I like that! Just come around sometime and whistle for me and see what happens!"

"Was I whistling?" he asked.

She ignored the question. "Where's Eunice?" she asked.

He paused before answering and seemed to consider. "At home," he said.

"I haven't seen her today."

"She was sick this morning," James said gravely.

"Oh, I wish I'd known. I'd have gone up hours ago."

"When Eunice is sick—stay away," James said sententiously.

"Why?"

"She wouldn't let you in; she won't let anybody in."

"Anyhow, I'll give it a try tomorrow."

"I wouldn't," said James.

She laughed. "You are funny," she said.

He moved a step closer. "Are you coming out?"

"Are you coming in?"

"It's better out there." He pointed. "I don't like to talk to you in a house. . . . Were you expecting me?" He could be very disconcerting.

"This is the first time today I've remembered there was such a person," she said.

His eyes smiled—an appealing, a touching, a gentle smile—and he nodded his head.

"I don't wonder," he said. "But I remember you." He paused and regarded her until she blushed. "You've never been out there," he said suddenly, waving his hand at the distant forest. "You've never seen it. I want to spend a whole day with you there. It makes a difference. I could talk to you out there."

"You do quite well here," she said uncomfortably.

"I could do better. I could tell you things." He smiled. "I've never wanted to tell anybody things before." He smiled again and drew a step closer. "I'd like to watch you—to sit and watch you all day—out there. I like to look at you."

"Thank you, sir, she said," Sarah told him ironically. "And me with the make-up going stale."

"Will you come some day? Tomorrow?"

"Not tomorrow. I must go and hold Eunice's fevered hand."

"You won't see her," he said. "I tell you, you won't be let in."

"Then I'll crash the gate," she said.

"Not that gate," he answered, and she felt that there was some weighty significance to his words. It puzzled and irritated her.

"Come for a walk?" he asked earnestly.

She lifted her shoulders. "And you can teach me to know the wild flowers," she said.

"I think," he said gravely, "we can teach each other to know a great many things."

She made a little face. Here was one young man her efficient training had not equipped her to handle. He did not recognize a fence when he came to one. It was not without a tingle of apprehension that she looked down at him. But it is worth recording that she descended the steps and walked docilely off among the trees with James at her side.

XVIII

KNUCKLES trudged down the River Road at the edge of the village until he reached a big yellow house, one of a set of buildings, including barn and woodshed, which bore across its front a sign which announced that lodging, victualing and baiting could be obtained here. He turned in and went to the back yard, where a fat man with a blond mustache and red face was chopping firewood. This individual dropped his ax with evident pleasure; it was plain to be seen that he welcomed Knuckles' arrival—not because he delighted in Knuckles' society, but because it gave him a logical excuse to lay down the ax. He mopped his shock of red hair and expelled a great breath between his thick lips.

"How be ye?" he asked graciously.

"Middlin'," said Knuckles, and regarded the woodpile with interest. "Um—made arrangements to get in your winter wood yet?"

"Hain't found jest the right day to git at it yit," said the proprietor of the lodging house. "What with one thing and another, I don't git a minute, seems as though."

"How much you cal'late on usin'?"

"Twenty-five-thutty cord."

"I swapped for Newman's saw the other day," Knuckles said.

"Goin' into the wood business?"

"Cal'late to. . . . Keep the house full, Jed?"

"No complaints; they come and go. Hain't no money in it, not at the prices I kin git. What I make on the lodgin' I lose on the victualin'."

"Who you got?"

Jed named half a dozen employes of the mill who were his guests.

"Thought Latzo lived here."

"He got through to the mill."

"Got through, eh?"

"Yestiddy, kind of sudden-like. James Perrigo, he stopped here last evenin', and near's I kin gather, him and Latzo had words. I couldn't ketch what about. But right after, he come in and packed his turkey and paid up and started off up the road."

"James Perrigo?" asked Knuckles.

"James," said Jed.

"Um—I can make you a price on that wood."

"I'd as soon buy off of you as anybody."

They haggled over price, agreed, and presently Knuckles walked back again toward the village, considering information other than he had expected to glean. Latzo was gone. That was not altogether unexpected, for the situation seemed to call for the man's removal to other and unspecified regions. But James Perrigo! Latzo left hurriedly after a discussion with James! Knuckles would not have been surprised to happen upon a secret interview between Latzo and James, and certainly not between the top piler and Walter. But that James should have come openly to the lodging house and have talked openly with the man, and so obviously have ordered him to absent himself from the vicinage—that gave Knuckles toothsome food for consideration.

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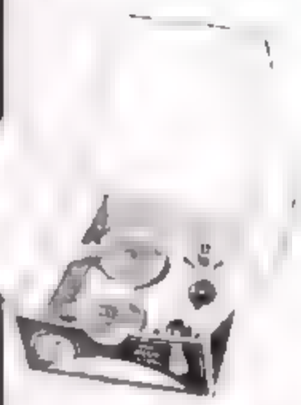

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By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, *Registered Nurse*

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See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding. It is the *only* one made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

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(2) True protection—5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton "pads."

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*Supplied also in personal service cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

Kotex Regular 65c per dozen

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No laundry—discard as easily as a piece of tissue

(Continued from Page 50)

For Mr. Latzo was the laborer who had been handling logs on the top of the pile under which Warren Cross had suffered injury!

He wedded these facts with the significant fact that James had been adjacent to the pile, so adjacent that he had been first to reach Warren Cross as he lay unconscious. They added up to a baffling total. It was too patent. Either Knuckles had overestimated James Perrigo—or something else. An astute man who plans a catastrophe to one of his fellow men does not make himself prominent at the scene of action; nor does he, openly and in broad daylight, approach his agent of destruction to tell him the air of the locality has become unhealthful—not if he be astute.

It gave a choice of explanations; either James was not at all astute, but a very fatuous miscreant, or he was not a miscreant at all and the victim of malign circumstantial evidence. Or—and upon this possibility Knuckles paused and pondered—the whole scheme was more adroit than even he had imagined, and these appearances of James were vouchsafed for a definite purpose. Somehow he inclined to this point of view, though there was nothing upon which to support it; nothing except his firm belief that James was far from being fatuous and very close to being astute. But where did this leave Walter?

Perhaps Walter was being driven past his speed. Knuckles could see Walter as the hero of any chicanery, but could not see him in the perilous rôle of a suborner of violence—unless he were crowded by circumstances into the condition of a cornered rat. Then, he fancied, Walter would squeal shrilly and fight foully. James, in Knuckles' mind, was taking shape as the leader of the enterprise; Walter was demoted to the position of a follower who was being led into water too deep and cold and swift for his more conservative taste.

He reached the bank corner just as Sarah Cross, in Warren's car, came down the hill. He did not see her until she drew up beside the walk and spoke: "Mr. Knuckles."

"Yes'm," Knuckles said, but without lifting his hat.

"Warren is conscious."

"Come to, eh?"

"Early this morning. He keeps asking for you. Of course nobody is allowed to see him, but he seems so upset and so terribly anxious to see you that both the doctor and Aunt Hat thought it would be good for him if you would spare him a few moments."

"To be sure," Knuckles said. "Um—conscious, eh? Other folks know it?"

"Mrs. Bridge was there."

"There yet?"

"Yes."

"Goin' home now?"

"Yes."

He opened the door and stepped in, asking no further questions. Sarah did not speak for a moment; she was frowning and distrait. "This is a funny town," she said presently.

"I've heard it said," agreed Knuckles.

"I just came from Perrigo's."

Knuckles pricked up his ears. "Go there often, don't you?"

"Quite. But I'm not so sure I'll go again."

"Have words with Eunice?"

"No."

"I'd kind of overlook 'em if I did," said Knuckles.

"I didn't see her," said Sarah.

"Wan't at home?"

"She's sick," said Sarah. "James told me yesterday, and I told him I would go right up."

"How'd that strike James?"

"Queerly."

Knuckles turned now and eyed her keenly. "Queerly—how?"

"He said when Eunice was under the weather she didn't like anyone around—didn't want anybody in the room—probably wouldn't let me in. I told him nonsense!"

"And went?"

"Just now. That scrawny housekeeper of theirs answered the door; opened it about an inch and put her long nose through the crack and said Eunice was in bed and nobody could come in. I told her to take up my name, and she said names didn't make any difference, that nobody could come in. And that's a fine way to treat a friend. So I came away, and it'll be a balmy summer evening before I go back again."

"I don't know's I'd hold it against Eunice," Knuckles said, and relapsed into such concentration that, although Sarah spoke to him three times in an effort to draw his attention, he did not hear her at all. They arrived at the house and alighted. Janet met them at the door.

"I'm so glad you've come," she cried. "Ren is tossing about and working himself into a fever. The doctor thought it would be safer to let him see you. It's an obsession. I—I —— Oh, it was such a relief to have him open his eyes and recognize me." She stood with tears running down her tired cheeks. "It—you don't think it's—delirium or something, do you?"

"Never heard anybody called delirious for wantin' to see me," Knuckles said dryly.

Janet conducted him up the stairs and into Warren's bedroom. The injured man lay upon his back, his eyes upon the door hungrily. When Knuckles entered he sighed and closed his lids for an instant and his lips moved spasmodically.

"Now don't git into a stew," said Aunt Hat peremptorily. "He's here." She turned accusingly to Knuckles. "He's been bawlin' for you like a calf separated from its mother."

"He's got suthin' on his mind that it's better he got off," said the Old Doc.

"Seems as though," said Knuckles. "Cal'late it's private." He looked at the door. "Doc, who you told he was conscious?"

"Nobody."

"Kitty Bridge downstairs?"

"Yes."

"Tell her not to tell anybody." He motioned toward the door.

"Use discretion," admonished the Old Doc. "I'll come back when you been here long enough."

Knuckles went over and sat on the bed; Warren looked up into his face with burning eyes. "What's—happened?"

"Nothin'."

"Who's—in—charge?"

"Walter."

Warren struggled as though to rise, but groaned and lay still with his eyes closed. "I—fired—him."

"Guessed it," said Knuckles.

"You—take—job." Warren's voice was weak; it was a struggle to force the words. "Throw—him—out."

Knuckles sat with bent brows, unconscious of the burning, feverish, pleading look which Warren directed upward to his face. He was considering, fitting this into place in the jig-saw puzzle, estimating its uses and its disadvantages.

"Guess I better," he said finally.

"You—write"—Warren paused a long time between scarcely audible words—"authority—I'll—sign."

Knuckles understood, and could admire the fortitude and resolution of this young man, who, just emerged from the shadows, could still compel his dazed and battered brain to function; who had place in his thoughts for no worry, no fear, nothing but to keep faith with those whose servant he was; who forgot self but remembered loyalty and duty. Knuckles did not speak of it then, nor, being what he was and of the blood he was, would he refer to it in the future; but he gave ungrudging admiration, storing away in the recesses of his mind the certainty that here lay a man worthy to come and to go with.

He scribbled rapidly with fountain pen in notebook and stepped to the door.

"We're through," he said. "Come in. Need witnesses. You, doc, hold his hand while he makes his mark as best he can. It says: 'This authorizes Abner Knuckles to assume full authority over the mill and property of the Consolidated Lumber Corporation in and about Barchester; to hire and to discharge, buy and sell.' That what you want, Cross?"

"Yes."

They contrived a scrawling, all but illegible signature, but with witnesses. Knuckles touched Warren's uninjured hand. "Be content," he said.

Warren closed his eyes and sighed—sighed like a child who long has cried for something denied him when the boon at last is granted. Knuckles walked to the door.

"This," he said, "comes under the head of professional secrets."

On the front stoop Sarah waited for him. "I'll drive you back," she said.

"I'll contrive to walk," he answered abstractedly. He turned not toward the mill with his newly undertaken position and his written authority, but toward the village; and he made his way slowly. It was one thing to possess authority; it was another thing to choose the hour and the moment for exercising it. He deemed the hands of the clock were in the wrong position just now—and so Walter remained intrenched and confident and optimistic for yet a few hours. For Knuckles was not troubled about Walter, but about James.

As for Sarah, she was presently glad that Knuckles had refused her offer of a ride, for James appeared from nowhere and turned in at the gate. She received him with that austerity which an injured young woman knows so well how to assume, and he eyed her curiously, but not apprehensively.

"I'll come for you early tomorrow," he said.

"I'm not sure I want to go," she said coldly.

"I want you should," he said. That was all. There was no pleading, no argument, merely a flat statement of his wishes; but even as she resented it, she knew she would comply.

"They wouldn't let me in," she said angrily.

"No," said James.

"What kind of a way is that to act?"

He did not answer for a moment, but those dark, fine, inscrutable, daring, appealing eyes of his seemed to search her face for some necessary information.

"A little brook, runnin' through the woods and fallin' over rocks," he said. "There's pools—and you can sit and listen to it. Did you ever sit and listen to a brook? Folks ought to listen to brooks more. You can think. And it's pretty. Music is just a pretty noise, but the brook plays the prettiest of all."

His voice stilled her resentment, quieted her, soothed her until her hard young eyes became gentle, wistful.

"I don't see how you could live in a city," he said.

"I managed all right," she said with a little nervous laugh.

"You're not for cities. Just your clothes—not you. You lived there because you didn't know. But I'm going to show you. There's nothing in a city for you."

"Is that so?" She sought to regain her poise and to assert herself. "I think I could do with a few good theaters, and music, and places to dance, and people who knew what fork, and shops and taxis and men who wear their coats and aren't all called Jim or Bill or Pazzy."

"You won't miss them," he said. "Barchester, without the woods and the mountains would be better than that; but there are always the woods and the mountains."

"You should have pointed ears and hoofs," she jeered.

"New York," he said, "would pare away the hoofs of Pan and nail on shoes—and set him to drawing away ashes in a cart."

"At least he would be useful."

"Being useful," said James, "is spoiling the world. I must be useful, you must be useful, this must be useful, that must

Continued on Page 86

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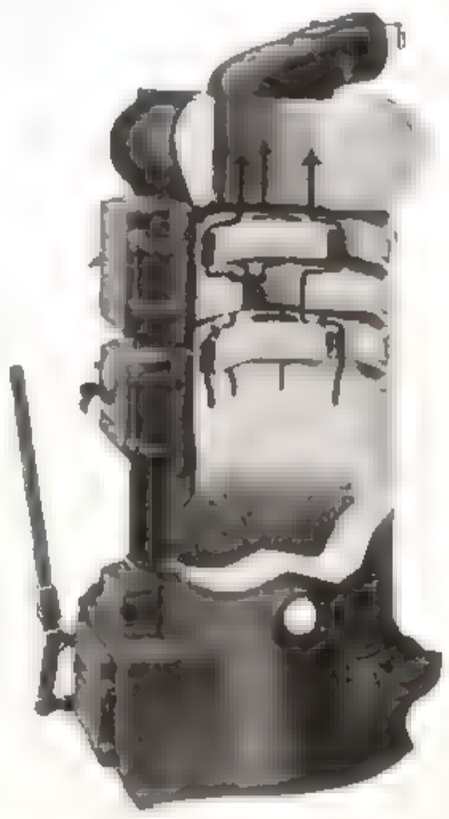

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(Continued from Page 83

be useful. And then we die, and this and that is used up and destroyed—and we have wasted our time."

"You can talk!" Sarah said pertly.

James smiled. "I can talk, I can look, I can listen, I can feel—and that is to live. But it's not useful. Useful things last a day—and then the scrap heap. It is only the useless that lives forever; a song, or a couple of dozen words brought together into a poem."

"I guess I'll go," Sarah said abruptly.

"Of course," he said, as if no other possibility ever had occurred to him. And this time, strangely enough, she did not resent it.

XIX

KNUCKLES pushed back his chair and stood looking across the red-and-white checked tablecloth at his father.

"Goin' out?" asked Squire Knuckles, without moving his lips. It was so he always spoke and, as each year passed over his head, the characteristic was growing upon his son.

"Walk around a spell," said Knuckles.

"You was drivin' with that girl," said the old man.

"It's gen'ally known," Knuckles said dryly.

"She'll bamboozle ye into lettin' 'em off easy."

"Maybe, but I don't think it."

"Be you serious with her, Ab?" There was something appealing in the old man's voice.

"Yes," Knuckles said directly.

"Have ye asked her?"

"No."

"Us Knuckleses is set in our ways." The father conformed his lips and stared up at his son with unbending sternness.

"So it's said."

"I couldn't abide it. . . . A Knuckles and a Perrigo!"

"We're comin' close to the end," Knuckles said, but with no air of changing the subject. "They're bein' crowded into a corner. . . . Cross is conscious."

"Um ——"

"I'm goin' to walk around," Knuckles said, and putting on his hat, went out of the door.

He walked to the northward until he came to a lane which ran in lonely fashion up the hill between stone walls—stones gathered by infinite toil from the fields on either hand. Up this lane he turned, sauntering, until presently he sat down beyond a clump of sumac bushes and lighted his pipe. The shadows lengthened and the sun submerged itself in the clouds to the westward, but Knuckles continued to smoke until the dusk was deepening to darkness. Then he got to his feet again, and walking somewhat more swiftly, ascended the hill, leaped the wall and, keeping to the shelter of witch hopple and sumac which grew hedgelike between the fields, he continued until he arrived at a point at the right of the Perrigo house—a point from which he could see both front and rear entrances, and from which he could be certain not to miss anyone who came or went.

He did not smoke now, but lost himself in the small growth and waited. Patience was a quality which served him well, for an hour passed, two hours, there was no sign of life outside the house, but a light glowed from James' window and from that part of the building where the housekeeper slept. Knuckles could see Eunice's window, but there was no light there—a fact which gave him food for reflection. There should have been a light. If Eunice were not sick, but merely ailing, she would require a light by which to read; if she were very ill, those who cared for her would require a light. He guessed that she was not occupying her own room, and wondered why.

But now his ear, which served even better than his eyes, demanded all his attention. He listened. Undoubtedly someone was moving behind him, someone who breathed heavily and who stumbled over hillside stones which the darkness concealed. Knuckles pressed more deeply into the shelter of the bushes—and the man passed him, not a dozen feet away. Knuckles, even in that scant moonlight, recognized that hat, those great swinging shoulders and the bulky movement of the thighs. It was the man Latzo.

Latzo paused briefly, scrutinizing the house; and then, with cautious movements made his way across the yard to a point directly under Walter's window, against which he threw a handful of gravel. Walter's head appeared.

"Is it you?" Walter asked in a whisper that, nevertheless, carried to Knuckles.

"Who'd you s'pose?" Latzo demanded truculently.

"Go to the back door. I'll let you in."

There was silence for a space, then the rear door opened and shut and Latzo was inside. Here was highly seasoned food for thought. Knuckles had not taken the trouble to prowl up the hill and to lurk in the bushes with any hope of overseeing such an occurrence as this. His interest had been in Eunice Perrigo and her illness, and he had come to see if he could not get some news as to her health. It is often, however, that the by-products save the firm from bankruptcy. So far he had increased his knowledge of Eunice's condition by very little; he had deduced that she was not occupying her own room, which was something, but certainly not enough upon which to base a biography. But this appearance of the missing Mr. Latzo and his fraternizing with Walter were significant. It was significant of something, but just what Knuckles was hardly prepared to say. He awaited further enlightenment.

It came presently. Walter emerged from the door and held it open; then appeared something resembling a huge turtle walking on its hind legs, and Knuckles deduced that Latzo was impersonating the turtle. He strained his eyes to see what was impersonating the shell, and in the increasing moonlight made it out to be a small flat trunk. He did not recognize the trunk; but Eunice would have done so at once, for it was the trunk which had been on her mind constantly since the night of the flat-rock fry. Knuckles was far from perceiving the significance of the box, but did not lack the astuteness to reach the conclusion that it was highly significant.

"It ain't heavy," Latzo said.

"Where's the wagon?"

"Down a piece."

"Be sure you keep it in a dry place," Walter cautioned. "It's full of papers."

Full of papers! Knuckles listened to that; and knowing Walter as he did, made sure in his mind that, whatever the trunk contained, it was not documents; also Mr. Latzo was not meant to know the character of his burden.

"And keep out of sight," said Walter.

"I'll stay right there," said Latzo.

"Till I come," Walter said.

"He's always snoopin' around some-'eres," said Latzo.

Knuckles wondered if himself was meant by this accented he; that seemed logical. He was, indeed, always snooping around; at the moment he was indulging in the avocation.

"I don't want anybody to see that trunk—anybody," said Walter.

"If he comes nosin' around, it'll be alone," Latzo said significantly.

When Walter spoke again Knuckles was compelled to revise some of his estimates of that gentleman; it was not the voice of the Walter he knew, but of a vastly more determined Walter, a more malignant Walter, a greatly more venturing Walter. Knuckles rubbed his chin and had difficulty restraining a little whistle of astonishment.

"I wouldn't miss him," said Walter. That was all, but it was eloquent. It was malign, callous, coldly calculating.

"Somebody would," said Latzo.

"I got that end of it in hand," said Walter. "It fits in. If he turned up missing folks would believe he absconded. I can prove it."

Absconded! If someone was reported missing his absence would be accounted for as a criminal flight! It might be Knuckles they were discussing, but this made it seem less probable. Knuckles cudgeled his mind to see how Walter could make him appear an absconder, but the problem was beyond him. But if not himself, then who?

A fixed idea, a preconception arrived at by logic, is sometimes a dangerous thing. It obscures the view like some thick fog and envelops the facts in a grayness which hides their features. Knuckles was the victim of such a preconception, and instead of enlightenment from this conversation, he was only plunged more inextricably in perplexity. So far as he could see, Walter had reason to be afraid of only two persons—himself and Warren Cross. Cross was disposed of for the time being, so that only Knuckles remained. But the absconding! With what could he possibly abscond?

"Maybe I can arrange it so he does come," Walter said. "Now don't you be seen going back. You're out of this part of the country. And lay low."

"Lower'n a snake's stummick," said Latzo reassuringly.

"Better be on your way. And don't get caught with your eyes shut."

"Not me."

"And don't let anybody see that trunk—especially him."

"Huh!" grunted Latzo.

He swung his burden again to his enormous shoulders and stepped easily across the grass plot, a huge man, curiously magnified and distorted by the moonlight, advancing with the appearance of some malignant gnome. Walter stood briefly looking after him and then went in, closing the door softly after himself.

Knuckles crouched low and held his breath while Latzo passed within a dozen feet of him; then he turned to watch the man's progress across that bowlder-strewn pasture. He was of two minds whether to follow him or not, because that trunk had seized upon all his curiosity. But he decided against it. Latzo would not go far, and Walter was always there. When the time came, by keeping his eye on Walter he could always come to Latzo and the trunk. And the bare knowledge of this incident would be very helpful. It would enable him to pretend to knowledge which he did not possess. So he crouched silently, while Latzo traversed the field, climbed a distant wall and was lost to sight among the sumacs bordering the road.

XX

SARAH CROSS was not accustomed to being up at the hour when James Perrigo called for her, but she was about this morning and ready. The thing he offered her by way of amusement was not what she had been brought up to regard as pleasure, nor was it in any way related to those pleasures which had seemed so necessary to her during her life in New York City. Yet she looked forward to it with a curious anticipation. If one had asked her where she was going she might have answered that she was going slumming in the woods. Possibly there was something of that point of view, but there was more. There was curiosity, of course. But over and above these things was an eagerness which she herself did not understand, and which she resented vaguely. But eager she was.

James arrived in a battered car, suitable for such roads as they might have to follow in search of remote trout streams. In the tonneau were the tools of the fishing trade, materials for luncheon and a frying pan.

"Why the cooking utensil?" she asked as she got into the seat beside him.

"Trout," he answered sententiously.

"Get out of the wrong side of the bed?" she asked.

For a moment he did not appear to grasp her meaning, then he smiled. "Was I short?" he asked.

"Well, you didn't rush into a flood of details."

"I'd rather show you than talk about it. Why talk about a thing when you can do it? All set?"

"You may fire when ready, Gridley."

They drove in rather rickety fashion along the river, through the crisp tingle of early morning air, through odors of dew-touched vegetation and the tonic of spruce and balsam. It was clear, the green was a brilliant, freshly washed green, the sky seemed very lofty, and the voice of the river seemed somehow refreshed after the darkness. A mountain river has many voices, speaking together, but of all of them—if one will stop and listen until one singles it out—a silvery tinkle, as of strings of little bells, is the loveliest. It is always there, even when the stream is in torrent. But one must listen for it, separate it from the symphony and hold it apart. Curiously clear and distinct it is, and gracious and soothing.

A porcupine waddled across the roadway, reached the undergrowth, and there made as much tumult as would the passing of a black bear. Farther along, in a clearing, James pointed silently to a red fox, glorious tail extended, three feet on the ground, poised for that whisk which would transmute it into a vanishing flash of red. A mother partridge, taking a dust bath in a rut, ruffled her feathers and offered battle to the oncoming car. Sarah noted the darkening of James' eyes, the crinkling of their corners and the softening of his mouth as he slowed the car and turned out to save the bellicose matron from the consequences of a courage too great for her dimensions.

"It never offered to fly," she said in astonishment.

"Chicks back some place," he said, still sententious.

His eyes seemed to miss nothing; they watched the road to pick out the most comfortable passage, but, for all that, nothing in the bordering woods seemed to escape him. It was as if some extra sense informed him of the morning exhibits of the forests.

"Look!" He pointed upward to the low branch of a red maple; and Sarah, after peering eagerly, saw what seemed a tiny bunch of fur. But it was not fur; it was feathers. Three tiny owlets nestled together, the one in the middle erect, the two at the sides pressing close so that the three heads touched. There was something ludicrously bashful about their appearance as they stared down, big-eyed. They did not stir. James chuckled.

"Oh, weren't they"—she searched for a word and found it—"silly," she said.

"Like three mountain children at a county fair," he said; and though she had never seen just that spectacle, she could imagine it, and laughed at the justness of his comparison. "Show me more."

He looked at her gravely. "This isn't the Bronx Zoo," he said. "They're not on exhibition in a line of cages." He shook his head. "I wouldn't like to see them that way."

"But millions of children who never would see them otherwise love the zoo."

"Maybe it's all right." For some minutes he drove silently, shaking his head as he considered zoölogical gardens. "It's like picking a line of poetry out of its context," he said.

An eagle flew across their vision, a very distressed and hasty eagle, swinging and dodging and swerving, while above him a tiny dot flashed up and down furiously. The eagle uttered angry and apprehensive sounds. One could tell it wished itself some place else and wished it with all its heart.

"Kingbird," said James. "Their business is licking eagles. Peeking the stuffin' out of him." He chuckled again. "You can't see that in any zoo."

"The eagle was a hundred times bigger," Sarah said, astonished.

"You can afford to be a hundred times smaller—if you are a hundred times quicker," James said. "But what gets me is why a kingbird wants to pick on an eagle. What's his idea?"

"He probably hasn't any—and what does it matter?"

"What does anything matter?" James asked with a shrug. "I guess nothing really

(Continued on Page 91)

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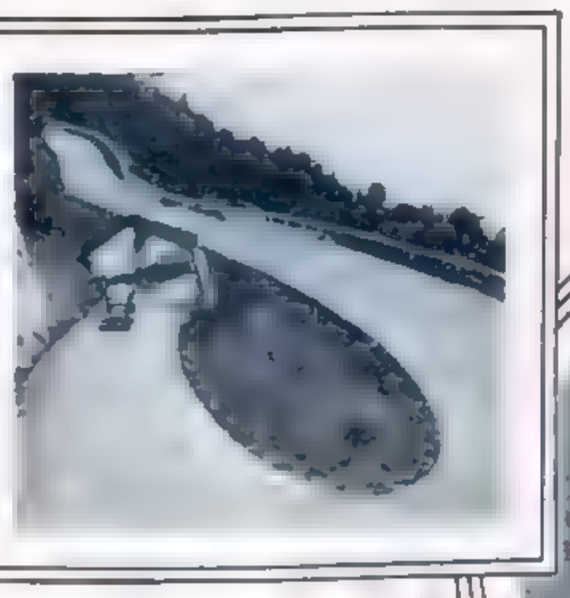

ABOVE—*Whippet climbs Mill Mountain, Roanoke, Va., "on high." Entire grade not less than 4 5 degrees at any spot and in many places 11 degrees. Altitude 2100 feet. This hill is used as a testing ground by prospective purchasers of automobiles, and many a sale has been lost because the prospect insisted upon a car with the power to climb this hill on high*

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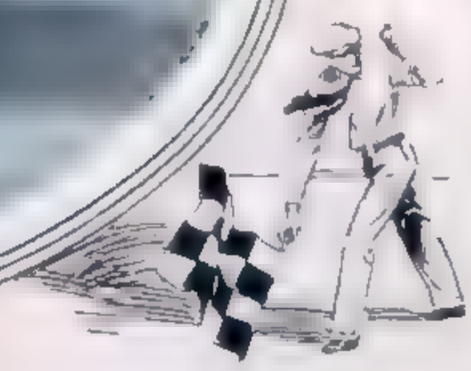

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does. There isn't much difference in the importance of questions. Newton saw an apple fall and wanted to know why. I see a kingbird tackle an eagle and I want to know why. It wouldn't make much difference if neither of us found the answer. Gravity kept right on working after Newton solved it, and kingbirds will keep on tackling eagles."

"But the whole world uses gravity."

"Does it?" James asked. "And what of it?"

"You're a savage," she said amilingly.

"What's a savage? A savage is a fellow who isn't annoyed by civilization. Civilized folks call him a savage, and look down on him and are sorry for him or afraid of him. I bet he thinks a lot worse of the civilized ones."

"But we're right, and he's wrong."

"Who says so? Why, the civilized ones. Seems as though I'd rather be a savage, strolling along through the forest, than a civilized man in a Subway rush. Um—what do folks get out of civilization? In the last analysis, three meals a day, a roof, and clothes to satisfy the law; and Subway jams and sleeping cars and milk out of bottles and cold-storage eggs. The savage gets the three meals and the roof and what clothes he wants, without having to suffer hardships to get them."

"You forget the æsthetic side," said Sarah.

"Fiddlesticks! Your æsthetic things are artificial as a wooden leg. The only æsthetic things worth mentioning are emotions, and the savage has as many of them and uses them more. Art? Rats! Music has to be barbarous if it amounts to anything. Civilized music is bunk. . . . Literature? What novel can touch the word-of-mouth stories of the savage? They are in direct touch with their art—so it isn't art. It's part of the business of the day. We get our art secondhand, in an agreed set of symbols—and the symbols get to be the art instead of the substance."

"Gosh!" exclaimed Sarah. "You'd make a hit at a studio tea. Greenwich Village would give three rousing cheers for you. You're right up their street. Anything is that don't add up." Nevertheless, she was impressed, not so much by his philosophy as by the fact that he had one and could state it convincingly. It was the story of the trained cat—not that the cat could do such wonderful tricks, but that it was wonderful a cat could do any tricks at all! James owned a flashing mind—a mind which could hold its own among the intelligentzia of New York's round tables!

They came to a ramshackle covered bridge across the river, and there James stopped the car. "From here we walk," he said, slipping his arms through the strap of a pack and picking the rods from the car. "This bridge will hold us up, but I'd hate to put the weight of the car on it."

"How far?"

"Quite a piece. We'll follow the old tote road across to Checkerberry Brook. Kind of squashy walking in spots, maybe, but you had sense enough to wear something on your feet."

"You'd be surprised," she said, "to find out how much sense I have."

"I guessed it," he said. "You've got it—if you ever get around to use it."

"Of all things!"

"Think you can walk a trestle?"

"I never tried."

"Logging railroad used to run up beyond. Have to cross the still waters on the trestle—or wade."

They followed the narrow streak of grass which once had been a busy tote road upon whose iced bed great teams of steaming horses had dragged two-sled loads of logs. Bushes choked it; rocks protruded jaggedly, roots and stumps impeded the way.

"However did they drive over this?" Sarah asked.

"Three feet of ice and snow covered it. You could skate from here to town."

She was enjoying herself; she was happy—and it was not yet eight o'clock! She laughed at the absurdity of it.

They crossed the still waters on the rotting trestle; and then, leaving the road, cut up the hillside to circle around to the stream which fed that broad stretch of marsh and pool which made the flat almost impassable. There the stream regained its true nature, for, held tightly between granite banks, it tumbled and rushed and twittered and tinkled down little falls and miniature cataracts and rapids as it was meant to do. Fresh from its mountain springs the water was cold—cold enough to delight even the discriminating taste of the speckled trout.

They went on for perhaps a mile; and then, swerving back to the brook again, commenced to fish—that is, James fished while Sarah made strange motions with her rod. Down and down they scrambled, James taking to the water, Sarah clinging precariously to the tumbled shore. The trout were not large, but they were plentiful—and James seemed as much in his natural element as they. She could not but find him admirable. He was adroit, capable, sure in his graceful movements, and undeniably handsome.

She wondered if he would be more handsome in meticulously tailored clothes, or if something would be lost; she tried to imagine him in drawing-rooms, at studio teas, escorting her to the theater or to dance afterward at noisy, smoky, promiscuous night clubs. It was a picture which would not compose—and she was glad of it. There was a satisfaction in the thought that James would not fit into such a painting; that he would not care to fit into it. . . . On the other hand she could see him, in his laced boots and flannel shirt, and that air of his which mingled the inscrutable with the charming, meeting the people she knew and impressing them as he impressed her. He would be unconscious that anything about himself required amending; he would conduct himself with dignity and without self-consciousness. In short, Sarah was approaching the perilous conclusion that James bulked larger than those men who previously had been her ideal.

"It's noon," he said after a time. "Hungry?"

"Starved."

He nodded, settled his pack and creel on the ground and gathered bits of dry wood for a fire.

"Can I help?" she asked.

"Can you?" he asked, and smiled disarmingly. She was compelled to admit that she could not help—even with gathering the wood, though she tried. He was courteous about it, but she observed that the branches she brought to him invariably were discarded. And presently he had a little fire blazing, and the luncheon was spread. Deftly he opened the little fish, and the odor of them sizzling in bacon grease tantalized her appetite.

"After we eat," he said, "we'll catch you a mess to take home."

"Oh, maybe Warren could eat one!" she exclaimed.

"Your brother? Is he ——"

"Conscious since yesterday morning," she said, and then remembered that silence had been enjoined upon her. He eyed her curiously a moment, tapping meanwhile upon his knee with his fingers.

"Since yesterday morning! You didn't mention it."

"I ——"

"And news is pretty quick to get around Barchester."

"They thought best ——" she commenced lamely, and then fell awkwardly silent, because she did not know how to end her sentence.

James nodded slowly, as if with complete understanding, but for some moments he seemed distrait. Suddenly she remembered Warren's injunction to step softly with this young man. Why? What had Warren in mind? For, she thought, it was unlike him to meddle in her social affairs—unlike him to meddle at all without reason. But what reason could there be? James was personable, of excellent if rural family, and wealthy. A distant rumble interrupted her thoughts, and she looked up startled.

"Thunder?" she asked.

He nodded and turned to scrutinize the western sky; clouds were lifting there and he frowned. "Um —— Camp 6 is nearest," he said half to himself. "We'd better make tracks or you'll get soaked."

"What's Camp 6?"

"Old set of logging buildings down past the still waters," he said. "But there'll be a roof and walls, and probably an old stove." As he spoke he was busily stowing things in his pack. "Come on," he said boylike, and she followed him as, glancing about him an instant to get his direction, he cut across country toward his destination. There was something efficient in that; no pausing, no wondering where he was or which would be the quickest way. One glance and he knew.

The clouds built themselves rapidly into black, boiling masses, and thunder rolled continuously; she gathered from his face that, in spite of the danger of a wetting, he liked it; he liked the menace of the sky and the reverberations of the thunder between the hills.

She should have been afraid, but she was not afraid; he inspired confidence. It was as if he knew all about storms, and particularly about this one, and saw nothing in it to excite alarm. Far across the valley she could see the gray bank that meant falling rain, and he adjured her to hasten.

Now they were at the abandoned railway, leaping from rotting tie to rotting tie.

"Look out for your ankles," he cautioned her. And then, as if as an afterthought: "Folks go lame in the woods from stepping on branches and logs. Always step over if you can; it's better. But never step on one with your instep; always with the toe. I've seen greenhorns so lame they couldn't walk."

Presently he turned off to the left up an incline, and there she saw, sprawling before her, the slatternly bulk of the set of camps, the hovel for the horses, the cookhouse, the bunk house, the scaler's shanty. The hovel and scaler's shanty were of logs, the others of boards; and all showed upon their roofs the remnants of the tar paper which once had made them tight against the weather.

"The cook shanty looks best," said James. "That roof's hung on."

He strode to the door and wrenched it open, standing back for her to enter. She saw before her a huge room, low-roofed. The light was dim, but she made out a long table down one side, a couple of bunks constructed from spruce saplings on the other, and at the far end a stove. And then she drew a sudden breath, for there was a fire in the stove. Quickly she drew to one side to allow James to enter.

"There's a fire," she whispered.

James strode into the room and glanced about. Clearly, he found nothing alarming in a fire; it meant to him that some fisherman or hunter or woodsman had taken shelter in the building just as they had, and he advanced into the room with Sarah at his side.

Then, out of a shadowy corner a figure reared itself, features indistinguishable, but even in that dim light seen to be of great bulk.

"Hello," said James. "How's chances?" The greeting of the lumber camps.

"I knew," said the man in a snarling voice, "if anybody come snoopin' around it 'ud be you."

The man advanced toward them, brushed past them rudely, slammed shut the door and dropped the bar into place. There he stood, crouching and scowling and working his mouth.

"Latzo!" said James softly, half to himself.

Sarah clutched his arm, for suddenly she had become very much afraid.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

SECOND BEST

(Continued from Page 15)

was that if a man had three meals a day, a bed to sleep in and a spare white collar, he could consider himself lucky. I, being young and full of gaudy notions, didn't believe him. Wait, I said, to myself, till I get a crack at the world. I'll knock it lopsided. I was perfectly sure I was going to turn out something grand, with gold trimmings, and be the king pin in some alley.

"My first definite ambition was to be a star runner—a miler. Lord, the miles I've run in my time! Mind you, I never was the sort of boob who thinks you can win blue ribbons without working for them. Well, I ran and I ran and I ran and didn't eat ice-cream sodas or pie. I got so good I could step a mile in pretty close to record time for a schoolboy. I was just reaching round to pat myself on the back when a boy named Artie Handley moved to our town. He was one of those lean, leggy kids, built like a spider. Well, there was a track meet, and, of course, I entered the mile run for boys. The day before the meet I bought myself a gold chain to wear with the gold watch, which was the first prize and which I was going to win. See this watch?"

Benton fished in his vest pocket and drew out an old silver watch. I looked at it, nodded.

"That," said Benton, "is the watch I did win—silver—second prize. Artie Handley beat me to the tape by a whisker. No fluke about it. I never ran better. He was just a whisker faster, that's all. I left the track pretty glum. I grew still glummer when I heard that Artie was going to enter the same prep school I was. That fried my egg so far as running was concerned. Nature, or something, had given Artie one ounce more of speed than I had, or would ever have. I saw that.

"I turned my attention to tennis and mathematics, in both of which I had considerable natural ability. Anyhow, I'd lick the school on the courts or in the geometry classroom. So, all pepped up for conquests, off I went to prep school. The first fellow I met was Toby Daly, and —— Well, you know the sort of tennis ace he turned out to be—three times national singles champion, and still in the first ten. I made him hustle, though, in those days. We played 12–10, 9–7—scores like that—with me on the short end. The second boy I met was Otis Thayer, whose father was professor of mathematics at Harvard, a job Otis fills today. If I got 97 in my math classes Otis got 99. I did manage to win a few prizes—tennis, track, math—all seconds.

"Well," pursued Benton, "I went off to college, and so did Artie Handley and Toby Daly and Otis Thayer. I made the second-best fraternity, was a substitute on the tennis team and missed being elected senior president by three votes. It was in college that the name 'Second-Best Benton' was first fastened on me. I hated it. It hurt. I didn't want to believe it was true, you see, and yet deep inside me I had a sneaking suspicion that it might be. Couldn't admit it, of course, even to myself. Was I a born second fiddle? I felt I'd rather be dead than admit that. I began to brood. My salvation, I figured, was to be first—in something. Why, that became almost a

mania with me. . . . Can you stand some more—with the aid of another drink?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Speaking of second fiddles reminds me," went on Benton, "that I'd taken violin lessons since I was six. My mother was musical and she made me practice. Oddly enough, I liked it. Played rather well, if I do say so. I had rosy dreams of being a virtuoso, no less. I kept up my practice in college, although my roommate, Slippery Elmer, now and then threatened to murder me. My ambition—so often frustrated—began to crystallize around my violin playing. My idea—remember, I was young and bubbling with illusions—was to give a concert some day that would make the musical world gasp in admiration. So I scraped away by the hour. The old Teuton I studied under said I had the *maestro* touch. I thought so too. I began to wear a flowing tie and feel superior to mere athletes and scholars. . . . Have another cigar?"

"No, thanks. Please don't stop."

"A concert," continued Benton, "was given in the college town toward the end of my senior year. Somebody—the devil, perhaps—sent me a ticket. I went. I noticed that one of the pieces on the program was a violin solo—the Old Refrain, that simple, lovely thing. This was the best piece in my repertoire. I'd worked over it till I was perfectly certain that nobody could put more into it or get more out of it than I. I sat in the concert hall, a supercilious leer on my sappy young face, thinking to myself, 'This fiddler has a big reputation, but it was probably built up by press agents. Poor old chap, once he hears me play that piece he'll probably turn green, smash his fiddle and get himself a hand organ and a monkey.'

"Then the fiddler began to play the piece, my piece—the Old Refrain. He had been playing just one minute when I began to shiver. The hall was hot enough, heaven knows—too hot, in fact—but I shivered like a sick spaniel. In one minute I had discovered something that froze me to the marrow. It was that there was at least one man in the world who could get more out of a fiddle in sixty seconds than I could in sixty thousand years, if ever. I'd played the Old Refrain hundreds of times, and yet, as I sat there, I knew I'd never heard it before. I was a cat yowling on a back fence compared to that man. I suppose I might have mentioned before that his name was Kreisler.

"Well, I went straight back to my room, took out my fiddle and broke it over Slippery Elmer's hard head. That started a fight, naturally—a humdinger that lasted an hour—and, also naturally, I was licked.

"I was pretty desperate, I'll tell you. It was perfectly uncanny the way the Demon of the Second Best dogged my footsteps. The very next night, to forget my troubles, I sat in a poker game with four other fellows. We were all about even till the last hand, and then we began to bet our shirts. We bumped each other back and forth all around. I had a hard time keeping my face straight, because I had four kings in my hand. I figured that a couple of the boys had caught full houses and that Bunny Murray was bluffing, for he played like a wild ostrich, anyhow, and had drawn four cards.

"We raised along until only Bunny and I were left, and finally, when my entire fortune was in the pot, Bunny called me. 'Sorry, Bunny,' I said, laying down my four kings. 'Save your sorrow,' said Bunny, and laid down a straight flush.

"Well, sir, I went home and almost drank a bottle of horse liniment my roommate kept for sprains. Even my name, I reflected, was against me. I'd been named after dad—William Benton, 2nd.

"I graduated—second honors in mathematics. Was I satisfied? I was not. I chucked the medal out of the window. Then I started out into the world with a face so fiercely gloomy that small children sometimes had fits when they saw me. Of course, I wasn't completely sunk. It's hard to sink a healthy young fellow of twenty-one. Besides, the old fire was still burning under my waistcoat. On the train bound for New York I kept saying to myself, 'First or bust!'

"By pulling some of the old fraternity-brother wangle, I landed a job in a bank. I was quite tickled with myself until it dawned on me that the old jinx was still operating. It came to me one evening in my furnished room, all of a sudden. Why, the bank I worked in was the Second Merchants and Sailors Trust Company, I had gone to work on the second of July and I was second assistant to the second vice president. I'm not exaggerating. That's the literal truth. When I realized it I had a momentary impulse to jump out of the window. I even went so far as to go to the window, only to see that jumping out would do me no great harm, or good, for my room was on the second floor. Yes, the street was East Twenty-Second Street. Can you beat it? Can you even tie it?"

I said I couldn't, and Benton, looking pleased that I couldn't, continued:

"I set my teeth and plugged away. I didn't have many friends in those days. I had the reputation of being a terrible grouch. My face was half a yard long, and there was a truculent, melancholy glitter in my eye, so I've been told. I was even more miserable than I looked too. I worked hard, my eye fixed on the top of the ladder, and I was just about to be made an assistant vice president when the war came along.

"Now laugh at this. I got into the second officers' training camp and came out a second lieutenant, assigned to B Company. We did one fairly snappy stunt at the front, with the result that the captain, who happened to be flat on his back in a dugout, boiled to the eyebrows at the time, got a medal, and I got a bit of shrapnel in my left leg. In passing, let me point out that it was all in fun, for the Armistice was signed just two minutes before I got pipped. I was lucky in a way, though. The wound didn't amount to much.

"I came back home. Needed a vacation, so I took one up in this part of the world—at a village near here—before going back to my old job. Then I met the girl. She was the most beautiful girl in the world. Go ahead, laugh. She really was. Others thought so too. Lotta, her name was—Lotta Sherwin. I fell for her, and I fell with a resounding crash. Need I tell you that I found she was as good as she was beautiful?"

I said he needn't.

"Honestly," Benton said, "I didn't know girls came that nice. Looks, brains, good nature—Lotta had them all. Well, I was in love up to the hilt. I had a good job, forty-nine hundred dollars in bonds that I'd saved, and I wanted, more than I had ever wanted anything, to marry Lotta Sherwin. So I set out to do it. Lotta and I played tennis together, and swam and danced and rode. I said to myself, 'It won't be long now.' It wasn't. We had almost reached the honey and baby stage when who should appear on the scene but Charley Garrison, fresh from knocking down a dozen enemy planes as a major in the Royal Flying Corps, a big, handsome fellow with movie-hero eyebrows. Rich? Don't inquire. Of course he was. A corking good sort too.

"Well, I called on Lotta one night, bearing my little gift of orchids. My heart was well up against my tonsils, for that night was going to be a mighty important one in my life. I was going to propose to Lotta. I rehearsed my passionate declarations with a dry tongue as I went up the path to her front door. I expected she'd be on the veranda. She was. I could see her light summer dress in the June twilight. I stole quietly toward the veranda, thinking to surprise her. I did. Never try to surprise a woman. It is usually you who are surprised. Lotta was not alone. Someone was very much with her. They jumped up from a hammock, blushing. Lotta said, 'Bill, I have such wonderful news for you! Charley and I are going to be married.' Of course I congratulated them both, and gave Lotta the orchids for an engagement present, and went home with a heart like a grindstone and a face that would have made an army mule shy.

"They were married three weeks later, in the little village church, and what do you think I was? Yes, I see you've guessed it best man.

"I was standing there trying to look pleased while the old parson read out the fatal words, when my eye fell on a girl in the bridal party—the maid of honor, I guess she was called, or something like that. She was a fresh-looking little blond thing with a turn-up nose and a knowing eye. I glowered at her. Then what did she do but wink at me?

"Now I have a theory that love is a germ. Like influenza, you know. For no reason at all you catch it, and that's the end of you. If you don't believe it, listen to this: Until an hour before the ceremony I'd never laid eyes on that girl in my life, or even heard of her. She was some friend of Lotta's. I'd had her name mumbled at me, had muffed it completely, and had nodded offhandedly to her. I hadn't really been aware of her at all. My mind was much too full of black thoughts to have any room in it for little blond strangers. Then bingo, she winked at me, and I was very much aware of her indeed. I winked back at her. And then the ceremony was over—and I forgot to kiss the bride. Coming out of the church I'm told I was beaming like a cat full of pet canaries. I saw to it that I rode back to Lotta's house for the wedding luncheon with that girl.

"I've no idea what we said on that ride. All I remember is that just as we turned into the driveway of the Sherwin house, I kissed her and said, 'Well, dear, when is it to be?' She winked at me. We were in love with each other, and we both knew it. Now try to tell me love isn't a germ!"

I didn't try to tell him that love is not a germ, so Benton continued:

"I asked somebody who she was. Polly Hart, they told me. Her father ran a bank in Chicopee Falls. A hell of a swell girl, my informant added. He needn't have. I sought her out at once, plucked her away from the other wedding guests and whispered, 'There's a summer house in the garden.'

"'Good!' she said.

"Out there, I looked straight at her and said, 'Polly Hart, you know and I know, so there's only one thing to be done.' She nodded. 'Of course,' I said, 'you don't know the first thing about me ——'

"'I know your name, your age and what you do. I just asked,' she said. 'But facts aren't important, are they?'

"'Only this one: We're going to be married,' I said. 'Will tomorrow morning at eleven suit you?'

"'Perfectly,' Polly said.

"Next morning I collected her and drove to the office of a justice of the peace. I was so happy I could hardly steer the car. Then, as we neared the office, Polly said, 'Bill dear, stop the car a second.'

"I stopped the car. Her face was rather grave.

"'Are you sure you want to marry me?' she asked.

"'Of course I am.'

"'Even if I've had a past?'

"'What do you mean?' I asked.

"'Oh,' she said, 'it was a perfectly proper past.'

"'My dear girl,' I said, 'tell me what you mean.'

"'Oh, it's nothing much,' said Polly; 'only, I think you should know. You see, Bill, the fact is I've been married before.'

"I couldn't say a word. I just goggled at her like a lunatic.

"'I'm a sort of widow, you see,' she said. 'When I was seventeen I eloped from finishing school with a Yale boy. Poor Larry! So nice—and so dumb! Our marriage lasted only two months. Then I got dad to have it annulled. What children we were! Anyhow, Larry fell out of a balloon in the war and was killed. I'm sorry it all happened; but it did happen. Well, do you still want to marry me?'

"All I could do was nod. We must have been married, but I was too upset to remember anything about it.

"More or less in a haze of dejection, I went to work in Polly's father's bank—assistant cashier.

"Polly was a splendid girl in every way, and a wonderful wife, but I guess I was just about the poorest husband ever. I moped around with a face like a woebegone mastiff and I was as cheery as a man in a dungeon. The old spark was just about out, you understand. The jinx had me almost licked.

"Then, one night, Polly said to me: 'Look here, Bill, I want to have a straight talk with you. What's the matter with you anyway? You go around looking like the Second Grave-digger and acting as chatty and gay as a tombstone. What's wrong? I think you love me and I know I love you. We ought to be very happy. What's turned your brain to a dill pickle? Come across; tell me.'

"Well, I told her. I'd never spilled it all to anybody before. I told her how I had wanted intensely, frantically, all my life, to be a first-rater, the best at something if it was only parcheesi, and how I'd always fallen short by a few inches.

"I told her how they had named me Second-Best Benton and how now at last I was admitting to myself that I was a near-good, and how it was taking all the heart out of me.

"When I had finished, Polly sat on my lap and stroked my head, and said: 'You darling old chump, so that's it! Wake up and hear the robins chirp. Don't you see, dear, you are first in something? Why, you lead the world in your specialty, with no near competitors. You're a real champion. Why not enjoy it?'

"'I don't get that at all,' I said.

"'Bill,' she said solemnly, 'think it over. You are the best second-best man in the world. You are the champion runner-up of all times. A lot of people can come in first now and then, by merit or mistake or otherwise; but you're unique. You're always second. At being second, no man in the world can beat you.'

"Well, with that I began to laugh, and I've been laughing or smiling ever since."

"Then you're truly happy?" I asked.

"Happy?" said Benton. "No end! You bet I'm happy! I venture to think I'm the second happiest man in the world. . . . Well, I've got to rush along. Promised to take my two kids to the movies. Hope I'll see you again. Give me a ring next time you're in town. I'm vice president of the National, the second largest bank in town."

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SIX

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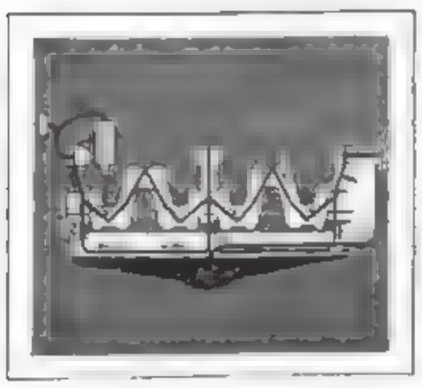
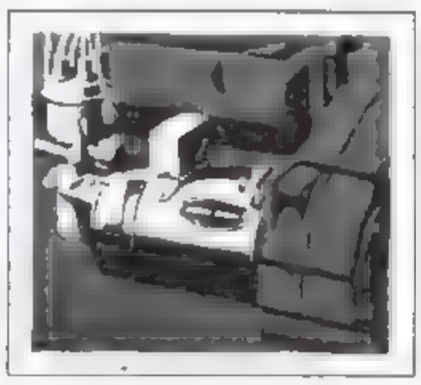


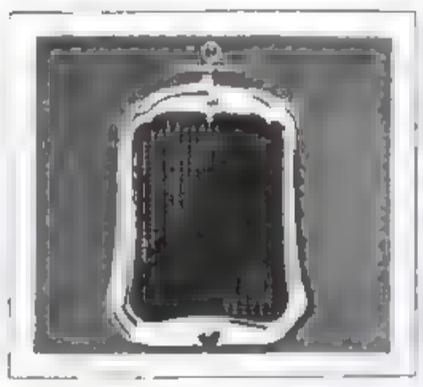
Three-Way Pressure Lubrication

Thorough lubrication is assured by the use of three-way oil delivery. The accessible gear [illegible] operated by the forward end of the camshaft, delivers oil at equal pressure through oil tubes to the main bearings as well as through the full length of the crankshaft, which also acts as a drilled oil passage. Connecting rods are lubricated from the [illegible] crankshaft. Passages from the crankshaft bearings deliver oil to the camshaft bearings. An oil stream is directed upon the timing chain. Other parts of the engine are bathed in an oil spray. An oil filter eliminates any injurious abrasive matter.



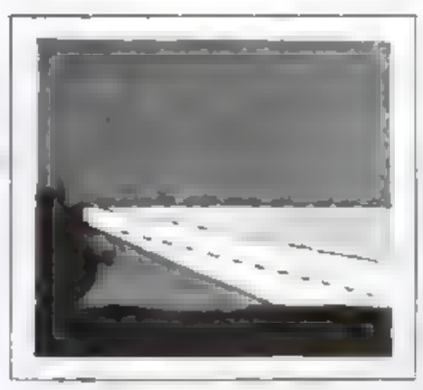
Thermostatic Charging Control

The Oldsmobile generator is driven by the silent timing chain. Oldsmobile has thermostatic control on the generator that automatically increases the charging rate when the engine is cold and demands on the generator are greatest. This thermostatic control [illegible] the charging rate of the generator when the engine is operating at high temperatures, a frequent occurrence during warm weather, thereby protecting both the generator and the storage battery against possibility of overcharging. The spark timing control is full automatic and dependably accurate at all speeds.



Chromium Plating

The nickel on such parts as radiator shells and lamp [illegible] application over the usual copper [illegible] and improved in appearance by a final coating of the element chromium through a carefully developed electro-plating process. This finish is glass hard, rust proof and is brighter and whiter and retains its lustre longer than nickel. Its resistance to corrosion from salt spray is, for instance, more than five times greater than that of the finest nickel. Chromium plating was perfected and introduced by Oldsmobile, in co-ordination with General Motors Research Laboratories.

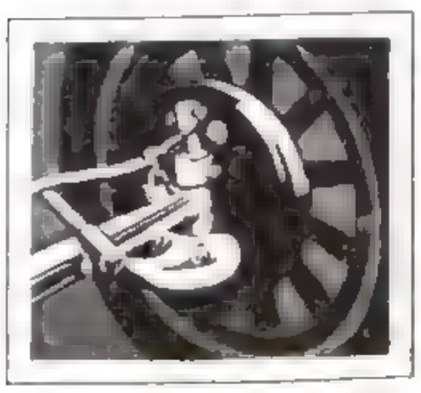


Twin-Beam Headlights

Oldsmobile headlights have double filament bulbs, one filament in place of the conventional "bright" and the other in place of the conventional "dim." On "dim" [illegible] light is projected at a downward angle and gives ample vision to the Oldsmobile driver without blinding approaching drivers. On "bright" [illegible] the beam is projected at a higher angle and has the [illegible] of the car. These headlights are operated by a neat lever centered on the steering wheel that may be operated without removing the hands from the wheel or taking the eyes from the road.

Harmonic Balancer

The harmonic balancer counteracts torsional vibration. It is a development of the engineers of [illegible] Motors Corporation. The harmonic balancer is unusual because of its extreme [illegible]. It has no moving parts and sets up an interacting or opposing force that neutralizes crankshaft vibration. The large drop forged crankshaft is dynamic and static balanced. The grain flow of the metal in the forging is held at right angles to the lines of [illegible] stress to give additional rigidity and [illegible]. The crankshaft is mounted on rigid web supports cast integral with the crankcase.

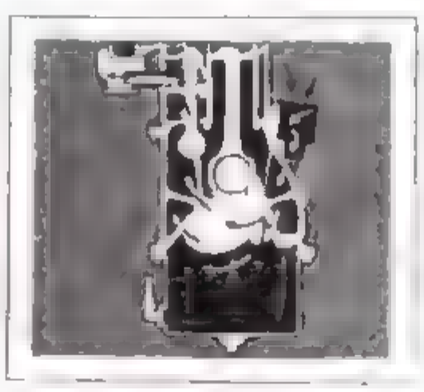


Four-Wheel Brakes

"I have driven, probably, all different [illegible] four-wheel brakes and I can say with [illegible] that the four-wheel brakes on Oldsmobile surpass any I have ever touched for ease of operation and positiveness of action," is the manner in which an experienced driver [illegible] engaged in the automotive industry [illegible] himself regarding Oldsmobile four-wheel brakes. The front brakes are self-energizing, internal three shoe expanding type. They are entirely enclosed as protection against dirt and oil. When turning the outside wheel brake pressure is less than the pressure on the inside wheel, allowing the outside wheel to rotate more freely [illegible] and safe control. The rear wheel brakes are efficient split-band, two-piece type in which the action is mechanical and the bands clamp the drums like jaws, assuring [illegible]. The [illegible] brakes are operated by a convenient hand lever.

Two-Way Cooling

At the points where greatest heat is generated, [illegible] around the valve seats [illegible] at the [illegible] the pressure method of circulation with special design ports [illegible] those [illegible] and [illegible] water would [illegible] them too much. Therefore, the circulation of cooling water around the cylinder barrels is controlled. In other words, parts of the points of greatest heat are cooled by the pressure method of circulation while the movement of water about the cylinders is governed by convection in which the rate of circulation is controlled by the reaction of the heat upon the water. This dual control of water circulation maintains sufficient even temperature about the cylinders for efficient [illegible] performance. This [illegible] aids materially in eliminating crankcase dilution.

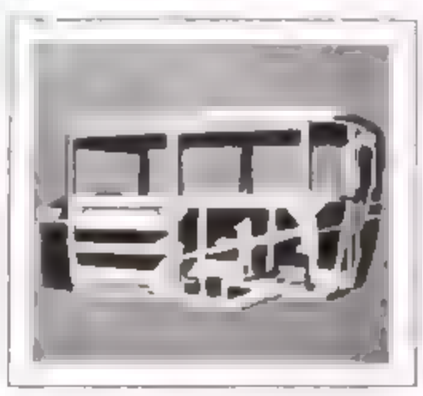


Crankcase Ventilation

In all internal combustion engines water is formed by condensation. Cold engines do not [illegible] all of the fuel in starting. This water and unburned liquid fuel pass into the crankcase and form dilution. This dilution destroys the lubricating qualities of the oil. Oldsmobile eliminates excessive dilution by crankcase ventilation. One-third of the air that passes through the carburetor is drawn through a breather port in the left side of the engine. This air, cleaned of dust and injurious material by an air cleaner on the breather port, sweeps through the crankcase before entering the carburetor. It draws off with it water vapor and unburned fuel that may have passed into the crankcase. This system is simple and has no moving parts. Crankcase ventilation, for performance, gives longer useful life to the oil [illegible] allows depreciation, prolongs the life of the car.

Dual Air Cleaning, Oil Filter

Dust [illegible] in the [illegible] is removed by centrifugal force, the [illegible] from the air that enters the carburetor dirt and a second cleaner, in connection with the system of crankcase ventilation, cleans the balance of the air. An oil filter excludes sediment and destructive foreign substances from the oil as it passes through the filter bag, increasing the useful life of the oil. Crankcase ventilation with dual air cleaners and oil filter introduces, in addition to economy through long life, another [illegible] of thrift and an added source of confidence by reducing the necessity for oil changes to but 3 to 4 times in the average driving [illegible]. It [illegible] still proceeds, but in the ordinary manner.



Fisher Bodies

The Oldsmobile bodies are Fisher designed and [illegible] of composite construction of [illegible] hardwood frame [illegible] are wedged, glued, screwed, bolted and given additional strength at the points of greatest stress by steel braces. Side construction is used in the top, with seven lateral cross members and thirteen longitudinal members. The quality, strength and freedom from noises of this construction are the accepted standard of fine cars. The contour of the Fisher bodies is graceful, the appointments complete, the Duco finish lustrous and permanent, and the provisions for comfort pleasing. Excellent mounting for the Fisher bodies is provided by the double-offset, low-gravity frame, which is wide at the rear for ample [illegible] and [illegible] roadability. The frame is [illegible] results in greater safety, smarter appearance.

Check The Known Factors of Motor Car Merit . . In Oldsmobile

L-head six-cylinder engine . . crankcase ventilation with dual air cleaning and oil filter introducing only 3 to 4 oil changes a year . . four-wheel brakes . . harmonic balancer . . two-way cooling . . three-way pressure lubrication . . honed cylinders . . high-velocity, hot-section manifold . . double-valve springs . . silent timing chain . . full automatic spark . . thermostatic charging control . . 30x5.25 balloon-tires . . balloon-geared steering . . double-offset, low-gravity frame . . easy-shift transmission . . twin-beam headlights controlled from steering wheel . . chromium, permanent-lustre plating . . Duco finish . . beauty of line and complete appointments in Fisher bodies and many other features of known worth.

Standard Touring, $875; Standard Coupe, $925; Standard Coach, $950; Standard Sedan, $1025

DeLuxe Roadster, $975; DeLuxe Touring, $980; DeLuxe Coupe, $990; Sport Coupe, $1035
DeLuxe Coach, $1050; DeLuxe Sedan, $1125; and Landau, $1190

ALL PRICES F. O. B. LANSING, MICHIGAN

TO GET THE TRAINS THROUGH . . . SAFELY, SWIFTLY, AND ON TIME

AT INTERVALS *of a few miles over the entire Pennsylvania Railroad these block-towers stand like sentries, on guard to protect the passing trains. Connected by a marvelous "nerve system" of telephones and telegraphs, operators in these towers prepare the way for miles ahead of each train, setting the switches and lights, reporting it in and out, providing an additional check on the accurate automatic machinery of the railroad.*

Skilled operators in a thousand towers guide these swift trains

FROM TOWER TO TOWER the signal is flashed, miles ahead of the speeding train.

"Clear the way for 28."

The Broadway Limited is coming through the night.

In each tower in turn the operator repeats the order into the telephone from which it has come.

Small indicating lights in the block tower and clear lights over the track, show that the way is clear.

A click of tiny levers. Half a mile away the switch swings into place—the signal sets.

Minutes of silence. Then far away in the distance a dim murmur grows quickly, swells to thunder. The black bulk of the locomotive rushes past, windows of luxurious cars glitter warmly.

"Clear the way for 28!" The signal flashes on, often a hundred miles ahead, and the Broadway Limited speeds into the night, guided by a thousand unseen hands.

PILOTS of the Pennsylvania's fleet of 6700 daily trains—so these operators and levermen might be called. Day and night they are at their posts, a living chain from one end of the railroad to the other, linked together by the largest private system of communication in the world. From tower to tower they pass the great trains, guiding them swiftly, safely through the long network of shining rails.

Leaders of the largest fleet of trains in America

BROADWAY LIMITED
New York and Chicago—20 hours

THE AMERICAN
St. Louis and New York—24 hours

LIBERTY LIMITED
Chicago and Washington—19 hours

CONGRESSIONAL LIMITED
Washington and New York—4½ hours

THE RED ARROW
Detroit, Toledo and the East

CINCINNATI LIMITED
Cincinnati and New York—18 hours

Carries more passengers, hauls more freight than any other railroad in America

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

HELEN OF THE HUNDRED WAVES

(Continued from Page 34)

"Easy enough to understand," observed the cynical male.

Helen made no answer; but she kept the portrait, and pondered over it. The beautiful, foolish face of May D'Artagnan, big-eyed like a lemur, round-chinned like a cat, stared blankly back at her. The usual press notice about the popularity of May, her necklaces, her Borzois, her saloon car, her maid, her Persian cats, her husband, frothed underneath the picture in the usual way. There was nothing to make out of it.

"Still, why did he have it?" mused Helen Elizabeth. She was not so simple as to think that a man loves only one woman in his life. But she knew that a man usually loves one woman most and best, and that even a man who is faithful to nothing else will be faithful to type. Doubtless Pollock had had his wandering loves like other men. She did not wonder at that; she did, to see him apparently an admirer of the pussy-faced sort, carrying a portrait of a girl who looked as if she could both purr and miaow, over the heart that all his life had remained essentially faithful to queenly Aunt Elizabeth. "I don't believe it," was Helen Elizabeth's conclusion.

Rob Telford thought her fantastic, but liked her none the less. "There's no clew in that picture," he maintained; "or in anything else. Except the clew to how he lost the money he made. That's plain. Put the papers in proper order. Act one: Arrival of the treasure seeker in Sydney. Hotel Splendide, parties, drinks, general beano. Cigars with jazz bands round 'em. Portrait of May D'Artagnan; probably because it was like the pretty cabaret girl who was at the beano. Act two: Washing bill unpaid; suddenly out of cash; watch put up the spout. Must have been the one he bought when he arrived flush of cash, because eight pound's been lent on it, so it was probably worth forty. His bill for three days at the Splendide was fifty-seven pounds. Hadn't enough left to square it till he popped his watch. Then took a steamer ticket to Sulala, so jolly well cleaned out he had to smoke plug tobacco and go steerage. Looks as if he'd been robbed of—whatever it was—the night he gave the biggest party. Champagne bill quite enough to account for that. What do you think?"

"I think we'll find out when we get to Sulala, if we ever do," was Helen's only reply. She had put the picture of May D'Artagnan into her pocket. About the other exhibits she had apparently nothing to say.

On the way to Sulala they talked the matter over again and again. Pollock, they knew, had recently been shipwrecked; somebody on board had heard him talk of it. A hundred to one the discovery was connected with the wreck. Charles joyously maintained that it was—must be—a pirate hoard. The newspaper man objected that there was no history of pirates in that part of the South Seas—with the exception of a certain notorious shipping and trading firm, whose hoards were safe in the Bank of New South Wales. He thought, for his part, that Pollock had come across guano. "There's nothing you could wish for that's more valuable," he said.

Helen Elizabeth kept silence, though her eyes glowed at the mention of treasure, as the eyes of her great kinswoman, in the days of Drake and Hawkins, may have shone over the mention of Spanish plate ships. Pressed, she said it might be nothing at all. Pollock had been delirious for days before the end. He might have gone down to Sydney with the usual miner's "shammy," spent it in the usual way, and fancied all the rest.

The atoll, with the little cay inclosed, was not a fancy, however, as they discovered in the town of Sulala. Nor was the shipwreck a fancy. Everyone knew how couple of years ago. Everyone knew, too, that no one had been saved except an old Cornishman, who'd been left there so long eating shellfish and seaweed before he was picked up that he was half crazy when they found him. Everyone knew, also, before long, that these people—Mr. and Miss Pentecost and Mr. Telford—who had arrived on the Sydney boat, were looking for traces of relatives lost in the Eimeo's wreck. Perhaps Mr. Telford could have told how the rumor started. A sentimental interest soon attached to the search; it was supposed that the girl had lost a lover, and the fellow with the big shoulders and sandy hair, a sister, and "none of them would believe they were dead till they saw it."

The owner of the local steamer, Island Girl, listened to gossip and coolly charged double fares. They'd pay up, he reckoned, if they were so keen on their lovers and sisters. And anyhow it was hurricane time again, and he didn't like taking his ship off her course.

So it happened that the three landed on a remote, barren cay, with fewer stores and comforts than was prudent on such a spot and at such a time of year. There was no help for it. They had spent good money changing their route, and the tiny income of Charles and his sister made no allowance for that kind of thing. To go straight to Levuka and put up in a cheap boarding house there until another wretched payment became due was all they had hoped for. Rob Telford, recently made rich by the acquirement of a whole five hundred pounds, did not even dare to offer Charles a loan; not that Charles would have minded, but Helen Elizabeth—well, there was no doing anything with Helen Elizabeth.

The captain of the local steamer landed them in a whaleboat.

"I'll call for ye on my way back!" he shouted as the ship's boys rowed the boat through glittering swells. And nothing in his words, or in the day, or in the smooth, tigerish beauty of the tropic seas gave Charles, his sister or Rob the slightest hint that they were looking on that local steamer and her master's red moonface for the very last time.

The cay was larger than it looked, and so was the atoll. When you had won through the solitary opening in the reef there was a mile to go. That circle of emerald lagoon, small as it seemed, was two good miles in diameter and six roundabout; while the cay itself, a pin point on the map, expanded, when you had reached it, to the size of a London square. Once you lost the scale of the vast Pacific, and came down to the scale of your own sixty-five or seventy inches, the place seemed huge.

Apart from treasure hunts, which were certainly spice to the dish, these people enjoyed the place for its own sake; how much, one would scarce dare to tell the crowd-loving multitude that counts life skinned and bare without radio, motor and movie. They had their tents set up before first sundown; they slept—Charles and Rob in one, Elizabeth in the other—with flaps wide open, and a wall of stars for tapestry. One could hear the fish plopping in the lagoon all night, and if one waked, one could see lagoon waves breaking in green sea fire upon the beach, and turtles, out in deep water, sailing like emerald moons.

During the day it was very hot; they had to pile green bushes on top of the tent flies to fend away the fury of the sun; and the sand—coral sand, fine and intensely white—almost burned their feet and hands. Charles and his sister stood the heat without effort, but Rob Telford at times had cause to feel envious of people who, like the Pentecosts, owned to three generations of tropic white descent, and were in consequence almost sunproof.

treasure hunt, but long enough if three people did their best. Charles, of course, didn't; that was Charles' strong suit through life. Charles had headaches; Charles needed a day to think things out; Charles had worked on Monday till his arms were so stiff he couldn't move them on Tuesday and Wednesday. Charles, in fine, shirked—with excellent reasons, with perfect manners—but shirked. There are many Charleses.

Helen Elizabeth worked, day in, day out, with tireless perseverance, without hurry, without rest. Telford backed her up. There was not a lazy bone in the young writer's body. As the captain had said at Man-o'-War Island, his shoulders and legs were unnecessarily good for a mere author. They had all the work they wanted in the course of the next two weeks.

It had sounded an easy thing to explore a little sand cay; it turned out a piece of grilling labor. Imagine yourself and one other digging up, inch by inch, Russell Square. And they had no guide. Both were inwardly convinced of that which they had boldly denied—the existence of a real treasure; something running to gold mostly—cups and candlesticks, with a few ruby necklaces thrown in. Helen Elizabeth had read treasure romances and Rob Telford had written them; they felt that the setting for a treasure find could not be bettered, and perhaps unreasonably allowed themselves to hope in consequence.

Between them Helen and Rob decided that it would be best to mark off the place into squares, go about systematically piercing the sand with long sticks, and then, when anything hard was struck, take the spade, feel the thing, heave it, toss it and lift it out. It was usually a lump of brainstone coral or an empty clam, but the thrill of the search continued. Next time—next time, maybe.

It was well on in the second week before they allowed themselves to face the position fairly. Helen and Rob had had a hard day. They had struck a good many lumps of coral, some whales' bones, and a maddening, disappointing chest, deep buried, that turned out, when they scraped the sand away from it, to be nothing but an empty meat case from some former wreck. The joys of treasure hunting, already worn somewhat thin, dwindled almost to vanishing point before this last insult of unkindly fate. Elizabeth, a slim upright figure, wearing, as always, her shabby frock with grace, stood motionless, the digging stick held lancewise in her hand, for just so long as one might count ten. Her lips were tight shut; she was looking out to sea.

"Say it," counseled Telford. "Say you're as sick of it as I am. Say you think old Pollock was just a common or garden lunatic. Say that Charles has shown a dashed sight more sense than either of us."

Charles, visible in the distance beneath the shade of the tent fly, seemed to stretch his reclining legs a little farther.

"If there's gold here—and hang it, it couldn't be anything else—we can't find it with this outfit. We'll have to come back with six months' stores and a motor tractor and plow. If we can!"

Helen Elizabeth said nothing at all. She continued to look out at sea. Telford, annoyed, swung round so that he could face her; he was determined to make her talk. "You might"—he was beginning, when the words died on his lips. He had seen what she was looking at. A boat making for the cay

"Shipwrecked," commented Helen Elizabeth casually, as one might remark "late," or "wet."

Rob Telford, bursting with the suppressed sense of romance which he was well aware no island dweller shared, managed to remark just as lightly:

"Indeed!" In his heart he was de-

Spring time—
an ideal time
to go abroad

Now before the summer rush starts—now when the breath of spring has made the old world gay and happy—is the time to go to Europe.

On luxurious American Flagships, comfort, service and unsurpassed cuisine make the trip a constant delight.

Make your reservations for an early sailing on any one of these splendid ships:

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A luxurious colonial home on the sea that carries you in steady swiftness on a trip of constant pleasure.

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Chart of Rates

FIRST CLASS	CABIN CLASS
S. S. LEVIATHAN $290* and up S. S. GEORGE WASHINGTON $231* and up *Lower Winter rates apply until April 15	S.S. PRESIDENT HARDING and S.S. PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT $145 and up S.S. REPUBLIC $140 and up
SECOND CLASS	**THIRD CLASS**
S. S. LEVIATHAN $147.50 and up S.S. GEORGE WASHINGTON $136.25 and up	From $85. Tourist Third Class in season $95 up

The boat came nearer. Charles joined the party with a powerful glass in his hand—Charles always managed to have things like that, no matter what the condition of his boots and shirt might be.

"It's a whaleboat," he pronounced. "Three white men and a native in her. Masts all right; sails a bit knocked about. Seen weather lately, somewhere or other. Name—I think I can—gad, it's Island Girl!"

He lowered the glass. Elizabeth took it from his hand and scanned the advancing whaleboat. She said nothing. But Telford, so close to her that he could hear the sibilant movement of her cotton dress as she breathed, counted the minute hairs of golden down that glittered before each ear, was pleased by the fancy that this nearness, delightful in itself, helped him to read her thoughts. And he was almost certain her thoughts regarded the coming boat unfavorably. Well, after all, one wasn't living in a novel, wrapped up in dream. One was on a real desert atoll, looking for a treasure, as yet unnamed and unlocated, and three strangers were butting in. That they were shipwrecked helped nothing, away from the magazine point of view.

People were always getting wrecked in the islands, and no one but the insurance companies, who turned down island risks with a flat and heavy hand, thought anything about it. These people had been wrecked, it seemed clear, from the very steamer that had conveyed the party to the island. That was bad for everyone. He knew what Elizabeth was thinking. "Stores!"

In the Pacific, that broken-up world of islands and archipelagoes, the word "stores" carries weight. There it represents the most serious of problems; the link on which fortune and life itself may hang. Coral islands—and by far the greater number of the islands are coral—cannot support white people unaided. If the steamer fails, the stores fail—the flour and the rice and the sugar and the tea and the meat and the biscuits fail, leaving, if you are lucky, coconut, yam and fish; if you are unlucky, as these voyagers were, fish only.

It looked like fish only as the whaleboat ran in; and that before long. If the Island Girl was gone she couldn't fetch them off. And they had only two weeks' food for themselves left, with four more people to eat it.

Water they had, at least. Charles, in one of his odd spasms of prudence—engendered, it may be, by fifty years' recollection of island disasters—had insisted on bringing an unconscionable number of oil drums, filled with water and securely screwed down. Elizabeth had limited his provision of other drinkables with a strict and prudent hand; but no matter what happened—and it could only be a question of time till the owners sent out a search party—thirst was not to be feared in the near future. But hunger was.

Nevertheless, there was nothing wanting to the cordiality with which Elizabeth welcomed the luckless new arrivals. And the second mate and the engineer and the bos'n, who had got away in the second of two boats after the Island Girl ran on a reef in a storm and sank, renewed their acquaintance with everyone as easily as if they had just been for a walk down the street.

They said, when questioned, that the other boat would possibly make Sulala within a week or so, given good weather. They had separated, giving the first boat most of the food, and trusting to reach the cay in time, since it was near. There wasn't room for a cat on board that first boat. It was better to be where they were; but you couldn't get the mate to see reason; he was all for trying Sulala. . . . Captain? Oh, the old man was done for; caught in the suck of the ship and went down.

Thus the second mate, quite at home and at ease, walking up the burning beach of the cay. Almost immediately he broached the question of stores. It had been too sudden an affair for them to get at the lazaret. They'd nothing except the biscuit and water in the boat, and they'd been blown out of their course and most of that was done. He reckoned there was plenty of fish about the atoll. Mostly there was about atolls. He reckoned they could live on it. There were hooks and lines in the boat.

Charles, that Victorian survival, received them as one might expect a typically clubbable man to do, made them free of his tent and his cigars, and royally, of his drinks as well. The sun, declining, found him happily talking, as he had talked for hours; cheerfully presenting the seamen with all his—and Elizabeth's and Telford's—hopes, plans and beliefs; all that he, and they, meant to do with the island—everything, in fact, that he ought to have kept most strictly to himself, thus following the disastrous star, or triplet of stars, that had led him ever toward the destruction of his own hopes and the hopes of others.

"Will nothing stop him?" asked Telford despairingly. He had slipped away from the cheap merrymaking, which held no attractions for him—Rob being of the new, hard youth that contemns slack sensuality in its elders; that can take its drink, and kiss its girl on occasion, without reacting inevitably and identically to every glass filled with whisky and silk stocking filled with flesh that may be met with on the road of life.

"Nothing will stop Charles in anything; you may make up your mind to that," trenchantly replied Charles' sister.

That was at half-past three o'clock, when the grilling heat of midday was just beginning to slacken and the blinding sea glare of afternoon taking its place. By half-past four o'clock shadows were tentatively creeping forth, setting here and there a faint blue finger on the sand. And all over the sand the mate and the bos'n and the engineer were at work, digging, scraping, hailing one another with loud, unsober whoops, egged on by the egregious Charles with shouts of "Hup! Hup! Over!" like the cries of a circus ringmaster encouraging his troupe.

"I give up," declared Telford, seating himself on a rock and lighting a pipe with angry, shaken hands. "What's the use? If there is anything ——"

"There is," was Helen Elizabeth's cool assurance.

"If there is," he repeated, "those fellows there are just as likely to find it as we are."

"I wonder," was the girl's remark. Her pointed face, with the curious heart-shaped mouth so full of passion and yet, as he knew it, so cold, was set toward the sea. A flood of light thrown back from the lagoon and the sinking sun transformed, for a few brief minutes, the little figure into a chryselephantine statue of ivory and gold. Not royal Gloriana herself, in her golden robes, with her passionate pale face and glowing hair, could have seemed more regal, more splendid, than this little island girl in her worn cotton dress.

It passed; the sun swept lower and the splendor died.

"Fairy gold," thought Rob, who, like all writers, was a shade superstitious. "A sign, if one needed it, that we're going to get nothing more substantial out of this cursed island."

He spoke something of his thought. Elizabeth, mysteriously transformed into just a girl once more, nodded and sighed.

"Yes," she agreed. "I've a notion you are right." And she walked away to her tent. Only Elizabeth, thought Rob Telford, could have ignored so coolly the presence of three drunken men on a tiny island with herself; could have slept as she did with the tent flap open just as usual, royally certain that no one would dare to molest her.

"She couldn't know," thought the man, turning and twisting on his rough bed through half the night, "that I've got my automatic ready to plug holes in anyone who looks crooked at her." If Elizabeth rested well, he did not. The vision of that gold-and-ivory figure floated before him hour after hour.

Glowing and fading and glowing, till (he)
could bear it no more,
But rose, and walked alone. . . .

Tramping the sand cay that now, under the stars, looked no bigger than a biscuit tossed upon the huge empty sea, Rob Telford nursed his pain and groaned. Why had he to fall in love with this island princess, this proud, hard, golden little creature, whose heart was set on Man-o'-War more than on any man alive; who would have seen him die at her feet and never shown feeling—even though she cared? Weren't there girls enough in Sydney, in Suva, Apia, Noumea, Port Moresby, who were willing to go surfing, dancing, riding, with him; who had looked at him out of the corners of eyes blue, black and gray, dropped handkerchiefs actual and metaphorical, yielded him lips that were pleasing and waists meet to be pressed? Then why ——

The leap of his pulse, the sigh that burst upward like a wave from his very heart at the bare thought of kissings and caressings—not for the sake of those past, but for the dream of those that never, perhaps, were to come—was answer. One kiss fair on the middle of the heart-shaped mouth! One hug—a man's hug! She had kissed him once, as Dian, hovering in mist and moonshine, may have kissed Endymion. Rob could have laughed at the recollection, but it would have been a bitter laugh.

"I suppose," he thought as he tramped back to his tent again, "there never was a man before in the history of the world who had an island for his rival. Well, just let me get Man-o'-War out of the way, and we'll see a few things worth mentioning."

Ten days had passed since the arrival of the castaways. Charles was sober, and Charles was cooking.

The two facts were not unrelated. No one could say that Elizabeth's half brother was other than generous with anything he had, even to the half of his whisky. He had shared that pleasant poison with the sailors while it lasted, and now that it was all done and he was suffering both from the effects of what had been and the need of what was not, he essayed to distract himself, serve others, and incidentally, temper his own shaken appetite by the use of the one undoubted talent that he possessed. Charles was a heaven-born cook. Like many good cooks, he was rather greedy; but no one grudged him that, in view of the dainties that he could contrive out of commonest materials, the somethings out of almost nothings.

It was the latter case with a vengeance now. There was nothing left but a little flour and a fair supply of water. They had used up every scrap of general stores; turtle, the meat of the sea, wasn't to be found anywhere; and the reef fish, in general, were the poorest anyone had ever seen. Even Charles could not make much of the skinny, bony unhappy things speared by the native servant or caught by the sailors.

"There be something quare and odd about this place," commented the Ulster engineer unhappily, after a morning's hard work with his dredging net. "I got the half of a bucket, and sure I just cowped it into the sea again, when I'd taken one good luik at the wee crowls that was in it. And the oysters that's near hand to the beach, I wouldn't feed a dog on."

"We may have to feed on them for all that," observed Charles. "You can always get them, and when the weather blows up there's not a fish will take bait."

"What aboot the net?" It was the Scotsman who asked, growing anxious, like all the rest, over the failure of the food supply.

"Only of use in good weather. If the blow that's coming hits us fairly hard"—Charles glanced at the greasy, blue-white sky, at the sun rayed round in streaming glassy hair—"we shall just have to collect shellfish."

"There's something about them oysters that's not right," objected the Ulsterman, using a term that carried weight in County Antrim, but passed almost uncomprehended here.

"I'll cook them up so that you'll eat them anyhow," promised Charles. "That is, if we have to eat them, as I daresay we shall."

"It's not pear-rls that's the treasure anyhow."

"If there is a treasure. No. Not pearls. I know a bit about pearls," confessed Charles sadly. "These aren't even the proper pearl oyster. They're the lapi-lapi that lives in shallow water. Natives get an occasional pearl out of them, and it pays to fish lapi-lapi when you have a big crowd to do it for you, but the yield isn't enough to make a fortune, at best. We could find a better pearling ground in a thousand places. Pearl shell isn't uncommon," went on Charles, becoming didactic. "Nor pearls either. They are to be had in small quantities here, there and everywhere about the island. It's the mass of pearl shell that's rare."

"Ay so?" said the second mate, becoming pensive. "I mind me, once off Jamaica ——"

"Oh, but Jamaica's another proposition altogether," broke in the encyclopedic Charles. "The pearls they get there—why, there's a fortune in—oh, Jamaica's unique. Lucky Jamaica! Wish I had a ——"

"What like is the pearls?" asked the Ulsterman curiously.

Charles had his mouth open to answer, when a sinister sound of hissing from the cook tent, followed by a portentous smell, caused him to turn and fly, swearing at large. They heard him for some minutes after, abusing the cook boy.

"Why the devil didn't you look out as I told you? Who do you think is going to find stores for you to waste?"

"Well," said the second mate heavily, "I hope there'll be no blow, but I misdoubt it."

For a day or so the weather kept up. The cay, the lagoon, the very spears and sponges of the reef, were industriously hunted over. Nobody complained about the short commons; everybody felt them. Telford now would have welcomed the finding of the gold—in which he still believed—by anyone at all; by the jovial little engineer, who took his wrecking so lightly; by the thin, red, Scotch second mate; even by the silly young bos'n, who laughed at everything anybody said, and played the mouth organ execrably of an early morning.

But nobody found anything at all. And the blow came and blew itself out. And when it was done the food was done. There was water still; not very much, but water. They had not yet come to the last and worst. But it was now a choice between the sickliest, most abominable of fish and the rather less sickly, stunted lapi-lapi oysters.

Charles plumped for the latter. As cook, he said he could make more of them. Plenty of them, well stewed in not too much water, with a little bit of the green pigface weed that grew near the tents, would be a very decent dish. Everyone, he said, might go out and collect them for him. That is, everyone but the cooky, whom he wanted. And if there really was anything wrong with the oysters—why, a man could die but once; and anyhow, fish poisoning wasn't as bad as thirst and starvation; didn't last near so long.

Rob Telford for once begged off work. Three able-bodied men could collect all the oysters that anyone might want, and he happened to be suffering from a coral cut on one ankle that would certainly be inflamed by salt water. To be sure, if they all died of fish poisoning, coral cuts would not matter. On the other hand, if they lived to get back to Sulala he did not want to spend his time in hospital.

The three sailors tramped as far as possible from the tents before beginning, so that they might have liberty to bathe naked in the lagoon. For a long time Rob could see their bodies, small and pink as boiled

(Continued on Page 103)

HIS mother couldn't find time! When he was just a "creeper," it seemed to her that he was forever under her feet as she bustled about the house—when he grew older she was always "too busy to bother"—and so he finds the street corner a pleasanter place than home...odd, isn't it?

BUT this mother *found* time! From the very beginning she was one of the "gang." And she kept step with his growing years—always a chum, a confederate, a counselor—in short, a *Mother*...

AND now she is the "best girl" of her big boy! A *real* pal—a sharer of joys and sorrows—a "good fellow" whose house rings with the gay laughter of the boys...the hours she "found" for her youngster have grown into golden years!

TIME belongs to every Mother—time for her boy, her friends, her recreation—time for *all* the things that make for happiness!

For the modern Mother need waste no time on burdensome housework.

She picks up her phone, for instance, and in a twinkling a modern laundry transforms 52 "washdays" into 52 days of luxurious leisure!

There is a telephone at your elbow—there is a laundry in your neighborhood—*are you finding time?*

Published in the interest of the public, and on behalf of the Laundry Industry, by *The American Laundry Machinery Company, Executive Offices, Cincinnati, Ohio*

SEND IT TO THE LAUNDRY

Today's laundry offers services to fit every family's needs and every family's pocketbook. All-ironed Services, Partially-ironed Services, Services in which the clothes are returned damp for ironing at home. Phone a modern laundry now—give one of these washday helps a trial.

Buy wit eye

See the golden col

Many motorists do no more when buying oil than drive up and say "two quarts." Some go a step further and buy their oil by name. But the motorist who wants Texaco, and knows why he wants it, goes still further and proves to his own satisfaction that the oil he gets is the oil he pays for.

He identifies it by the clean, clear, golden color of Texaco Motor Oil which is as distinctive and easily recognizable as the trade mark on a sealed can.

THE TEXAS COMPANY, 17 BATTERY PLACE, NEW

TEXACO M

Buy gasoline by name—TEXACO—the ne

your oil
th your
s open!

or as it pours

See the golden color in the Texaco Comparoscope on the dealer's tank. Then take this one additional precaution—watch the golden stream as it pours from the measure into your crankcase.

You *know* you are getting Texaco, and you know, too, that from then on—so long as you continue to buy golden Texaco—your engine will be free from carbon troubles and excessive wear. Texaco Motor Oil, full-bodied in all grades, a perfect lubricant, carries no trace of carbon-forming substances, tars or cylinder stock. Consult the Texaco Lubrication Chart for the right grade to use. Be sure of your oil.

YORK CITY, TEXACO PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

MOTOR OIL

w and better gasoline that forms a dry gas

FRONT TEETH—BACK TEETH

All are "Smiling Teeth"

when you use Pro-phy-lac-tic

THE success of a smile depends on your teeth—on teeth that are always beautiful because they are thoroughly clean. Frequently front teeth give a good report of brushing. But a generous smile puts the back teeth on parade too.

Examine your teeth in a mirror. Can the back ones stand the test of a smile? The only way to keep all your teeth beautiful and sound is to use a brush that cleans them all. Some brushes won't let you do this. But the Pro-phy-lac-tic is one that will.

Notice in the picture that the bristle-surface is concave. The curve of the brush fits the horseshoe curve of your teeth. Every tooth around the half-circle gets a liberal share of cleansing.

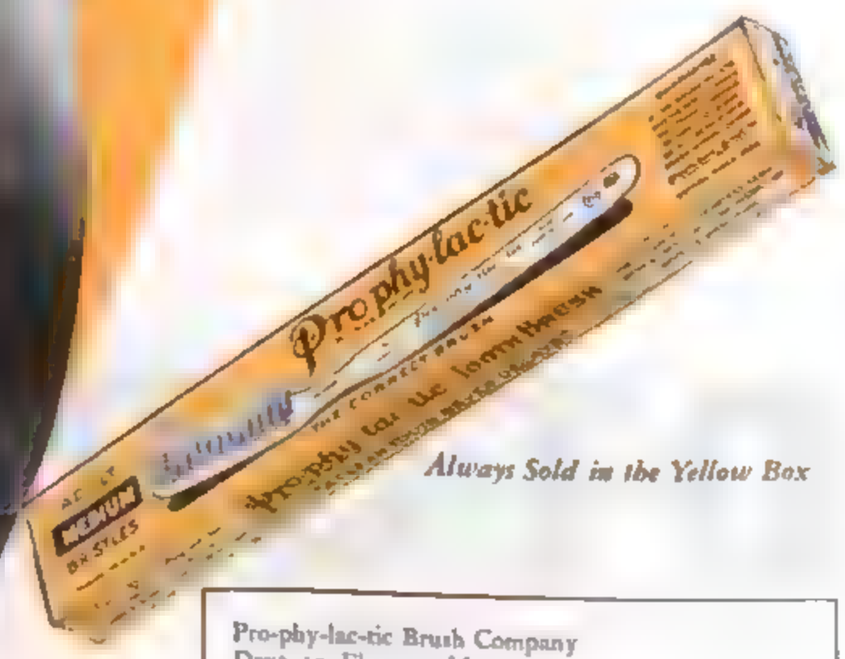
Now look at the interesting big end tuft. This cone-shaped polisher goes into any region of the mouth—pries into the hard-to-get-at back molars. It scrubs out the restricted areas of the mouth where the germs that cause tooth decay gather.

A third point to consider is the curved handle. Your mouth is a cavern with walls that curve—sensitive walls. The Pro-phy-lac-tic handle follows this curve and makes it easy for you to cleanse every tooth.

Sold by all dealers in the U. S., Can., and all over the world. Three sizes—Adult, Small, Baby; with white handles or colored transparent handles—red, green, orange. Prices in U. S. and Can. are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Three different bristle textures—hard, medium, soft. For those who prefer a larger bristle surface, we make the Pro-phy-lac-tic with four rows of bristles. Price 60 cents.

AN IDEA

DON'T try to use your Pro-phy-lac-tic too long. Because of the high quality of the bristles in Pro-phy-lac-tic brushes, they never seem to wear out. But the elasticity, the springiness, of the bristle, which is so important for effective cleansing, may be lessened. Be on the safe side. Try a new Pro-phy-lac-tic brush and compare its "feel" with the old one. With twice-a-day brushing, you will find it better to use two brushes, one at morning and the other at night, giving the bristles of each brush twenty-four hours to dry and become firm. It is a good idea to keep several new Pro-phy-lac-tic brushes on hand. To present one in the yellow box to an overnight guest is a thoughtful courtesy.



Always Sold in the Yellow Box

Free:

an interesting booklet containing valuable information on the care of the teeth

Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company
Dept. 13, Florence, Mass.

Please send me your instructive booklet on the care and preservation of the teeth

Name . . . . . .

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(Continued from Page 98.

shrimps, bobbing about in the bright green of the shoal water. He noticed after a good while that they came out all together and stood in the shade of a slim pandanus tree, imperfectly protected from the sun, talking together. He watched them with sleepy eyes.

They were a long way off; their little marionette figures, moving and gesturing, seemed strangely funny. He wondered that they did not trouble to dress; did not trouble to get under a bigger tree. Close at hand he could hear Charles rating the cook boy; Elizabeth, in her tent, singing to herself as she sewed. He listened, half asleep; let his eyes wander from the pinky little figures on the sand; yawned, wished he had a cigarette—and dreamed, least of anything in the world, that his own fate, Charles' fate, Elizabeth's fate, and the fate of the historic island of Man-o'-War were all, in that moment, being decided by the gesturing pink men underneath the pandanus tree.

Mackintosh, M'Aherin, and the bos'n—who was so unimportant that people did not use his name, calling him "Bos'n" merely, as one calls a parrot "Polly," or a cat "Puss"—waded for a long time in the warm waters of the salt lagoon, getting very sticky, and collecting, on the whole, not so many oysters as anyone expected.

"A dom poor catch," was the verdict of M'Aherin, the engineer, when at last the takings were pooled and set in a little heap upon the sand.

"And verra poor fush," said Mackintosh.

He spoke the truth. The oysters were not like other oysters. They were the wrong color; darker than they should have been, goffered about the edges; inexplicably, as M'Aherin had said, "not right."

"They're not rightly right," he added, emphasizing his former verdict. "For all that, I can make a male of mate out of them if I'm put till it."

"I'd like weel to try one now," suggested the Scotchman. "It will maybe grow ama' when it's cookit."

"If ye have one," warned M'Aherin, "it'll be ones apiece."

Mackintosh nodded, being frugal of words, as of many other things.

"Len's yer knife," demanded M'Aherin. Somewhat unwillingly the second mate passed it over.

In another moment three men were sucking raw oysters, of an odd hue and uninviting appearance, off the half shell.

"No guid, and no that bad," was Mackintosh's verdict. "Here's for anither. We can aye gather more."

"Twos apiece," counted M'Aherin; and shortly: "Threes."

It was at "Fives apiece" that the bos'n let forth a yell.

"My sore tooth!" he howled. "It's bit on a stone; it's fair killing me."

The Scotsman was the first up, but the Ulsterman had a crooked finger into the bos'n's mouth before anyone else. "Out with it," he demanded; and the bos'n "outed," thereafter rolling on the sand and hugging his damaged jaw, quite unobserved and unnoted.

Mackintosh snatched, and M'Aherin retreated, a queer, pink figure, striped by the shadows of the pandanus tree. "Quit," he warned. "Quit, or I'll ——" He said in brief detail what he would do.

"Show it nearer," almost wailed the second mate. M'Aherin showed it between a cautious thumb and finger.

"It's a pink—pear-r-rl!" shouted the Scotsman, rolling his r's excitedly. "It's as big as a—as a ——"

"Pay."

"Pea—yee Ulster sawvage. What was it—my losh, what was it that Chairlie mon was sayin' the tither day aboot Jamaicy? Was it the pink pear-rls he was talkin' o'? They get them in Jamaicy. He said there was no the like anywhere in the warld, didn't he?"

"The world's a big place. Charlie was wrong. If this isn't a pink-pearl island, sure I'll ait it. Ye Scoutch bowl of stirabout, wake up and go through these oysters every wan; wan you, wan me, wan the objeck there rowling on his belly—hutt! ger-rup!—till they're done, share and share alike—and the first wan to me for that I had the sinse to discover it. And after that we'll talk."

"Nae doots, ye Irish windbag. What do ye mean by a pink-pear-rl island?" demanded, illogically, the Scot, picking up a handful of oysters.

"Quit. Wan at a time. . . . I mane a pink-pearl island. An island that's got something wrong with it. Pearls is a disease anyhow, and to have pink pearls there must be something quare as well. This island is both wrong and quare, and we have the pink pearls. . . . By the piper that played before Moses! By the -houl' on. There's another."

"I've got none," complained the bos'n, who, the pang of his smitten tooth assuaged, was sitting up and wrenching oysters open with his knife, doing one to four of the other men, and maddening the fiery M'Aherin by keeping him waiting.

"Fair's fair," he complained, "but if ye don't get a move on ye, I'll fetch ye a skelp that'll dead ye."

"I've got none," repeated the luckless bos'n. And as happens to luckless men the world over, his share at the end of an hour's fierce work was poor indeed, compared with that of the others. They had all played fair, shared and shared alike, and the engineer and the mate held, at last, in their work-worn palms, six pearls and nine pearls respectively, some of fair size, none enormous, but all of the pure pink that crowns the poorest pearl with value incredible, while the bos'n had but two salmon-colored, one dirty gray, and one bright, rose-tinted gem.

It was not so much the value of the jewels already found—though that was considerable—as the promise they made, that drove the three sailors nearly mad with joy. The oysters of the lagoon were few in number, poor in quality. Well, that had kept others away; a lucky defect. The proportion of pearls in these wretched shells—pearls of moderate size, as lapi-lapi pearls must be, but pea pearls of marvelous color—promised quick and easy gains, with fortune in full view. The bos'n, a lymphatic creature, was busy eating oysters unreproved. He did not seem to understand the full significance of the find. The engineer and the mate, however, gloated, argued, and reckoned, all in a breath

"We've got to share with the bos'n. He's a shipmate," they agreed. "But what about the little ginger cat?" For so, regrettably, these rough men had named Helen Elizabeth, who would have none of them

"Not a pear-rl to save her life," was the mate's unhesitating verdict.

"Nor for that impident New South Wales man"—loosing once more the ancient British sneer—"the fancy man of her. Findings keepings."

"Findings keepings. We'll tell no one. There'll be a boat, and we can come back again when we're gey and ready."

"Ay!"

"Ay!"

They walked back to the tents, clothed again, carrying in every man's pockets that which weighed no heavier than a handful of beans, but which had power in its tiny bulk to change a dozen lives. Nobody said anything to the wanderers; everybody, for the moment, seemed taken up with something else. Even Charles, who appeared at the door of the cook tent holding a stewpan in one hand and a field glass in the other, did not seem put out by the conspicuous absence of anything to fill the former. He merely glanced at the three sailors and raised the glass to his eye.

"Losh, we for-rgot him!" whispered Mackintosh.

"We did so," answered M'Aherin dismayedly.

"Come awa' and talk it out," ordered the Scot.

They went, and nobody said them aye or nay. For Charles, Elizabeth and Rob alike were all engaged in the excitement of finding out whether a certain small dot of white on the farthest horizon was a cloud or a sail.

It was an hour later; dark had come, and Rob at least had begun to feel very curious, when the three sailors, stumping slowly along the barren sands, came back from their refuge under a clump of bush. They had been quite audible there for some time past, talking and quarreling. Rob was no eavesdropper, but when he heard his own name and that of Helen Elizabeth rising high above the tumult, he could have found it in his heart to wish for a longer pair of ears. What were they saying about Elizabeth, himself and Charles?

"This story isn't according to pattern," he told himself in whimsical despair. "It's enough to make a fellow tie a millstone about the shift key of his typewriter and cast it in the depths of the sea. Nothing's happened in the way it ought to have happened. We ought to have been fighting over the food and chasing one another with revolvers about the gold, and the survivors of the row were bound to fall in love with Helen Elizabeth and kill one another off some more because of her. . . . Gosh, I think I can hear her lecture them if they did! . . . Anyhow, this isn't my idea of a treasure-island story. There's a ketch coming up outside the reef ready to write finis, and nothing's happened except Charles and the whisky."

"Isn't anyone going to bed tonight?" asked, very politely, a small, silvery voice. Rob Telford turned round. He had no idea how picturesque he looked, a fine upstanding figure underneath the moon, but it is not to be supposed that Helen Elizabeth did not see it; did not know, further, that there was a pair of them. Some subtle instinct of coquetry had impelled her to put on her one pretty dress, a green frock that might have been worn on just such a moonlight night by the queen of the fairies. She stood at his elbow, small, erect, coroneted royally by her glittering hair, curiously near to him, curiously kind, and yet ——

Rob Telford groaned inwardly. He had known Helen Elizabeth too long—and others; others, inferior, yet illuminating—not to understand her. It was only when things were hopeless that a woman could afford to be unreservedly kind. The night trembled about them, stars on stars. The eternal ocean mourned beyond the reef.

Rob had forgotten everything—forgotten the sailors slowly padding over the sand; forgotten the ketch that he and Charles had made out, just before dark came down; remembered only one thing in the world—this girl.

"Elizabeth," he stammered with lips that seemed half paralyzed. What could he say? What was the use? She'd be offering to be a sister to him in another minute.

"You wanted to say something?" came her voice. Rob had never heard anything, since his court-reporting days, so entirely noncommittal. It stung him.

"Yes," he answered clearly and sharply. "I did. It doesn't matter in the least to anyone, but I'm going to say it."

The bright thing in green and gold stood very still.

"You may not know," he said, choosing his words carefully, "that I have written a novel."

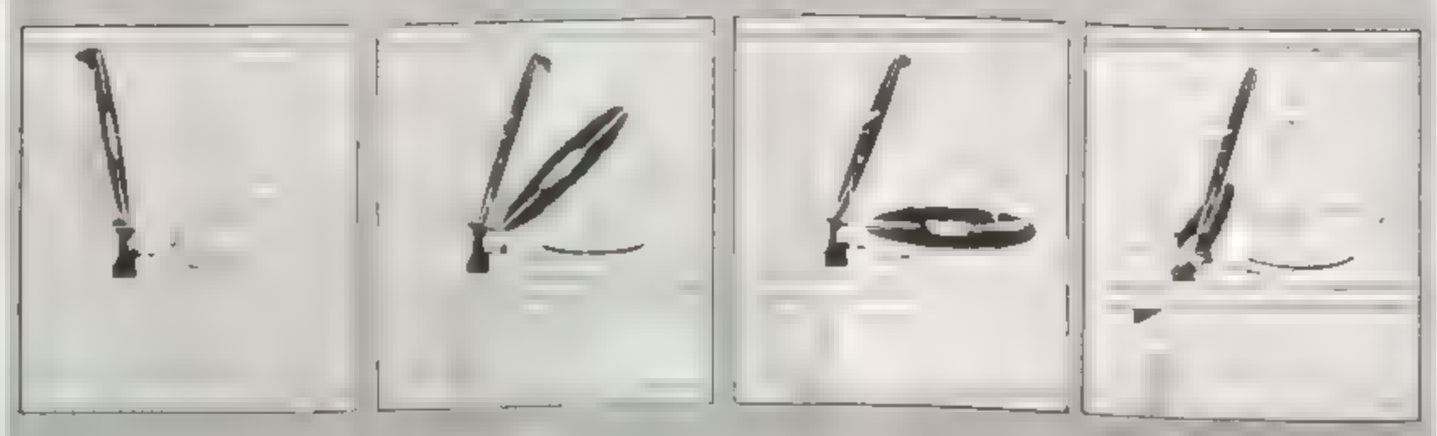
(Continued on Page 106

At Gloucester, Massachusetts

An Orthophonic

Continuous music

. . . through the dinner-hour . . . at bridge parties . . . plays a complete symphony without operating effort.



You select a program of 12 records

A mechanical "hand" puts the record on

The record is played through . . .

. . . and set aside, ready for the next

Victrola that changes its own records

Nothing to do
. . you turn the switch and dance . . or listen Plays, for an hour or more, a program of your own choosing

AT LAST—the self-operating talking machine! Nothing to do but relax and enjoy. Another Victor achievement that adds immeasurably to the enjoyment of music in the home

Watch it operate, and marvel at the skill of American inventive genius. You simply select 12 records . place them in the Victrola "magazine" . . . turn the electric switch sit down and enjoy an hour of wonderful music—music of your own choosing!

The mechanism is almost human. It puts the record on the turn-table—plays it—takes it off—places it in a drawer—puts on the next record and so on, through twelve selections. Plays a complete symphony straight through. Furnishes dance music without anyone's having to stop and change records.

Think what this means! The convenience of it! Continuous music by the world's foremost artists while you dine . at bridge parties for dancing . . for programs of *any* nature, planned in advance. You merely relax—and enjoy! Music that you really want to hear, furnished by that marvelous instrument the Orthophonic Victrola.

The *Automatic* Orthophonic Victrola plays either automatically, as described, or, by turning another switch, single records may be played, as on any Victrola In addition to its convenience, this instrument is the Orthophonic Victrola, with all the exclusive Victor features

It brings you all the music of all the world, played or sung by the most eminent artists in every field—operatic, symphonic, ballad, dance. It reproduces the original rendition in tones of startling realism—tones that are full, round, mellow, *natural!* This Orthophonic principle is controlled by Victor.

See and hear the *Automatic* Orthophonic Victrola at your nearest dealer's today

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Orthophonic
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VICTOR TALKING MACHINE COMPANY CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A

Will Anyone Accept This Pipe-Smoker's Challenge?

Wedded to one tobacco for twenty-one years, veteran defies anyone to claim longer record

Twenty-one years is a long time to stick to any one product — particularly tobacco. Because even though over a period of years a tobacco may not change in flavor or quality, a smoker's taste generally does.

So it is all the more remarkable to receive such letters as that from Mr. Roberts of South Dakota, reproduced below. Evidently there is something about the unchanging quality of Edgeworth Tobacco that keeps a smoker's taste unchanging, too.

Read Mr. Roberts's letter:

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen

Columbia, S. D.
Sept. 9, 1926.

I am a veteran of the Edgeworth army, still in active service.

I make this claim, challenging all comers, to have smoked Edgeworth and nothing else but Edgeworth (when it was possible to get it) for a longer period than any other person within the scope of your territory.

I have smoked Edgeworth for twenty-one years and will soon start on the twenty-second

I'll admit to having tried other brands, including so-termed high-class, high-priced blends and mixtures, enough to appreciate and satisfy myself of the superiority of Edgeworth.

In all these years I have never had one can of Edgeworth that varied in flavor or otherwise.

I can enumerate other excelling qualities of Edgeworth, but its selection above all other brands for a term of twenty-one years testifies, for my part, all there is to say for this most delicious and satisfying of all smoking tobaccos.

Yours very truly,
(signed) J. J. Roberts.

To those who have never tried Edgeworth, we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 1-PS. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va. —the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 256 meters.

(Continued from Page 103)

No answer came, but a slight movement by his side somehow apprised him that Elizabeth had not expected to hear just that.

"It may be good. I think it is. I think it's damned good—and it mayn't be. I've been waiting for a long time to get an answer about it. I'd thought—if it was a success, and if I became a popular novelist interpreter of the Pacific and all that—you might forget about what you've lost, and ——"

She moved just a step away from him.

"You needn't trouble to bolt. I know exactly. You're—what's the new jargon—obsessed with Man-o'-War. You'll get it back by yourself, and be queen of it yourself. Very well. You like your pride so much better than anything else in the world that—I ——"

He could not phrase the speech he had prepared; here the writer's knack of stringing words was worse than useless. He burst out roughly at the last:

"What I mean is that I'm done—I'm through. I—good night!" He left her.

It was not until afterward that he remembered she had not answered him by so much as a single word. He was recalled to actualities by the approach of the three men

"Will ye please call Chairlie and his sister?" demanded the mate. "I and Mr. M'Aherin had something to say to them. And this loony, too, if he cud say it."

"What the devil do you want with them?" asked Rob ill-humoredly.

"We'll tell that," said Mackintosh, "to Chairlie, and to no one else." He felt in his trousers pocket; seemed to finger something. So did M'Aherin.

"Charles!" called Charles' would-be brother-in-law. The third inheritor of Man-o'-War appeared at the door of his tent. "Can you come here—and bring your sister? It seems there's a meeting to be held before we go."

"Anybody found Pollock's treasure?" asked Charles facetiously as he crossed the sand. The engineer's reply struck him, for once, completely dumb.

"Sure we have, and we've got it in our trousers pockets. G'wan, Scotty, and tell them."

"We didna mean tae tell any of the lot of ye," cheerfully began Scotty. "We thought findin's was keepin's. But ——" He paused, looked at the gaping Charles, at the slim elegance of Elizabeth by his side

"Gosh," said Rob Telford to himself, "the treasure yarn's working out; they mean to say they're giving up their find—whatever the dashed thing is—because of Eliz——"

Mackintosh was going on.

"I and M'Aherin has been argyin' hauf the night, and we've made up oor minds. Chairlie, we haven't forgot that when we came in here off the Island Girl ye had but twa three boatles left, ["It must have been more like two dozen," commented Rob silently] and ye had a graun thir-rst on ye, at that."

Charles, who had recovered in some degree from his amazement, bowed acquiescence. "I had, I always have, and always shall have," he remarked. "It might perhaps be fairer to say, b'gad, that it has me."

"Ay. Well, ye wanted it bad, and ye shared it doon to the last drop with me, M'Aherin, and the bos'n, who was new off of a temperance ship, and as dry as a cor-rk fender in the tropics. A'm here to say, Chairlie, that we mean to share wi' ye, and that will be sharin' with Miss Luzzie, too, and her laddie, Mr. Telford, of course. But the hell a bit, I may tell ye, we'd have shared with anyone if it hadn't been for you, Chairlie."

"May one ask"—began Charles in his grand manner. But M'Aherin broke in:

"Look!"

He was holding out his hands; so was Mackintosh. The bos'n gaped and kept hands in pockets, but nobody minded him. In the dirty, leather-brown palms of M'Aherin and of Mackintosh glowed wondrously the little rosy moons of pearls—pink pearls and many of them. Charles let go a shout.

"Where did you steal them?"

"Steal, my eye. We foond them. They're Pollock's treesure—and a gey good treesure too. Not gold, but they'll get us gold and girls to that; for the twa of them goes thegither. Gold and girls, my soul on that!"

Gold and girls!

Telford, who had been feeling somewhat out of it, waked suddenly to the staggering fact that this was his hour. The novel was going to succeed, he could swear that. He'd have name and money enough of his own, before long, but all that had been no good so long as Helen Elizabeth had not anything. Now she had; now there was every chance of buying back the lost island on which her heart was set, of working it, with her prestige among the natives and plenty of capital for improvements, better than it had ever been worked before. She had not done it. He hadn't done it for her—she would not have taken it back at his hands. The only man in the world from whom Elizabeth would have accepted a favor—the man who had destroyed Man-o'-War; her kindly, worthless, drinking brother—had opened the gateway of return; and that, through some incredible irony of fate, by the very same vice that once had closed it.

"Charles," said Telford to himself, "if it's possible for a man to help another—and I reckon I'll have the chance—I'll help you to be the fellow you once were or die for it."

There are palms in Sulala, if none on the treasure cay. There are stars above Sulala, and a reef below, that mourns very softly in the dark. No one has ever read the reef song, but it may be that its sadness is colored with regret for the brevity, the uncertainty, of life and love; above all, for the shortness—a night, a day, an hour—of most of the loves that come and pass within its circle of enchanted sound.

Perhaps on one night of a million it may have sung happily. Perhaps that was the night that saw, beneath the palms and the trembling stars, the betrothal for time, and it may be more than time, of Rob and his golden girl.

The island of Man-o'-War has been long since bought back, long since improved and embellished almost beyond knowing. A new little palace has been built beneath the palms; the estate, carefully nursed by two clever heads, is worth more than ever. From the lagoon of the island that was "not right," pink pearls were taken sufficient to enrich everyone concerned, and, incidentally, to shake the market for Jamaica pearls quite a good deal. Helen Elizabeth keeps the portrait of May D'Artagnan among her most cherished memen-tos.

"If any of us had had the sense to see what it really meant," she says caustically, "we'd have found the pearls ourselves, and had the whole lot." When she speaks so, Rob is silent, for he knows that it was his cynical view of the relations between old Pollock and the actress that led him to neglect the significance of the scrap of print referring to May D'Artagnan's famous rose Jamaica pearls "worth five thousand a string."

"I suppose you thought," Helen Elizabeth has more than once told him, "that nobody could be faithful all his life to a girl just like me."

What Rob answers one may guess.

He has given up his name and taken that of Pentecost. He held out against the change until the arrival of little Charles IV, and then gave way. "It would be a pity for the little chap not to carry on the old tradition," he said, when tiny Charles was three months old.

"Yes," agreed Helen. "I took him into the sea today, and he truly tried to swim!"

"When the time comes," prophesied Rob, "he'll do the Hundred Waves as well as his mother did."

Charles III, with new interests and new friends, has, like the island itself, been reformed and changed out of knowledge. Life, for all, passes pleasantly there, far from the world, within the sound of the Hundred Waves' eternal voices.

SILENT MONEY

Continued from Page 29

depression a demagogue may be absolutely certain of applause if he declaims that ancient wheeze: "The poor are growing poorer and the rich are growing richer." In fact, one may move several notches up the social scale and find thoughtful men and women who are inclined to believe that some such process is always mysteriously going on in spite of all human efforts to the contrary.

Many of them would like to do something to remedy the situation, if they could think of anything to do. Now and then one evolves an idea or theory and sets to work, but never without causing wry smiles among the hundreds of men and women who remember as a tragic joke their fathers' or grandfathers' announcements that the family was fixed for life. There are, of course, not enough of these disillusioned ones to form a mob in any one place, else hoots and catcalls would rend the air. They content themselves with quiet sneers and let it go at that. Money, they have found out, has to work; it was born of the union of work and brains, and nothing but the ways of its parents will save it from dissolution. If the owner tires of driving it, he may hire someone else to do the job, but the money itself must move or die. If it sits down long enough, Grandfather Time in a frivolous mood yanks the chair from under it, and disaster ensues.

When silent money remains in the service of one family for several generations, only two explanations are possible. Either the owners have not been nearly so absent-minded as the casual observer might imagine, or they have been very lucky. However, in spite of the abundant proof of this fact, men have always believed in myths and legends about investments that once made need never be touched again.

This faith is not at all difficult to understand, for every generation, certainly in this country, has seen the rise of some great enterprise to a position of stability sufficiently imposing to suggest absolute permanence. Moreover, as a rule, only congenital optimists and men of tough and stubborn faith amass great fortunes anyway. Hence when they come to membership in the Silent Money Club they are quite likely to be as certain of the procedure there as they were of the management of working capital. Nor is it at all unusual for them to bind their heirs to follow the chosen plan for as long a period as the law permits.

In this connection I recall the story of an ancient office building erected with silent money. It is typical of permanent investments that fall by the wayside. The original owner was a building contractor who had played an active part in the development of the city in which he lived. Long experience had ripened his judgment of values, and prophetic vision accounted in large part for his fortune. He decided to employ that vision in making provision for his only child—a daughter. His last big contract before his firm incorporated and he retired was the erection of a new courthouse. While this work was in progress he purchased an old ramshackle building

(Continued on Page 109

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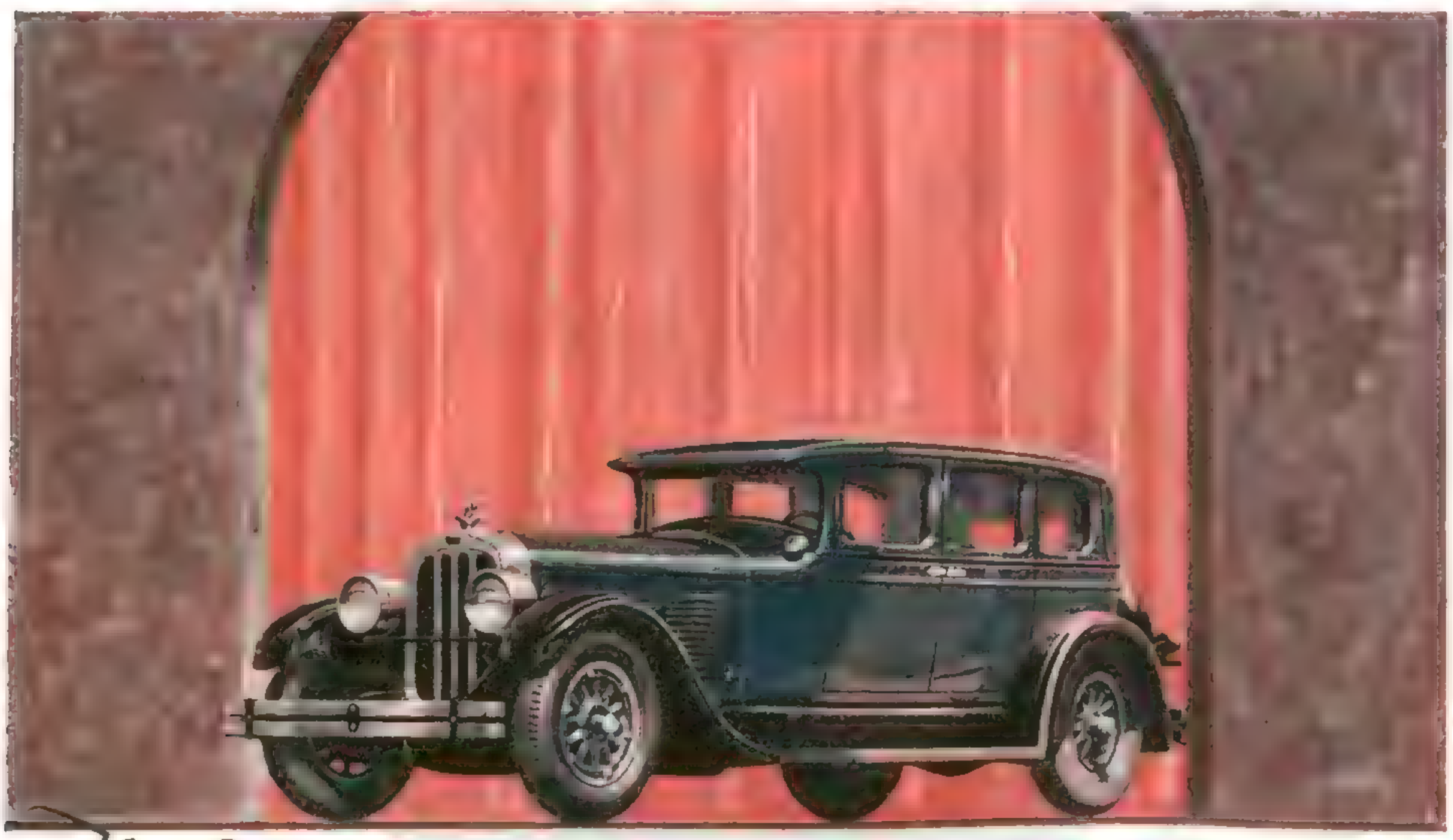

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ROYAL EIGHTS BIG SIXES SPECIAL SIXES STANDARD SIXES

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across the street from the courthouse, tore it down and employed a locally famous architect to prepare plans for an ultra-modern office building.

At that time a ten-story building was considered a very interesting achievement in engineering; his venture rose to the imposing height of six stories and boasted an elevator. I have ridden in that elevator, but never without speculating upon life's uncertainties, for the building was already a relic when I first saw it. On both sides of every window there were funny little stone columns that were too fat for their length. The front doorway was about twelve feet high, but amazingly narrow, and all the ceilings were so high that one lawyer tenant who had an old shotgun—the rubbish left over from a criminal case—used to explain its presence in his office by saying that he expected good duck shooting some day without leaving his desk.

Yet this weird structure had been considered the last word in style and modern convenience only a few years before. The building contractor had invested in it a very large portion of his estate, and having no doubt whatever of the permanence of its value, had made provision in his will to prevent his daughter from either mortgaging or selling it. But so rapid was the evolution of office buildings that within fifteen years it was returning only about 2 per cent on the invested capital, and some years it returned nothing at all. A few of the offices were usually vacant. In time the building acquired a nickname among lawyers; it was the Bat Cave. When finally it could be sold under the provisions of the will, only the ground under it had value, and from this a heavy discount was deducted to cover the expense of wrecking that once-proud monument.

After twenty-six years this permanent investment showed a net loss of approximately $100,000, and the real estate had to pass into other hands because its loan value was not sufficient to permit the erection of the kind of office building then in vogue. Moreover, the center for office buildings in that city had moved twelve blocks, although it had never wandered more than three blocks from the courthouse during the entire lifetime of the man who planned this permanent investment. In his day business men went to the lawyers and the lawyers went to the courthouse. Later the lawyers went to the business men, and neither found it advantageous to be close to the courthouse. During the time the young woman who inherited the building was accumulating from it only a net loss of $100,000, that city increased its population by 40 per cent, and many millions of dollars were made in real-estate development and speculation. But virtually all those profits were earned by active money. Hers was silent, having been gagged and shackled for her protection.

Long-Term Mortgages

It is strangely characteristic of city builders, such as the contractor just mentioned, to believe that they can alter municipal sky lines, but that no successor will subsequently be able to undo their handiwork. Nowhere have there been more numerous or more startling demonstrations of this fond fancy than in New York City, which is probably the least stable municipality on the continent. It has been moving uptown since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, but each definite shifting of the center of congestion has been seriously regarded as permanent, especially by men who were in the best positions to know better.

Hence uncounted millions of dollars destined for the ranks of silence have been invested in long-time loans based upon the assumption that Fourteenth Street or Eighteenth Street or some other cross-town highway would forever remain the farthest north, and its buildings the tallest, finest and most desirable. Many a fortune was smashed before the public faith in these legends weakened. Nowadays, when millions are borrowed for the erection of large buildings, provision is made to amortize the loans. Not only must the interest be paid regularly but a specified percentage of the income from rentals must be set aside each year to retire the bonds.

But it was not always so. There was a time when long-term loans on what were then considered large buildings held high favor in the Silent Money Club. A man who wanted to provide for himself and his heirs in such a way that they would not be bothered with the details of repeated reinvestments eagerly sought an opportunity to lend his fortune for the erection of a building. He would put up about 40 per cent of the total value and take in return a first mortgage. These ran from twenty-five to fifty or more years, such was the faith of the lenders in the particular locations that impressed them as permanent municipal centers. At the time when this field was among the favorites for silent money, provision for amortizing the loans was usually not asked. In fact, many of the lenders did not desire any such arrangement, because it would have forced them back into the money market annually to seek new work for their returned dollars. Thus they would not have been silent dollars, but comparatively active.

A Premium on Long Life

Nearly everyone knows that fortunes have been made in New York City real estate ever since the little patch of grass known as Bowling Green really was a bowling green, but one seldom hears of the silent money that came to grief on fifty-year building loans. In at least a few instances buildings were actually surrendered to the mortgage holders because their value had declined more than 60 per cent, with the result that the once conservative 40 per cent loan eventually came to represent more than the market value of the security. If the funds so invested had been actively engaged in real-estate development and speculation under able management, they would have had at least the same opportunities of which other men availed themselves to make their fortunes, but they had gone silent. They were bound and gagged under the impression that even fifty years would not prevail against the apparent stability of the city as it stood at the time the investments were made.

Briefly, these loans proved scarcely less speculative than the investments made by very active men. Instead of keeping pace with the procession, they necessarily stood still. The net effect was the same as though they had moved backward and deliberately sought the backwaters. Any growing, thriving city presents the same problem New York always faces—the problem of shifting centers as well as expanding borders—hence, though some values rise, others fall in the very midst of growth. Those who seek to lead the vanguard take a chance; some succeed and others do not. But those who stand still also take a chance.

There is, however, this important difference: The leaders are dealing in the land itself, so that they have a chance to make big profits; silent money goes into bonds and first mortgages. All it asks is a conservative rate of interest. What it can earn is thus definitely and unalterably limited, but what it can lose is not, for the assumption behind such investments is that the element of risk has almost disappeared. And that opinion obtained even before the additional insurance of amortization became the rule.

The assumption of no risk regardless of the element of time was once the principal selling argument for a small but select list of bonds and a few stocks. Literally thousands of shrewd and able business men looked forward to filling their safe-deposit vaults with these glamorous securities, and then never having another care so long as the earth revolved on its axis. Among these élite securities were certain railroad bonds, and so far as I have been able to learn, not one of them was ever defaulted, so at least that much can be said for the foresight of the men who held them in such high esteem; but the story doesn't end there. When the Silent Money Club wreathes a bond with laurel it is quite likely to go above par, even though it gives only a small return. Men who don't care to be bothered with reinvesting their money are willing to pay a premium in order to assure this permanent vacation from business worries.

To cite a specific example, there was a certain $1000 railroad gold bond that paid only 4 per cent and yet was quoted on the market in the heyday of its glory at $1040. It was considered just as sound as a government bond, and so it proved to be, except for the fact that the value of money declined to a standstill during the extremely long life of that bond. Incidentally, its long life was one of its strongest recommendations in the opinion of the Silent Money Club. Men gloated over the fact that there was no provision for calling that bond; it had to run its full course. Therefore once a man of mature years bought an armful of them he needn't worry about reinvesting his funds during the remainder of his life. Not only that, he could pass them on to his children, and unless they lived to ripe old ages, they wouldn't be bothered about investments either. This was a period when a return of 4 per cent on a security of such reputation was entirely satisfactory.

In this connection it is worth recalling that $200,000,000 was raised fairly easily to finance the Spanish War at an interest rate of only 3 per cent. In 1917, when money was sought to finance the World War, this country was incomparably richer, and yet a higher rate of interest was paid. The United States Government bonds for both wars were equally sound, but the world money market had changed. The same forces overtook that 4 per cent railroad bond. As the wages of money rose, securities that were just as safe as the 4 per cent gold bond in question had to pay 5 per cent in order to interest buyers. Eventually quotations on the 4 per cent bond hovered slightly above $800, although it was still just as sound as it had ever been, and no one questioned that fact. Nevertheless, here was a loss of about $240 on every bond purchased at $1040. The interest on $1000 for a year at 4 per cent is $40, so a loss of $240 amounts to the interest for six years.

In effect, a lot of that silent money worked for nothing. Of course, if the bonds were not sold, their loss in market value was simply a paper calculation, but when the value of money changes sharply and very definitely, commodity prices also are affected. In other words, the cost of living rises. It will not be news to the reader of this article that the cost of living actually has risen during the past thirty years, or, for that matter, almost any other thirty-year period one cares to select for examination. As a result, some of these bonds had to be sold. In other cases the time had come for distribution of the original estates.

On Vacation

One way and another, a considerable number of persons who had been assured that they need never worry about money actually suffered that loss of $240 on each bond, which was the equivalent of six years' interest. Moreover, they did this while the bond market was active and traders closely in touch with it were making big profits on the rise in the value of their funds. Capital is simply a commodity that can be hired out or rented very much as the fast-disappearing livery-stable proprietor rents his horses. He may be pleased to make a long-term contract for the use of his teams, but if he does so, he has not relieved himself of all business worries, because the price of oats may rise. Obviously, if it goes high enough, he will find that his horses are bringing in very little revenue.

As a man approaches membership in the Silent Money Club, almost invariably he

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has in mind some form of investment that he regards as sound as the Government of the United States. By this he also means that it will remain permanently sound, and there, of course, is where he makes his mistake. No investment is going to remain sound forever. To cite a specific and historic example, during that period when American sailing vessels were without equal on the high seas, it was generally assumed in American ports that this condition would remain permanent. Shares in such ships were regarded as just as sound an investment as anyone need seek. And even after the steamship appeared, it was a lightly regarded competitor for many years. There are in New England to this day shares in sailing vessels held by the descendants of the original purchasers. Their silent money finally became a ghost. Much of it could just as well have been kept alive. There were other investments possible.

Nowadays a great many of the large estates which are commonly supposed to be inactive are constantly represented on the stock-and-bond markets. The trading in which they engage is not so much speculation as a constant reworking of the inventory to keep pace with developments beyond their control. This careful watching of the trend of prices becomes very evident during a period of depression such as took place about four years ago. As stocks went down, silent money withdrew from the market. Some of it was transferred to bonds and some simply took refuge in the banks. Such a situation naturally paves the way for bear raids, and presently these expeditions, captained by professional traders, were coming home with armfuls of loot as quotations tumbled.

First one stock and then another would be attacked by waves of selling orders. Business conditions were sound, but the stock market was dull and lacked support. A great deal of investment capital was simply taking a vacation. Week after week the sentinels of silent money observed the progress of events, until it seemed to them that the prices of such stocks as they would like to have had struck rock-bottom. Then they returned and began to buy. Orders poured in from every part of the country. These buyers are not speculators, but very conservative investors. When they return to the market the time for bear raids is over. The bears thereupon become bulls and activity is resumed.

Hazards in Conservatism

Silent money, under such direction, usually earns considerably more over a ten-year period than the interest or dividend rates indicated on the certificates or bonds in which it is invested, but to call this silent money is stretching a point. It is neither bound nor gagged nor inactive. The men who direct such activities as these are working hard at the job of conserving their fortunes. And even those who do not work very hard themselves act upon the advice of trusted representatives. Among the latter will usually be found one or more bond-and-stock salesmen who know exactly what securities their clients own. These may be changed over and over again during the year, in order to keep the list properly balanced and take advantage of market opportunities. If these salesmen assisted a client only once in making his investments and thereafter the investments remained unchanged, there would not be very many bond salesmen. In actual practice, however, it often happens that four or five wealthy customers are sufficient to keep a salesman busy, because their lists of securities are always open to revision. Steering capital through the many dangers that beset its path is by no means an easy job for anyone concerned. Rarely does the safe-deposit vault of a dead millionaire, no matter how shrewd, fail to disclose both worthless paper and securities upon which he has lost money.

Both the hazards and the low average return upon large sums conservatively invested explain, in large part, a phenomenon that is always amazing to men and women who are accustomed to living on salaries or current profits; to be specific, very few rich people whose money has retired from active business are open-handed spenders. An amusing incident growing out of the opposite points of view of the capitalist and the salaried man occurred recently on Fifth Avenue. In this case the capitalist was a widow whose estate is managed by a lawyer. He accompanied her to a department store where she wished to purchase some linen before going on with him to his office. Instead of the five minutes she had requested, the interruption consumed nearly an hour. The lady was a close and canny buyer. Finally the lawyer overheard one clerk saying to another: "There is the stingiest woman on earth. You ought to see her automobile. It's five years old. I wouldn't be caught dead in the thing. And she's got money enough to pave Broadway. But if she can save ten cents on that linen, she'll stay here till noon to do it. I'll bet she winds up in some bargain basement hunting for a remnant."

All News is Bad News

The lawyer was very much amused. "You see," he explained, "that clerk is accustomed to spending nearly all he's got every month. To him a five-dollar bill is just five dollars. To her it's a year's income from $100, provided all goes well. Her capital is her life. She never expects to spend that; not any more than the clerk expects to slap his boss' face and quit his job. That's his capital, and no doubt he intends to keep it. When it comes to our real capital, nearly all of us are conservative. If we aren't, we ought to be.

"That woman doesn't think of herself as very rich. She has an income of about $50,000 a year, and she's trying to increase her capital by saving as much as she can, because there are four children and the estate will be divided when she dies. Those children were reared in a home supported by $50,000 a year, but after the division no one of them will have that much, and their own careers aren't certain yet. They're still young. That's the situation from her point of view.

"She's rather stingy, I'll have to admit, but she causes me less trouble than any other client I've got. Except for the fact that she overdoes her economy at times, I regard her as approximately typical of the kind of person who is competent to conserve an estate. Very few people can, either men or women. She has a remarkably clear understanding of the difference between capital and income. Moreover, things often happen to her income that probably don't happen to that clerk's salary once in four or five years. Her money is invested conservatively, but in spite of that fact we have a little bad luck once in a while, such as delayed payments or unexpected assessments or taxes or sudden demands for expensive repairs or improvements for a building. It has never been my pleasure to inform her of any remarkable unexpected profit. The sort of investments that might bring such profits are not considered advisable for an estate like hers. The result is that virtually all the news she ever hears relating to her fortune is bad. About the only way she can increase her capital is by practicing economy."

"What's the safest place for absolutely silent money?" I asked.

"There isn't any," was the prompt reply.

"How about government bonds?" I persisted

"Well," he said, "if you are talking about this country only, I think they are absolutely safe, but the investor certainly pays a premium for that safety. But if you are talking about the world at large, why, just stop to consider for a moment what has happened to government bonds in Europe since the World War."

"How about first mortgages?" I continued.

"It depends upon who selects them," he answered. "Anyway, if I were going to turn Rip Van Winkle after putting my money into something, I'd rather take a chance on the real estate itself. Going to sleep over investments is hazardous under any circumstances, but if I were going to engage in that kind of gambling, I'd try real estate, on the chance that some of it might prove a bonanza. Being rich isn't a soft snap; it's a job; and those who stay rich work at it. Even so, the most apparent feature of the spectacle presented by American life, it seems to me, is not the growth of large fortunes but the constant appearance of new ones. Many of these come up with sensational rapidity, but as a rule they don't maintain the pace indefinitely for the simple reason that it isn't humanly possible. After a while the owners are content if they can keep what they've got. And that is nearly always true of their heirs.

"Only a few businesses are capable of indefinite expansion anyway. The common assumption that if a man can make $100,000 of working capital earn a high return he could do even more with ten times that much isn't true. On the contrary, the earning capacity almost invariably declines very sharply.

Many men make a comfortable living with only $5000 or $10,000 of working capital, but no one I ever heard of could do any such thing by conservative investment. Capital in small units, when hard driven by active men, is what grows. In this country what we see going on around us all the time is the comparatively poor becoming rich and the rich endeavoring with only partial success to remain so.

"To a young man without capital or influence, and just beginning to toddle about in the business world, it seems very wonderful that the wealthy and powerful Mr. So-and-So began life as a farm hand or mechanic or telegraph operator, but if Mr. So-and-So has reached the age of fifty-five and seen much of life, the romance of his own past loses its glamour. What he would like to know is not how poor men become rich, but how to pump into his sons some of the spirit that he sees very plainly is still animating farm hands, mechanics and telegraph operators. The job he confronts, if he undertakes it at all, and many don't, is one of the most difficult that can possibly be imagined—to impart an understanding of the pleasure of organizing, producing and earning to a generation that was reared without ever having felt the lash of want. It is a task comparable to stirring the appetite of a person who has just dined sumptuously. Very often the rich man sizes up his family and surrenders. After that he starts looking for a flawless permanent investment. If he finds one, he's lucky. Most estates begin to shrink as soon as they lose active, vigilant direction."

Sleeping Sickness in Industry

One of the favorite methods of transforming active capital into comparatively silent money is to incorporate the firm, place it under the management of men who received their training from the founder, and thus create an estate comprising principally the firm's securities. Though this system works fairly well in many instances, it is far from flawless. On the contrary, it shares virtually all the well-known faults that assail agriculture under absentee landlords.

Reduced to its fundamentals, the plan works out about as follows: If the majority stockholders give proper attention to the business, it thrives, and if they don't, it languishes. Obviously, this situation is no different from that which existed when the firm was still in the hands of the individual owner. There are more than a few very old industrial communities in the United States which are now languishing because of too much silent ownership. Machinery becomes obsolete and the firms find themselves competing at a disadvantage against others in which the management is more alert, because owners and executives are at least in closer touch, if not, indeed, identical persons.

Silent money has a tendency to cause sleeping sickness in industry. Nature's law for both the rich and the poor seems to be that men must work if they expect to eat. No proclamations to that effect are necessary; it has been the law since the beginning of time.

Some of the most startling figures ever gathered on the subject of what becomes of silent money are in the possession of American life-insurance companies. They probably have more first-hand information on this subject than could be found anywhere else in the world. As a result of what they learned, quite an array of new kinds of policies were devised with a view to affording additional protection for beneficiaries. Briefly, they discovered that an appalling amount of the money they disbursed was promptly dissipated, and not on prodigal living but in vain efforts to find absolutely safe places for it to sleep without supervision.

In recent years American trust companies have been making spirited efforts to enlighten the public with regard to the dangers that constantly stalk silent money. Their solution is for the owners of large estates to name them as executors in their wills. This plan makes the money silent so far as the heirs are concerned, but actually not silent at all, for the trust company takes up the task of making the dollars work. In other words, a manager is hired, and since the manager is a corporation, his work is doubly supervised by the state, once as executor and again as corporation.

Silenced Money

This plan for protecting money is coming into more and more general use, but the search for investments that will remain permanently sound still continues, and perhaps always will. At least that would seem to be the logical conclusion, in view of the fact that the history of this search is as old as human records. Moreover, every age and country has thought it had found this miraculous security. For example, in Athens a highly regarded investment was the financing of shipping ventures, although the law provided that in the event of the ship being lost the borrower was absolved from his obligation. Speaking of this form of employment for accumulated capital, George Calhoun says, in his volume, The Business Life of Ancient Athens: "We seldom encounter an inventory of a large estate which does not include a substantial investment of this kind."

The boats were cockleshells, and the interest rate for money advanced to their merchant-adventurer owners was 20 to 30 per cent for each voyage. A voyage usually consumed only a few months. That was one of the investments which Athenians, including bankers, prized highly. However, the bankers could spread their risks over many ships, because their resources were large; but individual rich men felt no less safe when venturing their funds in the same traffic, and through the agency, usually, of financial managers who were slaves.

The records clearly show that fortunes were both made and lost, depending upon the shrewdness with which the funds were managed. Each age smiles at the absurd notions of its predecessors, those relating to safety being no exception, but each age none the less has positive information on the subject of absolutely sound investments that will remain sound forever. Thus the human procession marches merrily on its way, forever astounded and stimulated by the spectacular success of poor men who work and bewildered by the frequent failures of rich men who don't. Egyptians regaled one another with these eternally novel yarns and preserved them for posterity; they are in the oldest Chinese records, and several excellent examples are in the Bible.

But they are always new and exciting, because the great mass of humanity, never having been rich, simply cannot believe that everyone shares the common human lot—work or starve.

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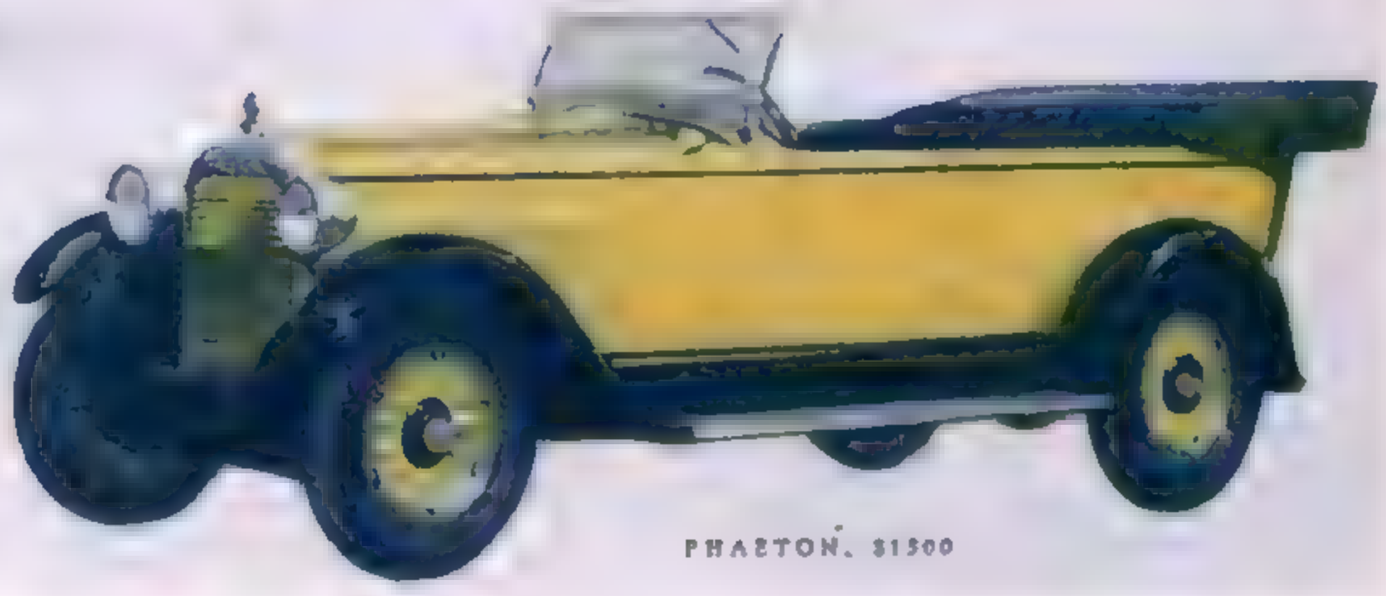

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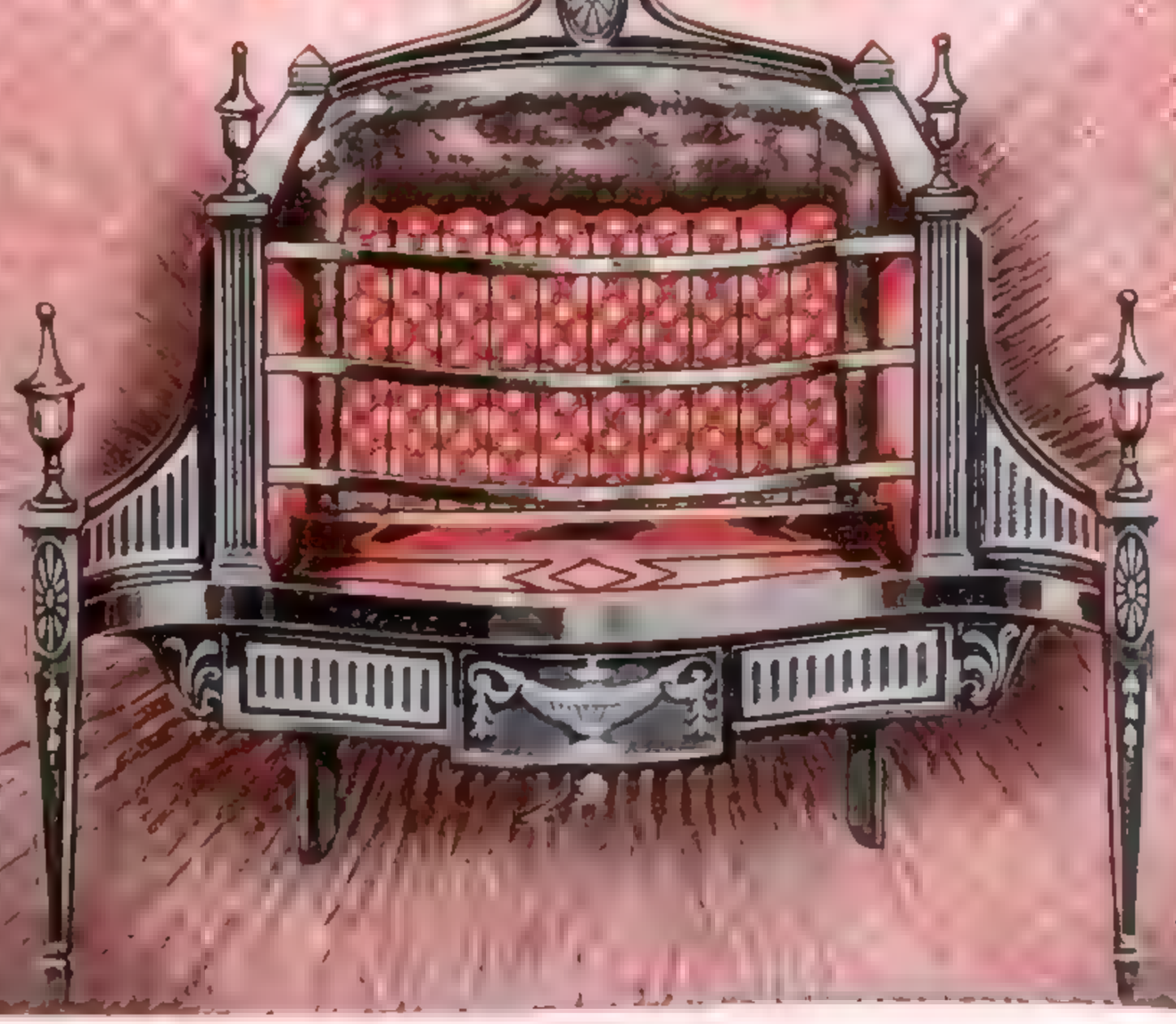

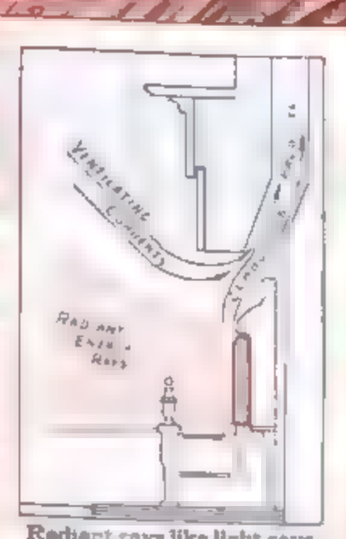

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A RED-HEADED WOMAN

(Continued from Page 11)

he said, "but my orders have just been changed too, and I'm going to Coblenz. That is where the battery is going to spend the winter."

"Isn't that just too nice!" said Mary. "And you'll come to see me once in a while at the Coblenz Y. M. C. A.?"

"Of course I will," said Dobbs, sitting down again. "And I guess I can stay a little longer here. I find I don't have to leave after all. If I stay till about four o'clock this afternoon, I will have just time to walk back to the battery before dark."

"But what was that you said about not missing a train?"

"That was my mistake," said Dobbs.

He settled himself on the bench and talked on. He gave Mary the address of his battery and made her promise to write to him. At noon she gave him some crackers and chocolate, and a lot of cigarettes. And in the afternoon he helped her wait on a number of soldiers who came in for supplies of various kinds. It was the most gloriously happy day of his whole life. But at last it began to get dark, and he had to tear himself away. Mary went to the door with him to say good-by.

"Remember," she said, holding out both her hands, "you're coming to see me in Coblenz."

"You bet!" said Dobbs. He took her hands, pulled her gently out onto the sidewalk, gave her a good healthy hug and a kiss, and strode off down the street, feeling that he was the happiest man in the A. E. F.

It was a long hike back to the battery, but Dobbs hardly noticed it. When he arrived it was already dark, and he crawled quietly into the blankets beside Mac, and went to sleep. He had eaten so much chocolate and so many crackers that he needed no supper. First call came the next morning just as it was getting light.

"Well, I'll be a cross-eyed son of a gun!" said Mac. "I thought you had gone to the hospital."

"No," said Dobbs. "I find I'm not as sick as I thought I was. Have you turned in my equipment yet?"

"No," said Mac, "I haven't had time."

"Give it back then," said Dobbs.

At the reveille formation the chief of section looked at Dobbs with surprise. "Didn't you go to the hospital?" he asked.

"They sent me back," answered Dobbs. The chief of section restored his name to the roll.

After the reveille formation came a breakfast of oatmeal, bacon and coffee. Then, with much shouting and yelling, the battery formed in column, and at eight o'clock the long hike to Germany began.

Dobbs was feeling better than he had for weeks. He held his head up and marched with a sure, firm tread. Around him were the other cannoneers of his section, and just ahead of them rumbled the big 155-millimeter howitzer. But Dobbs hardly noticed them. Occasionally he felt a sharp, griping pain under his belt, but he paid no attention to it. His thoughts were far away in the city of Coblenz on the banks of the Rhine. He had never seen this city, and he knew almost nothing about it, but he felt sure it must be a beautiful place. There would be a Y. M. C. A., and in the Y. M. C. A. he would find Mary waiting for him. He was sorry that he had at times criticized the Y. M. C. A. He realized now that it was a splendid organization.

The march continued through the cold sunny morning, and at noon hot soup was served from the rolling kitchen. In the afternoon the column swung out onto the old battle area, and at four o'clock it halted at a scattered heap of building stones that had once been the town of Essey-et-Maizerais.

Dobbs helped stretch the picket line, and groomed one of the officers' horses. After he had finished this job, he went down to the kitchen, ate a mess kit full of slum, and then got ready to turn in for the night.

The sun had set, and the stars were beginning to come out. It was very cold. Dobbs and Mac gathered a lot of dry grass that was standing along the roadside, and made themselves a bed on the frozen ground. They put one shelter half on the bottom and the other on top, and in between they rolled up in their blankets, with their overcoats and slickers and everything else they owned tucked around them. They removed none of their clothes, not even their shoes, but even so they were cold. With their heads pulled under the blankets, they snuggled up as close as possible, and, after shivering for half an hour or so, they finally went to sleep.

"Some day," thought Dobbs, just before he dropped off, "I may be sleeping in a regular bed with somebody besides Mac."

He had hardly slept ten minutes, so it seemed, when he heard the hated sound of the first sergeant's whistle. He stuck his head out of the blankets and saw that it was beginning to get light—a clear and bitterly cold morning. Reluctantly he got up and put on his overcoat. The top shelter half was stiff with frost, and he saw that there was a little skim of ice on a near-by stream. He shivered and shook with the cold.

There was a bright fire at the kitchen, and he and Mac went over and managed to warm themselves a little. For breakfast there was corn-meal mush and coffee.

After breakfast they had to go back and roll up their packs. Dobbs' fingers, inside his thin knitted gloves, were stiff and half frozen. His ears were cold; his feet were cold; and from time to time the intermittent pains in his stomach would almost double him up. But he finally got his pack rolled, and a little after sunrise the battery was again in motion on the road, and he was plodding along with Mac behind the big howitzer.

"How do you feel?" asked Mac.

"Rotten," said Dobbs.

"You ought to go to the hospital," said Mac.

"No," said Dobbs, "I'm going to make this hike. I got to do it."

The march that day was very long, and by noon they had left the devastated areas and were in the region which had been held by the Germans since the beginning of the war. There were pretty little towns all decked out with French flags and placards of welcome. Dobbs wished that Mary could have been along to see these places.

It was after sunset when they reached Jarny, and camped for the night in a long building inside a barbed-wire fence, that had been used as a prison for prisoners of war. The place was deserted, stripped of furniture, and deathly cold. But it was sheltered from the wind, and better than sleeping outdoors.

"I don't believe," said Mac, "that these prisoners had such a hard time as they make out. At least they had a real roof over their heads, which is more than we have had for the last three months."

There was some straw on the floor. Mac and Dobbs cuddled up for the night; and before they knew it, it was time to get up again and go through the miserable process of rolling up their packs with stiff, numb fingers. Then came another long hike to a place called Jœuf, and here for the first time they were billeted in a warm private house. Dobbs was much impressed by this house; he made up his mind to own a nice house of his own sometime.

The next day's march took them across the frontier into that part of Lorraine which had been held by the Germans since 1871. Here most of the people talked German, but there were French flags on most of the houses, and the people seemed to consider that the Americans were their friends. There were even homemade American flags with stripes ranging in number from four to fifteen, and stars from one or two up to more than you could count. Dobbs made a note of this on an old envelope, so he would be sure to remember to tell Mary about it later.

That night they reached Ebingen, and they stayed there a whole week. Dobbs, Mac, and several other men were billeted in the house of a French widow with a lot of cute children. Dobbs played with the children and decided he must have some of his own as soon as it could be arranged.

Now that he slept inside he was no longer bothered by the cold, but the condition of his digestion was getting worse. The Service of Supply seemed to have trouble in keeping up with the rapidly advancing army, and the battery kitchen was very low on food.

For days they lived on short rations of beans and canned salmon. Dobbs began to fear that he might not be able to last out the hike. But he told himself that he would have to. Far ahead was the city of Coblenz, and by this time Mary Day was there. She would be waiting for him; he would have to keep on.

He did not mention Mary to Mac or to anyone else; he was afraid they would be tempted to make vulgar jokes. But he thought about Mary a great deal, and he made plans for the future.

"When I get back to the States," he told himself, "I'm going to get myself a job where I will make lots of money."

The battery left Ebingen on December second. Dobbs was weaker by far than when he had left Boncourt, and he was in pain most of the time. He followed along behind the big howitzer with his head down and his eyes on the ground, hardly noticing the towns and cities they passed through. They were marching along the Moselle River, and the country was beautiful, but Dobbs was in no condition to appreciate it.

The first night out from Ebingen they were billeted in a schoolhouse at Garsch. In some ways it was very much like an American schoolhouse, but instead of pictures of Washington and Lincoln, the walls were adorned with portraits of Hindenburg and the Kaiser. Dobbs made a note of this; Mary would be interested to hear about it.

The next morning he sneaked around to the battalion medical station while the doctor was away, and interviewed the sergeant in charge.

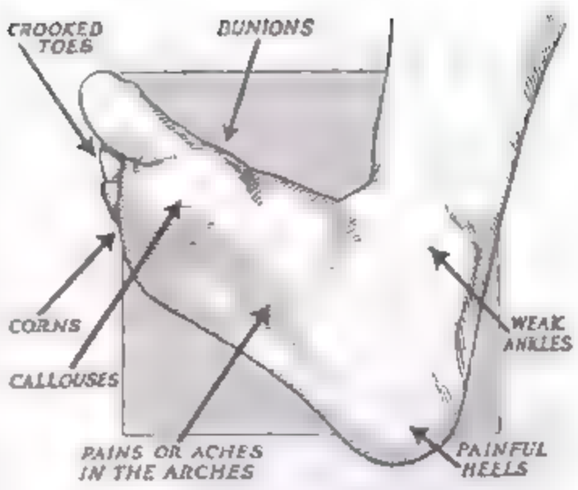
"Listen," he said. "I got to last out this hike. I got to do it. So I want you to give me a whole lot of those camphor and opium pills. They are the only things that do me any good. If I see the doctor he might give me castor oil, which would just about finish me."

The sergeant gave him some large, round camphor and opium pills. "Take three of them every day," he said.

The first day Dobbs took six, the next day eight, and after that he lost count. Every time the griping pains got too much for him he would swallow a pill, and soon he would be much better.

Day after day the merciless hike kept up, for the Army was moving fast. Dobbs began to feel as if everything was a dream. He had a rather pleasant feeling of dizziness; his feet no longer seemed a part of him, and he would walk on hour after hour like a machine. Sometimes he thought he could see wonderful castles and houses far ahead, and beautiful Mary Day beckoning him on. It wouldn't be long now. All he had to do was to keep going, and soon he would be in Coblenz and then all would be well.

The column left the river for a while and marched through steep and rugged mountains. Along the sides of the road were great pine forests with the trees neatly planted in rows. These rows bothered him. It was all right for corn to grow in rows, but he didn't like trees that way. It didn't seem natural. At night he began to have dreams. Sometimes he would be a little boy back in Ohio, playing with his dog.



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Teddy. And then he would be a middle-aged man living in New York and very rich. He would find himself giving his wife a diamond necklace. "Take it, Mary," he would say. "I have plenty of money, and the best is none too good for you." The dreams were so vivid that he began to get confused as to what was real and what was not.

At a place called Morbach he and Mac bought a large bottle of white wine. The wine slid down very easily and gave him a wonderful feeling of warmth and comfort. He wished he didn't have so much marching to do though. It seemed as if he had been tramping along the roads of Germany for thousands of years, and still he got nowhere. But he didn't dare stop, because somewhere far ahead was Mary Day, motioning him to come on. If he stopped he might lose her forever.

At last they came down out of the mountains and crossed the Moselle River on a big bridge. There was a town by the bridge called Bullay. They toiled up the mountains on the other side and spent the night in a little village called Buchel.

The next morning the captain made an announcement. "The hike is over," he said. "Coblenz is still fifty or sixty kilometers ahead, but we are not going there as I had expected. This town is to be our winter quarters. It is not as desirable as what I had hoped for, but I know that you men will show the same dauntless spirit that carried you through the hardships of the war, and will cheerfully make the best of the billets which have been assigned to you."

As Dobbs listened a feeling of despair came over him. He tried to think out some method of getting to Coblenz, but he was so tired and sick that his mind refused to work. There seemed to be a new and sharper pain under his belt, and as his camphor and opium pills were almost gone, he went around to the battalion medical station to get more. This time he ran right into the young doctor.

"Aren't you the man I sent to the hospital back at Boncourt?" asked the doctor.

"Yes," said Dobbs, "but they sent me back."

The doctor examined him, and asked many questions. Then he wrote out the usual tag. "Apparently," he said, "you have both dysentery and acute appendicitis. This time you'll stay in the hospital a while."

Dobbs lay down on a cot; he felt too weak even to go after his pack. The ambulance arrived; the driver and his helper bundled him onto a stretcher and shoved him inside. The ambulance drove off; and Dobbs, after swallowing his last six pills, went quietly to sleep. He woke up once as they changed him from one ambulance to another, and again when they carried him into a large building.

"What place is this?" he asked drowsily.

"Evacuation Hospital Number 4," somebody told him.

"What town?"

"Coblenz."

Vaguely he realized that the Lord had been good to him. His wandering in the wilderness was over; Jordan had been passed, and he would soon be with Mary in the promised land.

He was carried down a long hall, and then people seemed to be taking off his dirty old uniform and bathing him. After that he was in a room with dazzling white lights, and a fat, kindly woman with a soothing voice was saying, "Breathe naturally—take it easy—that's fine—just fine ——" There was a sweet sickening smell that half choked him, and a humming in his ears that grew louder and louder. Slowly he sank down, down, down, and the darkness covered him.

After a very long time he seemed to come back, and he found himself in a bed with beautiful white sheets—which he could not appreciate because he was so sick and had so much pain. But in a few hours the sickness left him, and in a few days the pain was almost gone. They gave him broth which he sucked up through a glass tube, and as his strength came back, he began to ask to be taken to the Y. M. C. A. But nobody paid any attention.

When he was well enough to sit up they handed him a letter which had been addressed to him at the battery and forwarded to the hospital. He looked first at the signature, and when he saw the name "Mary Day," his heart began to go like a machine gun. Then he read the letter, which was dated at Vichy, France.

"Dear Al," it ran, "my orders were changed again at the last minute, and I was sent down here after all. I'm so sorry to miss you in Germany, but I will look forward to seeing you when we both get back to Ohio. I have met a friend of yours here—Private Henry Jackson of your battery—a fine fellow. Sincerely, Mary Day."

For a while Dobbs was too miserable even to think. The long terrible march up to Germany had been worse than useless; it had taken him away from the very person he was trying to reach. After a while he brightened up enough to answer Mary's letter and tell her how eagerly he would look forward to the day when he would see her again in Ohio.

A few days later he was allowed to walk as far as the window; and for several weeks he spent most of his time sitting in a big chair and looking out at the swift Rhine, with its many steamboats, and at the snow-covered hills beyond. He paid little attention to the conversation of the other men in the ward, preferring to sit by himself and meditate on the past and on the future.

One of the hospital orderlies, who mopped up the floors every day, used to sing, as he worked, a plaintive blue melody with innumerable verses. One of these verses ran:

Ashes to ashes;
Dust to dust;
Show me a woman
That a soldier can trust.

And there was another verse something like this:

There's fish in the ocean;
There's fish in the sea;
And a red-headed woman
Made a fish out of me.

Dobbs reasoned with himself that these sentiments had nothing to do with anything that affected him. But still he was uneasy. He read Mary's letter many times. It reassured him to know that she would be looking forward to seeing him back in Ohio. But he didn't like the way she referred to Henry Jackson as "a fine fellow." In Dobbs' opinion Henry Jackson was nothing but a big wind bag.

In February Dobbs was sent back to the United States and discharged. His army life was over. But Mary Day was still in France, and there would be a long period of waiting until she came back. In the meantime it was good to be home, anyway; and Dobbs was pleased to find his health coming back fast. He got himself a job selling automobiles, and did very well; people seemed anxious to give business to a returned soldier. He slid back easily into the small-town life he had lived before the war.

He was invited to parties and dances, and was pleased to find that there were a great many good-looking girls in town. He began practicing up on his dancing, so that he would be a worthy partner for Mary when she got home. Most of his practicing was done with a girl called Arline Avery, one of the prettiest of all the pretty girls he had met since his return from France. Arline had dark hair and dark eyes and a really dazzling smile. She was also an affectionate little thing, and before Dobbs had known her long he realized that she was getting very fond of him. In a way it was too bad he was already in love with Mary. Arline would make somebody a good wife sometime.

Dobbs wrote several letters to Mary, but he never got a reply. Then one day he heard from her parents that she had landed in New York, and would arrive in town on the seven o'clock train that evening.

He had his new suit cleaned and pressed. He stopped at Smith's jewelry store and bought a platinum ring with a small diamond in it—Mr. Smith agreeing to exchange it if it were not the right size. At seven o'clock he stood on the station platform, looking eagerly up the track.

He was annoyed to find that Mary's father and mother were also at the station, but there didn't seem to be anything he could do about it. The train was late, but it came in at last, and he saw Mary getting off. As soon as she had finished kissing her father and mother, he rushed forward.

"Hello, Mary!" he shouted. "Welcome home!" And then he stopped in amazement. This was undoubtedly Mary Day, but she was different from what he remembered. He had thought of her all these months as the most beautiful girl in the world; and now that he saw her again he knew that she was positively homely. She had a snub nose and too many freckles; there were crowfoot wrinkles around her eyes, and the straggly hair that showed beneath her hat was an ugly shade of red—very different from the glorious black locks of Arline Avery. Even the Y. M. C. A. uniform which she was still wearing was uninterestingly plain and totally lacking in style.

She shook hands cordially, and there was a cool clamminess about her little paw that made Dobbs drop it quickly.

"Well, if it isn't little old Al Dobbs!" she said, with a foolish giggle. He didn't like the way she said "little old." He wasn't little, and he wasn't as old as she was, and he wished she wouldn't giggle that way.

"I just thought I would come down and meet your train," he said awkwardly. At this she giggled again and smiled broadly, showing teeth that were slightly yellow.

Dobbs was completely bewildered. His goddess of love had at last come back to him; and compared to most of the other girls he had been playing with since he had come home, she was downright ugly. Besides which, she didn't seem to have any mind. Her idiotic giggling sounded positively half-witted.

"I'm so glad to see you," she said, "and I must tell the great news to you as well as to father and mother." Her voice had a rasping huskiness that grated unpleasantly on Dobbs' ear. "I'm so excited," she went on, "that I can't hold it back another minute. I'm engaged to your old buddy, Henry Jackson. Isn't it marvelous?"

"Splendid! Congratulations!" said Dobbs. And he silently added, "Good Lord, that hike was worth while after all. If I hadn't made it, I might have been hooked myself."

And leaving Mary Day with her parents, ex-Private Dobbs, with a new engagement ring in his pocket, started for the house of Arline Avery

A Scene in Jasper National Park, Alberta, Canada

Men are not *naturally* mean before breakfast—*try this and see*

Now "Father's Hour"—that nerve-tension period between 7 A. M. and 8 A. M., when father usually gives his disposition a work-out—is fast disappearing.

This remarkable change has been traced to one thing—Pancakes with Log Cabin Syrup. The greatest smile-winning combination ever invented. For the man doesn't live who can stay grouchy with such a breakfast in prospect.

Try this breakfast tomorrow morning. But don't break the charm by using a merely sweet syrup. For the finest pancakes are "flat" and tasteless without the right kind of syrup.

Why millions prefer

Log Cabin Syrup just naturally makes pancakes and waffles delicious. For it has the luscious flavor of pure maple. An enticing maple flavor that *permeates* every bite with rich goodness. That is why it is the most popular high-grade syrup in the world.

We use only the two choicest kinds of maple—New England and Canadian. These are blended with purest granulated sugar. By the famous 40-year-old Towle process. Nothing else is used. Hence, the delicious maple flavor—rare and melting.

Log Cabin Syrup [illegible]

Plain Ice Cream [illegible]

Make this test

We are so sure that you will be delighted with Log Cabin Syrup that we make you this offer. Order a can from your grocer today. Then have pancakes or waffles. If you do not agree that Log Cabin is the most delicious syrup you have ever used—that with it your pancakes or waffles taste better than any you have ever eaten—return the unused portion of the can to us. We will refund the *full* purchase price, including postage.

Log Cabin Syrup comes in three sizes. Order from your grocer today and make this test—*at our risk.* If he can't supply you, send us his name and we will see that you are supplied at once.

Free Offer: "24 ways to vary the menu." Write today for these new, delightful Log Cabin recipes. Send name and address. A postcard will do.

THE LOG CABIN PRODUCTS COMPANY
Dept. 16, ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA
THE CENTER OF NORTH AMERICA

Towle's **LOG CABIN** *Syrup*

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MAN-WOMAN FREE

(Continued from Page 21)

His face was dark olive with an outdoor hue of ruddiness, his eyes were bright but steady, and his features rather clean and firm than anyway handsome. Had he worn western garb he might have passed among foreigners for a Spaniard, perhaps not without Indian blood. The clothing he did wear was of the commonest black, painfully neat, mended to the extreme of durability.

"Isn't he a relic?" said the girl, grinning. "He comes from the Eastern Three Cities. Why did you ask? He's nobody. Poor as a famine rat."

Thriving Garden began to feel she never had liked that girl.

"I must take a peep at his work."

Not long afterward she took it, between pity and curiosity—one glance from behind his back. It was revelation, as if in a dull room he had thrown open, then quickly shut, a magic window. She returned to her place and sat there, overcome, dazzled.

"That boy, to be the only one among us? He can do it. The power has chosen him for vehicle."

They met by chance in a corridor. "Sir, one moment. You have made me very discontented."

The young solitary jumped as if she had wakened him with a prong. "You? Made you? Pardon, but ——" Then he saw in her eyes the timid yet kindly humor. "How? By what?"

"Your work, joy and despair. You go so far above us all, heaven-high."

Fong Hsu gave a panic-stricken look, murmured or groaned, and ran by her like a thief.

"Well," she thought in pique, "none too civil!"

When their class next gathered, however, he walked up to her, and, bowing, made a set speech. By the light on his face, the rigid manner, she knew it was taking all his courage. He seemed to hide a clenched fist up either sleeve.

"And you, you made me happy beyond belief," said Fong Hsu. "For two good reasons. Thank you. A lonely man will not forget."

Thriving Garden grew scared of emotion in public. "Tush, now, admire that!" She waved her latest failure at him—a black-and-white scroll of prune blossom. "Can you behold it and call me a judge? But what were your reasons?"

He dropped into her mood, laughing—an outdoor, sunburned gentleman with no care on earth.

"Plum twigs, oh, yes, they don't grow that kind of lozenge pattern, do they?" he agreed. "The old Manchu Woman used to draw them so, but then she was an empress, maybe."

"I'm not," said Thriving Garden. "What were your two reasons?"

He replied with a shrug. "One's enough. Paint good pictures, heaven-high as you said, or starve. Or do both, no doubt. The right course. Ever so many thanks to you."

Classmates pouring in made confusion, chatter ended, routine began. Fong Hsu and the banker's daughter met seldom, for a word here and there. She learned that he was an orphan, his father a petty official who died poor, and whom the boy's mother did not long survive; that he had no kindred anywhere near; and that after scrimping his way through a final term of study he would live by one talent if he could. It became wonderful, in retrospect, to think with how little talk they were drawn together. Only their eyes, more and more often, exchanged a quickening confidence.

"How goes it with you?"

"Well and happily."

"We understand."

"We two alone understand."

On the last day, when Fong Hsu carried off not only his diploma but highest honor, he came before her like a man trying to bear misfortune.

"I am glad they did you justice."

He made as if to speak, then shook his head.

"You are melancholy. Why?"

He looked at her and waited for a composure which did not arrive. Instead, they both felt power from beyond, a trepidation of the spheres, run through that moment and leave them shaken.

"We need not ask why," said Fong. "But today at the end you may hear my other reason. You're the only being who ——" Again he waited. "The one whose good opinion I value more than anything in life. And so, good-by, classmate."

He uprooted the words with pain and, turning, knocked against a chair as if the aisle were too narrow for his hurry.

"Oh, my friend! You have it! How—how do we meet again?"

Her call stopped him with a jerk. Fong wheeled about. His dark face burned.

"I shall work at a back shop in an alley," said he, and named a wretched quarter of the town. "Do you imagine ——"

The big room, so lately crowded with people and now drained dry of all but one thought, seemed to ring, echo, urge it to be spoken.

"You can't!" he cried fiercely. "No! Impossible!" With that he was gone.

All the way home, jolting in darkness under the blue hood of the cart, she maintained a silence which old Yin Ma did not even try to break. At home there were few questions. Time dragged by. When or in what roundabout way father learned her secret we cannot tell; but he soon came out with it, abruptly though not unkindly.

"One tooth aches, no peace for the mouth," he quoted. "How can I bear to see you drooping, dear? Why do we suffer together?"

They walked back and forth, shaded from afternoon sun by an awning, a reed mat which, high on scarlet, green and gilt poles, roofed all the courtyard and made it a pavilion of shrubs and flowers.

"We do, my girl, don't we? And why? What spoiled our life?"

"Nothing," she said, and would have laughed. "Am I grown tedious?"

"Come, confide."

"But there's nothing."

"Not true!" He halted, with such a roar of anger as to strike her dumb. "A lie! How of this Fong boy, the ragamuffin, the sneak ——"

A violent spasm of coughing cut him down. He dropped upon a garden stool, waited there, bending, limp, and when breath returned spoke hoarsely:

"I beg your indulgence. I did not mean to. Let us forget. But you shall stay at home now. That is an order." From between his arms he looked up, still giddy. "Enough and over much of going out into the world."

Not once again did father act unlike himself. He was, on the contrary, so gentle and timid and so prodigal with gifts of atonement that she often had to go cry. His command, however, held. Their great lacquer door shut her in, and the wall of their compound grew day by day more forbidding.

"Look here, old friend," urged peacemakers who feared not Jü the Great in his ringing sanctuary, the bank Chun Ting Nan Hong, "we have never known you to commit an error. That boy's all right, a good lad of clean parentage who'll go as far as any of us. What more do you want, a god off Omei?"

"No. A man," the banker growled. "No sneak. Let him deal as a man."

The mediators went to Fong, whom they discovered painting by dim light in a cubbyhole behind a shop. He heard them out courteously, thanked them and replied with good sense.

"The right stuff there," they thought. "Our old crony, if he can't see it, is playing the highland bull."

When they had left him Fong Hsu's black eyes grew brighter and harder. He sat down angrily, wrote, then tore what he had written, meditated and began afresh, weighing every word:

Venerable Sir, Friends of yours who manifest good will, believe me to have given you uneasiness. It is a painful surprise, for the secret was told to no one, certainly not to your daughter. It is true that I love her; who would not? It is untrue that this has been anything but quiet and honorable. . . .

The letter, which cost an afternoon's work, old Mr. Jü read next day at a glance.

"Bah, pretty sentiment!" He flung it down. "A wordmonger. If he comes ranting my way I'll painful-surprise him for good."

It was mother who took the blame of what followed. She had been young herself, a beauty as a girl, with high spirit, fond of fun; and though now demure, subdued, perhaps awed by her husband's grandeur late in life, she could remember the years of plain dress, plain fare, hard work, and more contentment in less room. A tiny silken figure, she crept about like a mouse in a palace wondering how came it there.

"My girl is unhappy?"

Thriving Garden ran to her. In a dark corner they stood whispering.

"Your girl cannot live. Mother, let me go speak, so that he won't think me a flatterer who forgets. Only a word. I promise you I'll come straight home. Before noon. Only a word, to—to say good-by; to say that he has a friend, though he will never see her again."

"For shame! How, child, are your wits departed?"

Mother had raised a storm of imploration that in the dusk beat upon, frightened, overbore her.

"We are doing wrong." She sighed. "But . . . If you take Yin Ma . . . Hush, quiet! Go then. And home at once."

In his back room Fong Hsu was coloring a three-fold panel when the wonder came. He sprang up, caught a brush from between his lips, then did not move.

"Like a pair of images," reported Yin Ma, the nurse. "They turned to stone, both. I waited in full view beyond the open door. They talked while one might eat, maybe, half a hot dumpling; not more. I heard her say—'never anybody else.' That is all; she came to me crying; we hurried away."

The child kept her promise, and was at home before noon.

"It's ended. Thank you." She wandered in like a phantom, vague, weary and pale. "Thank you, mother. It's broken."

They both believed this for a time. The compound wall topped with fangs of glass, the red gate, the devil screen, the porter and footmen, the hairy man-eating dogs from the Land of Grass, kept them safe. Outside was only Nature, who may be expelled with a pitchfork.

All the same, Thriving Garden went out and away.

"Husband! My sin! Beat me, kill me," begged mother. "She has gone."

Father swayed, turned his back and with a few clumping steps began to move nowhere. He halted. "We'd better sell this house."

Not then, but next morning, he added, "Never name her who spoilt our name."

They kept the house and lived empty, an aging couple shy of each other, who in talk feared estrangement. The nurse, Yin Ma, played go-between or gossip, to tell how their daughter and Fong Hsu married, kneeling before witnesses in a rented room, exchanging the right documents, calling on Lord of Heaven and Lord of Earth.

"So? Correct," said father. "Let 'em call on Judge Lu, the green-faced magistrate of hell, for what I care. This freedom, heyday, freedom! Have done."

Thenceforward he would neither speak nor hear of her. He began to fail in health, to abandon work, and often to keep a dreary, silent holiday at home. Yin Ma, the wrinkled amiler who saw nothing, held watch on his every look and motion.

"They do not starve. They are happy." The woman smuggled in word to mother. "Happy but for—you know what. Young Mr. Fong toils harder than a coolie. He was not too proud to hang his pictures on the street walls, before New Year, as poor painters do. He sold a few there, and more in the shops. They manage to live."

Another New Year was at hand, when the nurse came running, hardly able to speak.

"Rejoice, *Tai-tai*," she panted, "for you are a grandmother. They have a child, a son, born yesterday."

In the dark corridor where they met, servant and mistress laughed together, cried together, whispered and took counsel.

"Yes, he must; he shall know it."

Father was lying, that day, on a great divan of ebony.

"Should you not like ——"

He opened his eyes, but let them rest vacant. "What has frightened you? Go on. Like what?"

"To see your—your dear grandson?"

The vacancy became a hard glare. His mouth twitched. "No." Drawing the coverlet of green wadded silk up across his face, he turned toward the wall. "No," the word came smothered and angry. "Let be."

In the third moon after, Yin Ma brought bad news.

"They have gone, babe and all. Moved away. No, the neighbors could not tell me. Somewhere far outside the walls, to hire a cheaper house. Oh, my lady, shall we never see her again?"

Two years went by, deepening their melancholy. As autumn grew toward winter, the sick man, very early one morning, stood in his hall to admire what the gardener had sent—a noble chrysanthemum, clear yellow, the pride of the season. He arranged it carefully in a dark bronze jar older than Peking. Beside him Yin Ma kept her eyes not on the flower, the globe of tousled radiance, but on his face.

"Ai-yah! How perfect!" He dreamed at it a while; then with an irony which might have been bitter, or no more than dry—"I doubt," he continued, "if she has that kind on her table!"

The watcher sprang to life. "Shall I go bring her?"

Not staying for answer, she ran right out of the house. Long ago she had warned their gateman to be ready when the moment came, so that now at a word he flung the red leaves open, grinned and wished her luck. Down the lane Yin Ma went hurrying. It was grown full day, the sun just up, heaven a cloudless deep wintry blue, the air sparkling but chill.

"No clothes, no money, and I dare not go back for them," she thought. "The time will not come twice."

Morning flew by in a desperate dream, a hunt among strangers who wagged their chins and did not know, or advised her off the wrong way. Three hours after noon, a shivering little body, footsore, tired, Yin Ma dragged through a village far out on the plain.

"No good. Lost. But try till you drop."

An aged loiterer was carrying, like an infant, a pig who slept in a crate, or woven capsule.

"Oh, sir, do you know a young Mr. Fong who may live about here, who paints pictures?"

The pig woke and grunted. So did his master. "What know I of painting? I am a swine husband." The man stood and blinked; but as she gave him up for stupid, and went on, he called after, "Wait,

Continued on Page 120

NATURE'S GIFT TO BEAUTY

is embodied in this gentle, daily care that has brought the charm of natural loveliness to millions

Soap from Trees

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the priceless beauty oils from these three trees—pictured above—and no other fats whatsoever.

That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for olive and palm oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its green color.

THE art of being beautiful today is simply the secret of keeping *natural* beauty . . . the artificial complexion of yesterday has no place in the modern scheme of allurement.

Women have learned that natural ways are best in skin care; that gentle, common-sense care is far more potent than the most involved of beauty methods. For Youth is thus retained.

Keeping the skin clean, the pores open, is the secret. Doing this with pure soap . . . with soap made for ONE purpose only, to safeguard good complexions . . . is the *important* part to remember.

So, more and more every day, thousands turn to the balmy lather of Palmolive . . . a soap that is kind to the skin, a soap made with beautiful complexions always in mind.

The rule to follow if guarding a good complexion is your goal

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

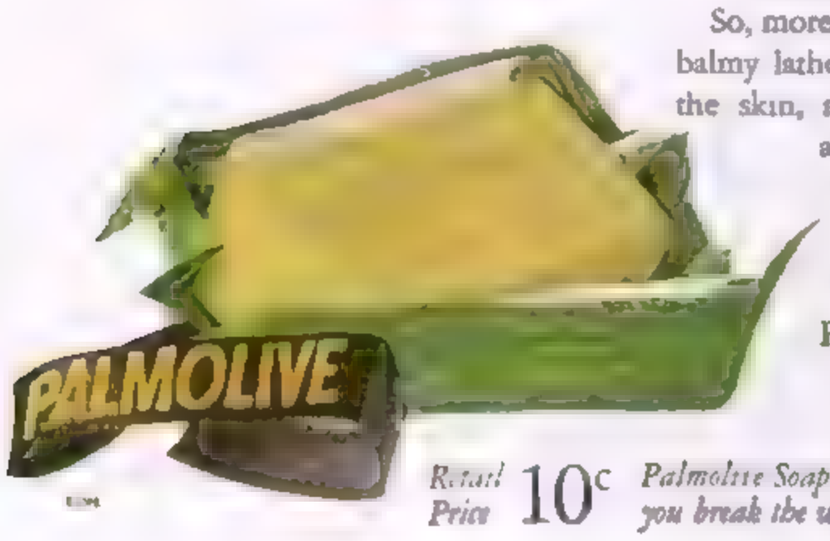
Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note the amazing difference one week makes.

Soap from trees!

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

The only secret to Palmolive is its exclusive blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.



THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Retail Price 10c *Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped*

Old English Wax film

gives Lasting Floor Beauty—because the wear is on the wax, not on the floor

A NEW, easy way to beautify and protect floors, linoleum, woodwork, and furniture against wear is now available to everyone. It is the Old English Wax film treatment.

This treatment coats the surface with a thin, hard wax film that protects the beauty of the wood against hurrying feet, everyday dirt, children's carelessness, possible stains.

Do it this easy way

You merely glide the Old English Waxer-Polisher over the floor. It's as easy to use as a carpet-sweeper. It goes under furniture and radiators. It polishes right up to the baseboard. So simple a child can use it. So sturdy it lasts a lifetime. Nothing to get out of order.

First, the Old English Waxer-Polisher applies a protecting film of Old English Wax over the floor. Next, it polishes that wax film to a deep, glowing lustre. And the work is done.

The Old English Wax film method gives lasting beauty to all floors—old floors, new floors, wood or linoleum. Whether your floors are now varnished, shellacked, or painted, they need this protection.

Save the cost of refinishing

Treated this way, your floors will never again require a complete refinishing. Merely give them an Old English Paste Wax treatment once or twice a year. Such frequently used spots as doorways can be kept flawless by an occasional "touching up."

To keep your floors always clean and bright, simply go over them occasionally with Old English Liquid Wax. It not only removes the dirt, but brightens and renews the polish. The Old English Waxer-Polisher does all the work of applying and polishing both the paste and the liquid wax.

Read money-saving offer below.

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Sold at paint, hardware, drug, housefurnishing and department stores. If your dealer can't supply you, use the coupon below.

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$5.10 waxing outfit for only $3.90

1 Old English Waxer-Polisher	$3.90
1 Can [illegible] Paste Wax	.45
1 Can [illegible] Liquid Wax	.75
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Send me your free book, "Beautiful Floors, Woodwork and Furniture—Their Finish and Care."

Send $5.10 Old English Waxing Outfit at $3.90 (Denver and West, $4.25, Canada, $4.50; Winnipeg and West, $5.00) enclosed.

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PASTE, LIQUID, POWDER WAX [illegible]

FREE: *Costly book on home beauty*

Every woman interested in making her home more lovely, more attractive, will want this book. The coupon brings your copy free.

(Continued from Page 118)

madam. The head may spare the trotters." He plunged into reverie. "Go to the coal yard. We're having sharp weather, so the coal merchant will know everybody's name."

The nurse made him a low bow. "Provider of delicacy, my blessing on you and your sty. May you outlive us all. The first man of sense I have met with today."

At the coal yard, among donkeys and panniers, a black goblin shook his head. "I never heard that name."

A blacker and fatter goblin popped neck and shoulders from a hole in the wall, stared, ran out his tongue like a tag of red flannel, recovered it, and bawled:

"Fong the Scholar, who paints? Yes. Turn to your lucky hand, round the corner, then forward till you reach a gate with the name Peng On Li."

A few steps brought her there, to a wall of new masonry. By the door under the name a toy temple shone with gilding, and contained a jolly god three spans high, Old Man Watch-the-Gate, who, in his many-colored robe, sat snug, beaming eternal good will, and did not frown to prevent her. Yin Ma slipped by and entered a court full of houses, thirty or forty alike. She knew the place by hearsay—the building of a rich man who gave fair quarters at low rent, yet gained both merit and money.

"The boy kept his eye open," thought Yin Ma. "Nothing bigger than two rooms, but all decent and quiet. He's taken care of my pearl, I do maintain." She went from door to door, calling, "Mr. Fong, does he live here?"

In time the right voice, the right footstep, made her heart bound. "Yin Ma? Dearest! How did you find us?"

No one saw their passion of welcome.

"By foot and tongue," quoth Yin Ma. "Thanks to a pig dandler, a smut nose, and the intelligence of the Lord, here we are. . . . Oh, Man-Child!"

More beautiful than ever, bright in surprise, radiant, Thriving Garden had caught up from the floor her baby. The meager little room was like a shrine.

"Grandson!"

The baby stared at Yin Ma with forbearing wisdom, allowed her to worship, then to hold him, and to squeak unutterable nonsense down his neck.

"What has happened?" Thriving Garden said, in the first lull. "How are they?"

With a small finger tracing the map of wrinkles up and down her cheeks, Yin Ma could not look grave, but she replied sadly, "Your mother's health is fair. Your father . . . Well, you know, his cough. Last winter he spent in bed; and this winter I fear he'll be worse. The truth is, dear ——" She broke off, and told of the yellow chrysanthemum. "He broods on you all day. When the neighbors talked of children, your mother was too slow, and did not catch the hint alive. Today I caught it. Sweetheart—oh, the poor old proud thing, he sickens for you! Can't you come home? Ask your man to let you!"

They heard somebody move in the next room, and speak: "A very good thing. A capital idea, right." Fong Hsu entered, smiling. Thin, tired, poorly dressed, this tall dark boy had an air of power yet of kindness. "We are no strangers, you and I, madam. Sit down, rest, and have me bring you tea."

He made the old woman comfortable with plain talk. They were friends at once.

"It will be hard for you, sir, I know. You approve?"

"Excellent. Capital," repeated Fong. "But is there any letter asking me to give my wife back?"

The child, who had run to his mother's knee, laughed. "Wife!" he said very plainly. "Back!"

The grown folk were silent for a time.

"There is not," confessed the older woman. "I came in too great haste."

"But," said the younger, "they do want us."

Fong Hsu leaned forward to take his head in his hands. When he spoke at last, he might have been reading a dull sentence written on the floor.

"If you are Fong Thriving Garden, you stay; if you are Jü Thriving Garden, you go."

The two women exchanged a look of pity.

"Oh, you men with your self-respect!" Yin Ma got on foot and began to scold. "Break, spine, but never bend! All the same, we like you for it. Now to trudge. Yes, you are right, sir, and shall have your letter if reason prevail on earth!"

Her leave-taking was grotesque, a jumble of tears, laughter, baby talk, messages of love to be carried, and promises to return.

Thriving Garden lent her a warm coat. Fong Hsu took her home, walking as far as the red gate in the wall.

No letter came out of that stronghold. Her mission brought only harm. It sent Jü Yung Tu into a dumb paroxysm, after which he lay abed and cared for nothing.

"Keep that meddler off."

When Fong brought his wife's coat, he found her in distress, the baby whimpering and refusing to eat.

"He has taken—what? Fever?"

"It scared me while you were gone, dear."

They watched him together, more and more uneasy. The child fell asleep tired. Always at this hour they had talked in the next room. Tonight they sat and hearkened.

"You think I did wrong, not letting you ——"

"No, no. Quite right. Hush, dear, we'll wake him."

Three hours before day Fong rose to work. His pair of dreamers did not know, for long practice made him cunning as a housebreaker in the dark. With easel, paint box, canvas, and a wallet of food, he was gone outdoors like the smoke of his own breath by starlight; then off, marching toward the west where a planet burned slowly down into the rim of a black ridge.

"Well or sick, happy or not," ran the words to his march, "they live by your hand, your eye."

The dawn found him striding along a sunken road, a dusty furrow cut in the plain by wheels and hoofs long ago, but now abandoned; the sunrise threw his long shadow before him up higher ground; and morning, though brilliant, was not yet warm when he climbed among the hills. There, like a hunter who had lost his track, he ranged to and fro the barren slopes, from crest to crest, down a rocky defile, up the next, and so on toward farther wilderness. Fong Hsu quickened his gait, but eyed every landmark. What he sought was a place forgotten of men, hard to find.

"Oho, it's near!"

Above him, where steep ravines drew together, jutted the fragment of a camel-back bridge. Crumbling, a dark snag of masonry, it had let fall more than half its curve into the brambles, the torrent down which no water had run for centuries.

"Here we are."

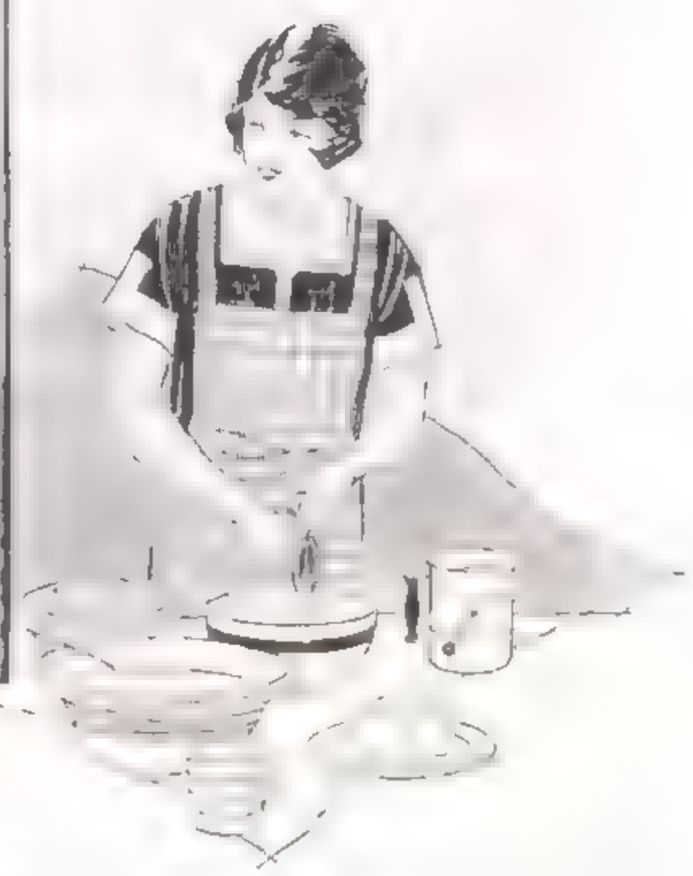
He mounted the ruin, and spied out the land. Far away the undulating hills came here and there to a peak, a tuft, a hint of roof and corner, which he knew for temple or monastery. They were the sole reminders of habitation. A black-and-white magpie escaped from under the bridge and carried off all sound or movement. The young man stood alone as on a tower, and saw directly beneath him what he came to find.

"Here it was," thought Fong Hsu, "that father and I missed our way on a journey."

Since boyhood the place had been a haunting dream. Pine trees, lofty and somber, guarded the darkness of a cleft between two hills, a narrow gorge rushing headlong down like a broken stairway to the lower world. At bottom of their gloom the evergreens parted on a region of bright air, and on a bush, a flame of autumn leaves and sun, irradiating all the depth with magic.

(Continued on Page 123)

—and now Gas without gas mains!



Nesco Gas-i-fier

Heart of the Nesco Gasoline Cook Stove

Converts ordinary gasoline into a gaseous form, making possible the clean, blue, hot flame that turns up or down instantly like the flame on a city gas range.

Other Features:

Independent burner control.

Nesco *Improved* Lighter (practically instantaneous)

Safety fuse plug.

Air pump permanently attached at convenient height.

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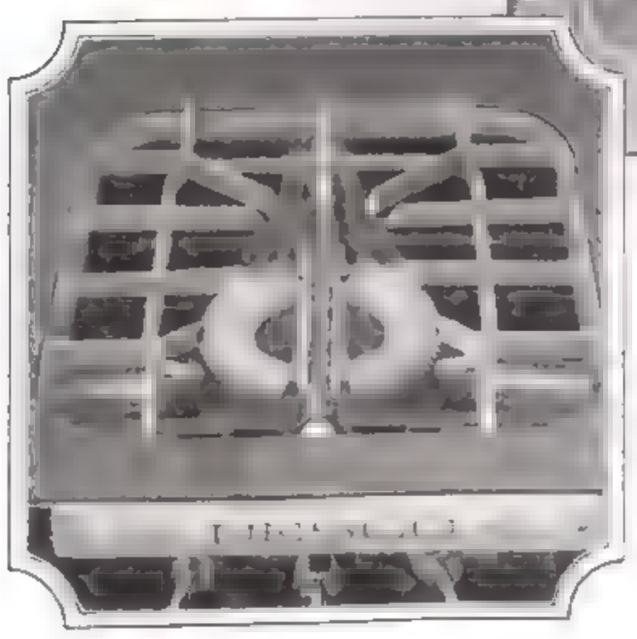

YOU'LL think it's a city gas range when you first see it in operation! The same kind of burner as on a gas range. The same clean, uniform, intensely hot flame as a gas range. And the flame turns up or down, just like gas, from a full, intense heat to a low, simmering flame.

What is the secret of this wonderful new type stove? Simply this—ordinary gasoline is converted into a gaseous form and burns just like the gas used in cities. The quick, blue flame is every bit as hot, as clean, as uniform and as easily regulated as the flame on a city gas range.

There is only one main difference between a city gas range and a Nesco Gasoline Cook Stove. One burns gas from a gas main—the other burns its *own* gas.

By all means see this remarkable stove at your Nesco dealer's or send the coupon for free literature describing the many models—with and without built-in ovens.

We also manufacture the famous Nesco Kerosene Cook Stove.

NATIONAL ENAMELING & STAMPING COMPANY, INC.

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Factories and Branches at: Milwaukee, Chicago, Granite City, Ill., St. Louis, New Orleans, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore.

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"Your Home Should Come First"

Suite No. 744
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All the charm of beautiful *custom-built furniture*

At only a fraction of the cost

EVERY exquisite piece of "Kroehler-made" upholstered living room furniture expresses the marvels of modern manufacturing genius.

In the great Kroehler factories science has taken the place of slow, costly, old-time methods.

Here skilled craftsmen and scientific building produce the charm and artistry of beautiful, hand-built, custom furniture, *at only a fraction of the cost*.

Thousands of beautiful homes where expense is of secondary importance use "Kroehler-made" furniture because of its distinctive beauty alone. And thousands upon thousands of other homes, where expense is a most important item, are enjoying beautiful upholstered furniture because Kroehler prices are so moderate.

Remember, in this day of scientific building, high price is not always a safe guide to quality. Kroehler Living Room Furniture is scientifically built, inside as well as outside. Frames are of carefully selected, kiln-dried hardwood, strongly braced, glued and doweled. *Not soft wood merely nailed together.*

Hidden Qualities

Resilient, non-sagging seat springs are of heavy, high carbon wire of Premier quality, interlocked with a flexible spring steel under-structure firmly attached to the hardwood frame. *Far stronger than the usual old style webbing.*

Filling is of germ-cured flax fiber, best moss and cotton. Seat cushions are filled with patented, resilient, soft-yielding coil springs—thickly padded with clean, white, felted cotton.

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Kroehler Davenports may be had, if desired, with a full size comfortable bed entirely concealed under the seat cushions. The folding bed frame is all-steel, fitted with a sagless cable fabric and helical springs. Ample room for a thick, removable mattress and bedding.

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Do not accept a substitute. Demand to see the Kroehler name plate. Easy payments if desired.

Upon request we will send name of nearest dealer and a copy of our book "Enjoyable Living Rooms."

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KROEHLER

Living Room Furniture

DO NOT ACCEPT A SUBSTITUTE . . . KROEHLER MADE LOOK FOR THE KROEHLER NAME PLATE

(Continued from Page 120)

"No one has wandered here from then till now," he fancied. "Nothing has gone by but the years."

He sat all day on the bridge working, a part of the stillness, and went home with content.

"A fair beginning. Tomorrow, go again and catch the color."

It was long after dark when he passed Old Man Watch-the-Gate's lantern and so indoors. Thriving Garden had supper hot for him, with tea ready to draw, but not her accustomed welcome. She never could wait to hear all that he had been seeing and doing. Tonight she failed to ask.

"How's our little boy?"

"Worse. Very hot, languid, and heavy."

By the dim float light, reading her countenance, he saw a look of tears withheld, of discouragement and misgiving, which grew to alarm as the child in the next room began to whimper, then to cry.

"I've sat still all day," urged Fong, the liar. "You go to bed now. Your turn to rest."

A night of anxiety wore by. His little son tossed and muttered, or with dull patience lay wondering at him who did not right this wrong.

"No change," Fong reported next morning. "Perhaps no worse."

"I will give the herb tea again," said Thriving Garden. "It may be nothing but one of the Three Maladies. And you, you poor sleepy dear, must get back to work. No, no! You can't do yours and mine both."

She took charge bravely, and pushed her man out at the door.

"Be off, old stout heart, and good fortune!"

Midday was past when he climbed up his bridge in the hills. Grudging even the time to undo kit and prop easel, Fong wasted none, but bent all his energy and began. The huge pine trees caught with topmost needles a faint and splintery brightness fringing their pads of shadow, then ran down aslant and overdarkened the narrow glen. That burning bush in the vista held once more the enchantment of autumn.

"The golden bough," thought Fong. "Catch it, hurry, today or never. But how now? What's gone?"

A strange thing had happened. The freedom, the power, the virtue, whatever it was, had left his hand. He bent the fingers, wrung them, scowled at them, and knew their defect was not bodily, but ghostly. He tried again to paint, and again, and could do nothing.

"Is there a devil in this ruin?"

If so, he gave it battle. The sun drew near the mountains before he would quit and wipe a dishonored brush, having made only a stroke or two of raw contrast.

"Home. Our boy may be ——" Fong stared from his broken camel hump down the pass. "He may be dying. Our funny little one."

This, a dread which he might not bear, had been his thwarting influence, his devil in the mountain.

"My only child."

The pines were now black. Under and beyond them shone, filled with sunset, the mockery of the golden bough yearning with all the splendor and transience of life.

A thought, a voice from there, left him in awe. "She, too, was her father's only child." Fong turned, swept up his bundle to carry, and fled. "Brute beast, you!" Thought or voice, it drove him down from the hills. "You, trying to understand our earth, while an old man suffers by the year what has killed you for half a day!"

Starlight on the plain, the cold air, and the swing of rapid walking, confirmed his judgment. He came home ready for good or bad.

"How is little son?"

Thriving Garden sprang up and ran to him on tiptoe. "The fever broke," she whispered. "He's cool and well. Sound asleep."

Fong caught his wife by both hands. "Beloved, you shall take him and go to your father."

"What? No!"

"Yes. I was a fool."

Of the loneliness afterward, Fong Hsu never spoke. He lived at a club or chummery of poor fellow craftsmen, worked, and finished the daub which only kept his loss aching in mind. He sold the thing for a few dollars. Who had bought it he neither knew nor cared, until the day when a servant hurried in, flustered and cringing.

Many wise persons have talked of The Golden Bough, yet never seen that rarest work by a great painter; and reason good, because it hangs in the bedroom of an old gentleman, Mr. Jü Yung Tu, retired from the bank Chun Ting Nan Hong, who will no more lend it for exhibition than lend you his grandson.

He is a haughty old rogue. All he said to Fong Hsu, the painter, was:

"Come here. You're more of a man than I. You'll make a good ancestor. Look at that picture on my wall—just what our girl predicted: The shining movement of what's-name through the departure of things. . . . Hallo! Yin Ma, where's our little cuh?"

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 30)

Though her suitor was her tutor
And an able elocutor,
Yet his gender wasn't neuter,
Hence the case was nothing new!

Sue, while he was just her tutor,
Ere he changed to tutor-suitor,
Never knew he didn't suit 'er—
As a tutor he was great.
To her tutor Sue grew cuter,
Till he didn't dare dispute 'er—
Tutor men should be astuter,
If they wouldn't share his fate!

All was well until this tutor
Of her freedom sought to loot 'er.
In the rôle of tutor-suitor
This Lothario was a flop.
She had hired an elocutor
That she knew would nicely suit 'er
As an active coadjutor
On her journey to the top.

So she said, "Begone, you brute, or
I will get another tutor
Who'll be modester and muter
When his teaching work is done."
Yet his wisdom grew minuter;
He went wild as an Aleut, or
Anything besides a tutor—
Hence the rough stuff with the gun.

Well, the jury wasn't neuter
Any more than was her tutor,
Who as suitor didn't suit 'er,
So of course they set her free—
Now if he, that tutor-suitor,
Had turned out to be the shooter
With a ball of lead or pewter,
What a different tale 'twould be!

—*Strickland Gillilan.*

The King Who Went In for Night Life

ONCE upon a time there was a king who was very easily bored. So, taking off his court fool with him, he went to a night club.

The king gave the head waiter a five dollar bill for showing them to a table in the corner of the club, back of a pillar, where the view of the show was very poor indeed. Then the king ordered some ginger ale for himself and the fool.

While the cabaret show was going on—and a very tiresome show it was—the king bought a package of fifteen-cent cigarettes from a passing girl for seventy-five cents. He left her keep the quarter change out of the dollar for a tip. Suddenly the king became so bored that in desperation he called for the check.

The waiter did some very fast multiplication and put down a slip for eleven dollars on the king's table. The king was able to decipher, among other things, the words "cover" and "tax." Much wroth, he left thirteen dollars on the plate and stalked out with the fool.

At the door he gave the girl a half dollar for handing back his and the fool's coats and hats.

Then the king gave the doorman a quarter for leading the way to a taxi at the curb. The taxi driver he left keep the change out of a two-dollar bill, at the entrance to the imperial palace, after a ride of some five blocks.

"You haven't got off a wise crack tonight," said the king bitterly, turning on his companion.

"Is that so!" retorted the court jester. "You're a bigger fool than I am, Gunga Din!"

—*Edmund J. Kiefer.*

My Body and I

By Almost Any Man—or Woman

MY BODY is a lot of care,
I have to take it everywhere,
And wash its face and comb its hair,
And give it food and sleep and air.

And even then it misbehaves,
The wrong thing almost always craves,
And stupid as a Hottentot,
Gets tired and sick, too cold, too hot.

And gazing at it, none would know
How brilliantly my fancies glow,
Nor that at moments I can claim
A soul as lovely as a flame.

My body frequently annoys,
And yet it brings me many joys;
With it I ride and skate and swim,
And dance until the stars grow dim.

With it I hear the nightingale,
See roses round my casement trail,
Feel summer winds blow through my hair,
Taste wine, and breathe in fragrant air.

But though supreme my body seems,
My hidden thoughts and secret dreams,
Imponderables, that none can see,
Are far the most real part of me.

And yet, when all is said and done,
My body and myself are one,
Bound close together till we die—
And 'tis not I will break the tie.

—*Pauline Dillingham.*

Fifty-Fifty

IF LOVING leads me only
To washing pots and pans,
I'd rather just be lonely.
For me they'll cry no banns.

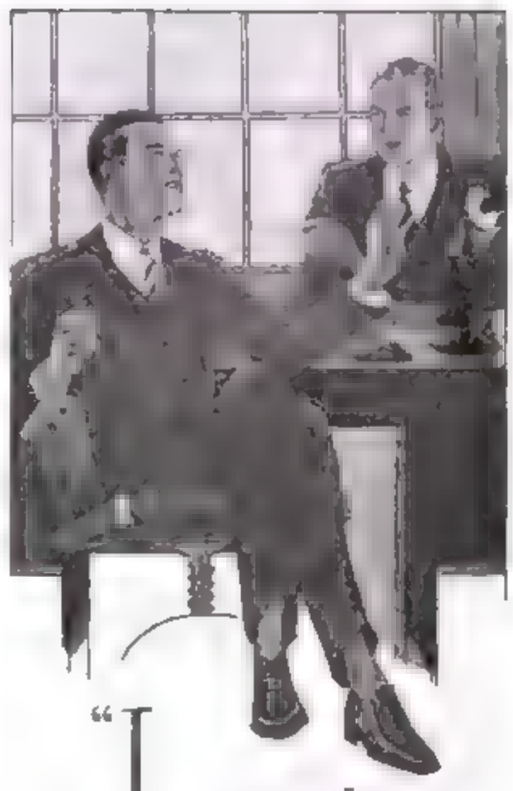
If loving leads me sweetly
To kitchen stove and sink,
And blots out life completely,
The chance to play and think,

If loving leads me blindly
To scrubbing floors and stairs,
As it has damned so kindly
Free women unawares,

If loving leads me only
To petty kitchen chores,
I'd rather just be lonely;
I'd rather not be yours.

I've my own job. I'll keep it,
As men have always done.
Our love shall be adventure,
No cage for either one.

—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*



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UNLIMITED praises come from the many men and women who have just discovered Glove-Grip Shoes. They breathe a sigh of relief the instant they slip into one shoe! All over the foot, they feel only the light touch of the softest of Glove-Grip leathers. And, underneath the foot, they feel a sole that makes walking as easy as breathing! This is the patented Glove-Grip Arch—so flexible, so pliant, that it eagerly follows the most subtle movements of your foot!

There is an Arnold Glove-Grip dealer near you, anxious to show you this Glove-Grip feeling. He will show you, too, how becoming the Glove-Grip lines are. Go to this dealer, and be fitted as you have never been fitted before! Your Glove-Grips will look as if they were made to order! Write M. N. Arnold Shoe Company, North Abington, Mass., for your dealer's address and give yourself, soon, the pleasure of trying

ARNOLD GLOVE-GRIP SHOES

The Beverly

Spur Tie

Pat. June 13, '22, Jan. 29, '24, Aug. 26, '24; Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

all tied for you

50¢ - 75¢

$1.00

THE motion picture camera is the severest critic of men's—and women's—clothes. Motion picture stars must be well and correctly dressed. J. Howard Snow is always well and correctly dressed, as you who have seen his motion pictures know. In this portrait with Mr. Snow is Miss Virginia Lenington, also well known to a large circle of motion picture fans.

Smart enough to start a style *Correct enough* to lead it

THE Spur Tie did start a new tie style. Well-dressed men have always known the bow tie as the smartest tie a man can wear. Here is a bow that looks more like a hand-tied tie than a hand-tied tie. It *is* hand-tied, in silks as rainbow gay or calmly placid as you like. Spur Tie silks are woven exclusively for Spur Tie—to make sure that they are the newest patterns and the most correct colors in any season.

Spur Tie is correct enough to lead the style it started. In it is the H-shaped Innerform. That is a patented form found only in the Spur Tie. It will not let the Spur Tie roll, curl or wrinkle. This tie starts smart and stays smart—gay for sports, appropriate for business, and correct in black or white for formal wear.

Spur Ties are displayed in smart shops for men and in men's wear departments. If you do not see them, ask for them by name.

Feel in the wings of the ties you buy for the H-shaped Innerform. Make sure that it is the *real* H-shaped Innerform in the *real* Spur Tie by looking on the back for the red Spur label, illustrated at the right.

Illustrated above, about two-thirds natural size, is a Spur Tie Band Bow. Other sizes, other styles, are made to suit every requirement of men and boys. This pattern is a silk woven especially for the Spur Tie. These exclusive silks make sure that the Spur Tie is as correct for sport and business wear as it is in black or white for wear with dinner jacket or formal evening clothes.

This label is tacked under the knot of every Spur Tie for your protection. Look for it on the back of every tie you buy. You get the real Spur Tie only when this label is red and when it really reads "Spur Tie"

HEWES AND POTTER

65 Bedford Street, Boston, Mass.

Pacific Coast Office and Stock: 120 Battery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Made in Canada by TOOKE BROS., Ltd., Montreal

A SAGA OF THE SWORD

(Continued from Page 23

hear excited women's voices, could hear one instantly distinguished voice crying joyously:

"It is he! It is he! Light! Light, O slaves! Light for the master!"

He sprang up the steps, entered, hurried diagonally across the paved inner court, where a fountain flung tiny jewels in the torchlight of the slaves, hurried into the large and lofty apartment, furnished only with a few articles of exquisite workmanship, where a shyly curious negress slave half lingered from lighting the long bronze naphtha flares upon the walls, where—a scarf on her head, scantily clad as she had leaped from her couch, naïvely beautiful, scarcely more than a child, her young loveliness irradiated with the sincerity of her joy—Amastarte ran toward him.

"My lord! My lord!" she cried ecstatically, sobbing in his arms. "My lord! Thou art come back to me! Tanit has brought thee back to me!"

He embraced her, held her tight. "My beloved! My beloved!" he marveled at her, emotion choking in his throat. "Didst thou also pray to Tanit?" He looked down into the ivory oval of the face whose eager lips sought his, looked into the depths of those large lustrously dark eyes that were windows to the ecstasy of her soul. What love was like to theirs in all the world?

She half withdrew herself to gaze fondly, as though accentuating to herself this incredible reality of his presence, upon his black-bearded, weather-tanned, Semitically handsome features, flung herself close in his arms again.

"To Tanit every day did I pray and make sacrifices, O my lord!" she murmured to him. "And every day for a moon past have I sent a slave to the headland to watch for the coming of thy ship. Long have been the hours this day since he came running to say that thou hadst entered the port—many tears have I shed and much have I feared that evil had befallen thee in the troubles of the city. But now thou art come to me, O my lord, and thy slave is happy!"

He frowned in the memory of those recent horrors, was gripped in an anguished thought of the awful menace that overhung their love.

"Carthage needed me this day, O Amastarte," he said tenderly, "and I could not do other—though my heart cried out for thee—than stay within the city. Thou hast heard the infamous decree of the Romans? May the curses of Baal be upon them and upon those who have betrayed us! But not yet is Carthage destroyed!" he added fiercely. "Already the gates are barricaded and by dawn there will be engines upon the walls!"

She closed his mouth with a kiss. "Dost thou love Carthage more than thy beloved?" she chided in arch reproach. "Canst thou not forget Rome and her decrees for but this little time of meeting?"

He looked at her in surprise, in a twinge of disappointment that she could be thus childishly careless of the common danger.

"Thou dost not understand, O Amastarte," he said. "With tomorrow will the Roman legions be beneath the walls. Thou knowest not what means a siege, or not thus happily couldst thou smile."

She smiled at him again, intoxicatedly.

"I smile, O my lord, for thou to me art Carthage. And while siege there is, then canst thou not again leave me for the treacherous sea. By thy side will I fight upon the walls—see!" she threw off the scarf that covered her close-cropped head, "have I not already given my hair when I sought for thee in the city this day? So that thou art with me, then is thy slave happy! Tomorrow shalt thou go forth to the battle, and I with thee, if thou wilt permit, carrying the darts I bade our slaves busy themselves with fashioning throughout this night. But now, O my lord, Tanit gives us to each other for forgetfulness of all but love! Whisper, O my lord, whisper, as of old thou didst, my name into my ear!"

He whispered it as he clasped her. "Amastarte!"

From the far-off walls came faintly that ominous and incessant hammering.

Not on the morrow, however, did the Roman legions appear. Fatuously confident that there could be no opposition, or perhaps cynically waiting until the first violence of despair should subside in the doomed city, the Roman consuls remained day after day in their camp at Utica. And day after day the watchers upon the walls of Carthage peered anxiously for the dust of their coming. Day after day, within the city, the multitude labored feverishly at its desperate preparations for defense—public buildings were torn down and their stones carried to the walls; private houses were stripped of their leaden gutters and their iron clasps; every street resounded like a smithy with the ceaseless forging of swords and shields and javelins; and upon the battlements engine after engine stood complete and mounted, the great catapults that could hurl huge stones nearly a quarter of a mile, and the terrible ballistæ in effect, gigantic frame-supported crossbows—which could, with terrific force, propel their immense javelins for an equal distance.

In addition, outside the walls, Hasdrubal, the general defeated by the Numidians, who, condemned to death, had fled with twenty thousand followers, had now, upon the urgent supplication of repentant Carthage, drawn near to the city with his army and encamped at Nepheris on the other side of the Gulf of Tunis.

So long had been that delay that when at last, on a morning of shimmering heat, a great and unmistakable cry went up from those lofty tower-studded battlements, it came almost as an unexpected shock. Bomilcar, commanding a section of the wall, ran to the parapet to see a vast tawny dust cloud on the road to Utica. Closer and closer came that cloud, and from it emerged, their armor glittering in the sun, their eagles perpendicular amid the sloped spears, the long winding serpent of the legions of Rome. Behind each cohort was a train of wagons loaded horizontally with scaling ladders. Anxiously Bomilcar scrutinized that oncoming host. To his fierce joy, he could perceive no siege engines. He laughed aloud, as did the men around him—the men who were even now winding back the tall arms of the catapults, were unslinging their bows and running up with armfuls of darts. In their certainty that the city was defenseless, the Romans imagined that they had only to put their scaling ladders to the walls should the gates be shut.

The legions broke from their column of march, deployed in wide order of battle. Bomilcar could distinguish the two separate consular armies, could discern the two consuls themselves cantering each with his troop of horsemen, could clearly see the staff officers galloping from them with their orders. The entire host halted. It had no need of reconnaissance to discover that the gates were closed. That was evident across the plain—more evident than the engines, now artfully concealed under sheets and hurdles, which crowned the wall. What next?

Magnificent was the spectacle displayed before the silently watching Carthaginians as those two consular armies, each of four Roman and four allied Italian legions, stood motionless in the traditional battle array of republican Rome. Dazzlingly reflecting the sun from their bronze helmets and their bronze plate cuirasses; a bronze greave on the right leg, on their left arms the semicylindrical metal shield bossed in the center and painted with the distinguishing badge of the legion; on their right flanks the short Roman sword and in their right hands the formidable *pilum*—the six-foot spear of which three feet was heavy iron head socketed to receive the stout wooden shaft.

The legionaries had deployed into three long lines of maniples spaced out at intervals equal to their own front; each maniple of the two first lines having a hundred and twenty men ranked on a front of twelve by ten deep, while the maniple of the rear line contained only sixty men on a front of six. The first-line maniples were those of the *hastati*, young men of from twenty-five to thirty; the second line was the *principes*, men of thirty to forty; the last line was the *triarii*, the reserves of men from forty to forty-five. From front to rear, each maniple stood behind the intervals of the preceding line, and from front to rear the three maniples of *hastati*, *principes* and *triarii* composed a heavy-armed cohort of which ten made up a legion.

Between the rear-line maniples of *triarii* stood the maniples of the *velites*, the light-armed youngest men of from seventeen to twenty-five years of age, twelve hundred in all. On a rear flank was halted the body of legionary cavalry, three hundred strong. Such was the formation, at once flexible and irresistible in its onslaught, with which republican Rome had conquered Italy, had overthrown the decadent Greek phalanx, had warred for long years with Carthage and had finally defeated Hannibal. Demanding as it did unshakable discipline, highly trained skill in the use of his weapons, and dauntless courage from each individual legionary, it stood then at the summit of its perfection.

Not these were the professional soldiers with whom the later Cæsars completed the conquest of the world. These were well-to-do citizens for whom military service was a jealously guarded prerogative—those who possessed property worth less than twelve thousand five hundred copper *asses* were rigidly excluded from it—exercising that service as an integral part of their citizen rights. No state in that contemporary world—and few since—could show so sternly disciplined and formidably martial an army.

The two consuls galloped each to the front of his own troops—in their jealous fear of kingship, the Romans bestowed upon each consul an independent power and an independent army, and although often for convenience the two consuls agreed that each, upon alternate days, should take command of the whole, equally often they commanded side by side and independently—and each raising his arm, made the traditional speech—the *cohortatio*—which was the preliminary to battle. Each maniple thrust aloft its carved ensign, each cohort its eagle, and with a tremendous shout, abrupt as a thunderclap, the Roman host responded.

Then the two consuls galloped each to the right flank of his army. The trumpets blared harshly in succession from the right. Now! The crouching Carthaginians upon the wall fitted arrows to the bows, slipped leaden bullets into their slings, fingered their darts, while behind them others tore the coverings from the engines or hurried to the furnaces where great caldrons boiled.

Rushing out in advance of the now steadily marching cohorts, the Roman *velites* ran in open order toward the wall, whirling their slings, brandishing their darts, uplifting their bows, volleying already upward as they came near. Behind them the maniples of the *hastati* had wheeled to where, in convenient groups, the carts laden with scaling ladders had been parked.

There was a momentary pause, and then—the front ranks carrying the cumbrously long wide ladders, the whole vociferating the dread battle shout of Rome—the legionaries trotted at a sharp disciplined pace toward the wall, scrambled down into the deep dry ditch in front of it.

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Scotch tweeds—Irish homespuns—English cheviots as well as the finest domestic woolens.

In mixtures of wool and silk—Ramie and silk—wool and Rayon.

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Colors: beige—tan—gray—and the light dusted effects worn this season.

Merton Knickers: in three popular style lengths, regular, plus-two and plus-four.

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Alton Cap and Knickers illustrated, of Scotch tweed with a two-thread Rayon over-check. In gray overcoat in jade or tan overcoat in tobacco brown—white over-check. Cap $4. Knickers $15.

FREE BOOKLET

WRITE for THE NEW MERTON STYLE BOOKLET SHOWING VARIED ASSORTMENT of SMART CAPS and KNICKERS to MATCH

Instantly, with a wild yell where the defiant shrieks of women mingled with the ancient battle cry of Carthage, the wall unmasked its pent-up fury of defense, loosed in showers its missiles upon those below. Arrows and darts and humming sling stones filled the air; the ballistæ sped their huge javelins with a flat-trajectoried, swishing rush that cut ghastly lanes in the close-packed men descending to the ditch; the great catapults one after the other jerking savagely forward its tall sling-ended arm as the catch was released and the winch-tautened skeins of hair rope reasserted their elasticity—hurled their crushingly heavy stones into the masses beyond.

Still, covering themselves with their uplifted shields, the Romans pressed on. Ladder after ladder was placed against the wall, was mounted by vociferating infuriated men, was hooked and thrust back with long poles, toppled over in a shriek from those below, an exultant shout from those above. The Roman *velites*, behind the attacking cohorts, yelled like madmen as they sped their arrows, their sling bullets, upward to the wall, furiously trying to beat back the defenders from the parapet.

They could not maintain themselves against the concealed Carthaginian archers, against the terrible javelins of the ballistæ, against the hurtling rocks flung with dreadful accuracy by the catapults. Down in the ditch the stormers sprawled in heaps at the foot of the overthrown ladders, struggled frenziedly to erect yet others, while upon them from above insanely yelling men and women pushed over great bowlders, pelted them with darts, overturned upon them great caldrons of molten lead and flaming oil and red-hot sand.

For nearly an hour the hopeless attack continued, and then again the trumpets blared in the Roman host. With prompt discipline the surviving stormers ran back, the cohorts were re-formed, were marched back beyond the range of the engines on the wall, and the ditch was abandoned to its horrible heaped rows of dead and dying. Bomilcar laughed in exultant satisfaction, heard behind him a laugh at which he started in astonishment. It was Amastarte, come to him—despite his emphatic prohibition—with a jar of drink in one hand and a bunch of darts in the other. She laughed again at his fond anger.

"Where should I be if not with my lord even as the other Carthaginian women are with their husbands?" she said joyously. "Happy is this day, O my warrior! Surely the Romans are defeated and will not come again!"

Bomilcar looked grim. "No," he said. "This is but the commencement." He turned to the subordinate officers who had approached him, bade them quickly renew the piles of stones by the catapults, the bundles of javelins for the ballistæ, bade them see that every man had fresh provision of darts and arrows. Then he took from Amastarte the jar she proffered him. "Did I not forbid thee to come upon the wall?" he said sternly.

She was very beautiful as she smiled at him. "Tanit overruled thee, O my lord—Tanit, goddess of war as well as of love—Tanit, who protects thee and me!"

Bomilcar was right. That first attack was but the commencement. But there was no other attack that day. The two Roman armies drew back, fortified each its separate camp. Nevertheless, no one there was upon those walls who did not understand that their enemies had sent to Utica for their siege engines. It was but a brief respite, and within the city the manufacture of arms continued all night long, continued on the ensuing days, with a vigor redoubled by this first touch of exciting reality.

Several days, indeed, elapsed while the Romans scientifically and methodically made their preparations, grimly ignoring the taunts and jeers screamed at them from the wall. An immense fleet of ships came from Utica, passed through the narrow channel, all but closed by a spit of land from the harbor corner of Carthage, into the stagnant Lake of Tunis upon the southwestward side of the city. It was plain to the anxious watchers that the Roman consuls were making a division of their forces. Censorinus embarked his legions in the ships upon the reedy lake, while his colleague Manilius prepared a land attack on the wall across the promontory.

With the bravest and most energetic of the Carthaginian defenders, Bomilcar found himself transferred to meet the more dangerous assault from the lake. For at the angle where the great city wall bent back from its swampy shallows to the sea front, leaving outside it the jutting spit of land called the Taenia, the mighty fortifications had been allowed to fall into disrepair. Now, under the arrows volleyed from the Roman ships and from the Roman troops already upon the Taenia, it was impossible externally to reconstruct that precarious masonry whose immense stones had here and there dropped from the outer casing. All too evident was it that Censorinus had perceived this weak spot, was about to concentrate his attack upon it.

Ceaselessly, day and night, despite the darts and arrows, the catapult stones and the ballista javelins raining upon them from the wall, the Roman ships were rapidly rowed across the lake, darted into the corner formed by the Taenia spit, tossed over into the shallow water—hundreds of men shoveling for dear life aboard of them, amid wild shrieks and yells, amid flaming arrows and hurtling rocks—their loads of stones and earth. Appallingly soon, while behind the damaged wall the defenders were simultaneously and furiously heaping up stones and earth in reenforcement and were converting each of the nearer houses into a fortress, the inmost part of the corner was filled up, became solid earth. Wider and wider, and with ever more safety and speed—for the range of the most powerful catapult or ballista was but four hundred and fifty yards, and the most skillful archer could not send his shaft three hundred—that stretch of newly formed land was extended. It became a broad area upon which, in conjunction with the Taenia spit, thousands of men could establish themselves—in all the more security that no gate gave opportunity for a sortie upon that side.

There Censorinus disembarked his legions and there—multitudes toiling uninterruptedly in shift after shift—he began to erect his great siege engines, those immense and formidable machines which, already come to their perfection some centuries earlier, were to remain in use without substantial modification until about sixteen hundred years later the discovery of gunpowder was to outrange them and abolish them forever.

One after the other the great catapults were put together, the javelin-casting ballistæ were mounted upon the stands which could readily point in any direction, and behind them rose, day by day, taller, the colossal lofty timber work of the movable towers equaling in height the highest of those upon the walls. Behind them rose, also, two immense scaffoldings, from each of which presently hung suspended a hugely long and thick beam, made of enormous tree trunks dovetailed into each other, fastened with massive bands of iron and covered with hides, weighted ponderously at one end with lead and furnished at the other with a monstrous ram's head in iron—the most formidable weapons of all.

At last, his preparations completed, Censorinus moved forward to the attack. Pushed and dragged by a multitude of men, the great towers rolled ponderously and slowly nearer upon the wheels concealed within the framework now covered from top to bottom with tiles and skins. The two similarly mounted gigantic rams lurched and swayed in the midst of other hosts, shouting in great claps of sound as they tugged in unison upon the hundreds of ropes attached to each, one manned by Roman soldiers enthusiastically encouraged by their centurions, the other dragged by naked rowing slaves from the ships, who hauled with an equal extremity of effort under the cruel whips of the merciless overseers. Covering this approach, the Roman archers and slingers, the Roman catapults and ballistæ, sent a storm of missiles up to the walls, endeavoring to smother the immediate and murderous storm which hurtled downward

Despite the fearful carnage among their straining attendant hosts, despite the shrieks of those who fell wounded beneath their onrolling wheels, the immense towers, the two colossal rams, drew slowly near the walls and stopped at last close to them. Instantly the upper platforms of the towers were filled with archers who swarmed up the internal ladders to engage those upon the battlements at an equal or superior height. A moment later, accompanied by the shout of thousands of men pulling on the ropes which swung those monstrous suspended beams, there was an awful splitting thud that seemed to shake the whole structure of the fortifications—a second equally appalling impact. The two great rams, worked each by six thousand men relieving each other in shifts, were in action.

And then commenced a desperate and horror-filled battle which henceforth ceased not day or night. Swarming upon the menaced wall, the Carthaginians volleyed arrows and darts and slingstones at the close-packed, swiftly shooting archers on the towers whose dead were at every minute flung over to make room for those who replaced them. Showers of incendiary arrows went at every moment to add to those stuck smoldering and smoking in the water-soaked hides covering the lofty structures lopsided on inequalities of the ground, while every now and then a Carthaginian catapult stone crashed with devastating precision into the crowded platforms, a ballista javelin ripped through the bulwarks of hide.

Simultaneously, upon the walls the broad stone pavement became slippery with blood that ran and collected in worn-down hollows, became encumbered—until these, too, were tossed over to make room—with prostrate ensanguined men who feebly tried to crawl or who would not move again; and amid a pandemonium of shrieks and screams, the Roman catapult stones smashed in among the vociferating mob hurling its missiles over the parapet, the Roman javelins, the Roman arrows, the Roman sling bullets whirred and swished and hummed in an unceasing hail of death. Still, frenziedly ignoring those who fell transfixed or smitten beneath their trampling feet, the defenders shot furiously upon the towers; still they poured arrows and darts and stones, blazing oil and red-hot sand and molten lead, upon the masses swarming and yelling at the foot of the wall.

Still, remorselessly, with pulverizing, stone-splitting, foundation-shaking thuds that were appalling in their measured regularity, the two great rams continued to swing in their scaffoldings, continued—in a deafening exultant shout from those who served them—to drive with colossal force against the masonry. In vain those above hurled fireballs upon their supporting timbers; in vain they toppled over great tree trunks whose fall might break those ponderous horizontal beams from their fastenings; in vain they let down great iron caliperlike pincers to catch the head of the ram and haul it up; in vain they dangled great mats to deaden the blow.

The Roman discharges concentrated on the parapet above the menaced angle, and not for more than a moment or two could any group of defenders stay there and remain alive. The sun went down, the bleak remote stars were a magnificence in the night-blue sky; the great daytime clouds of dust became luridly illuminated with the flares of furnaces, with the sudden bright blaze of oil tipped over in a cascade of flame, with the meteorlike swarms of incendiary arrows, with the curved radiance of fireballs hurtling back and forth—and still the din and clamor, the shrieks and screams and exultant shouts, continued unabated, still continued that dull wall-shaking thudding of the rams.

By the end of the third day of this fearful conflict and no conflict was ever more fearful than the close-pressed attack of an ancient siege—an immense breach had been opened in the already weak angle of the wall. And then suddenly, in the darkness and confusion of the still-continuing night battle, a picked mass of Carthaginians—Bomilcar, waving his sword and screaming the war cry of the Barca, was among its leading officers—swarmed over the tumbled masonry of the breach, rushed at the men about the rams and towers, were slaughtering among them before the Romans could rally into the disciplined formations for which instantly their trumpets blared.

Behind that spearhead of the sortie, other masses poured out of the breach, some with flaring torches, the most with armfuls of combustible material. An instant later, to an outburst of wild shrieks from the lofty platforms, the towers and ram scaffoldings were ablaze. For a few brief minutes the besieged yelled in an ecstasy of fiercely glutted vengeance. Then, asserting their disciplined superiority, cohort after cohort of Roman infantry came running into the fight at their measured trot, their terrible short swords ready behind the level wall of the shields with which, bafflingly, they pushed their enemies. The Carthaginians were beaten back, the fires extinguished.

Soon after the next daylight the inexorable attack was resumed. Once more the summarily repaired towers were manned with archers and slingers. Once more the rams swung to the great shout of their crews, widening the breach. Despite the fiercest resistance of the Carthaginians, it became practicable. Through the ruins the Romans could see into the small market place that lay behind that portion of the wall. The consul gave the order, and the cohorts rushed to the assault. Terrific was their shout of triumph as they entered. But every house around that market place was a fortress.

The cooped-up Romans found themselves in a trap. Had it not been for the military skill of a tribune in the Roman army, a young man of the historic name of Publius Æmilianus Scipio, who kept his thousand men ranked outside the breach and refused to allow them to enter, the Romans would have met with dire disaster. Scipio's disciplined line was a wall behind which the demoralized legionaries rallied as the victory-screaming Carthaginians rushed out in pursuit. Not again was that breach attempted. Amply clear was it that not here could Carthage be entered.

And then the siege began to languish. The dog star rose and sickness devastated the Roman host herded within this small corner of the swampy lake. Availing themselves of a favorable wind, the Carthaginians sent a fleet of small fireships among the Roman galleys and, in a night of terror, one after the other the quinqueremes flared and sank. Baffled and angry, Censorinus removed his army from the lake and, leaving it encamped, sailed to Rome to preside over the imminent consular elections. The impatient Roman people had not words bitter enough for him and his colleague, who had in the meantime managed to get himself badly beaten by the Carthaginian field army under Hasdrubal.

Bomilcar sat with Amastarte in the palm-filled terraced garden whose stone-rimmed fish pools reflected the golden light of the declining sun. At a little distance from them a fat negress slave cried uncouthly with delight as she assisted the little Hannibal to take his first tottering but nevertheless successful steps toward the young mother, who welcomed him with joyously clapping hands. Bomilcar smiled as he also leaned forward on the marble seat draped with the patrician purple of his mantle, and caressed his pointed black

(Continued on Page 131)

Brunswick Electrical Recording

Gets the High Notes and the Low

Music that old recording methods missed entirely

Read the story of this amazing development in which General Electric Company and Brunswick have collaborated and from which the whole world benefits. Then hear these new electrical Brunswick Records . . . "musical photographs" . . . at any Brunswick dealer's

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The high and low

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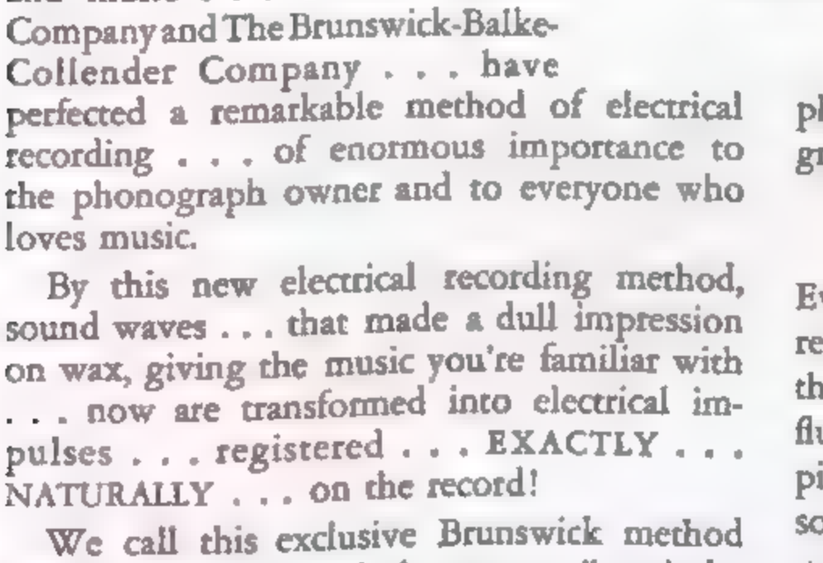

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By old methods of recording, it was impossible to record the entire musical scale. Furthermore, artists had to be arranged in awkward positions and to exaggerate their music.

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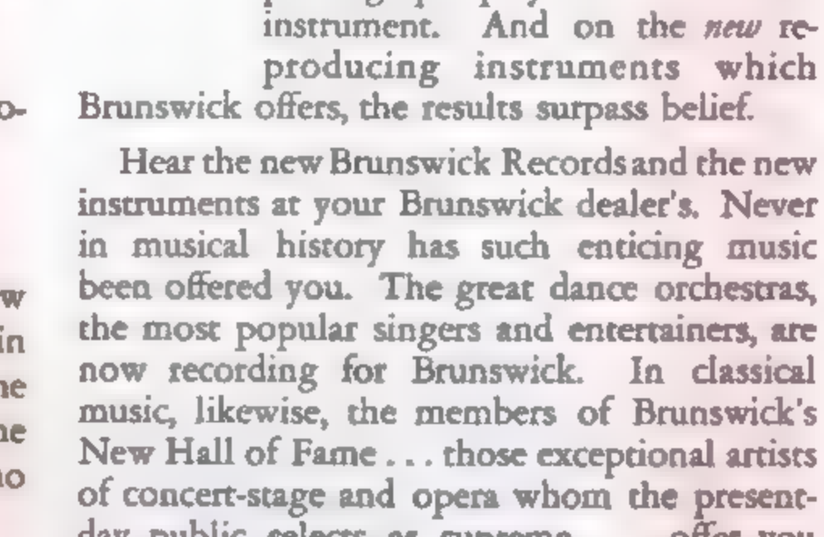

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beard in a dignified dissimulation of the little pang of jealousy that his son—marvelously precocious he was, as Amastarte could not too often illustrate by detailed anecdote, and he had already the authentic Barca nose—had not run first to him.

But the time would come—soon would he have him standing grave-eyed by his knees, drinking in all the glorious traditions of the Barca clan, running off to pretend in his play that he was one of those great haters of the never-to-be-sufficiently-hated Romans—Hamilcar Barca or his own namesake, the Rome-terrifying Hannibal himself. Meanwhile he must leave him magnanimously to the women, must leave him to Amastarte, who now hugged him close to her and turned proud and radiant eyes to her lord—was he not wonderful?

More than a year had elapsed since the discomfited Censorinus had sailed for Rome, and still Carthage had not fallen. On the contrary, she seemed almost to be delivered. One consul only, Calpurnius Piso, had come to command in Africa in the ensuing year. Intrusting the Roman fleet to his legate Mancinus, he had himself taken over the bulk of the land forces and, not even attempting an assault upon the formidably strengthened city which had repelled his predecessors, had fatuously squandered his legions in petty expeditions against the inland towns, in bickering and generally unsuccessful skirmishes with the Carthaginian field army under Hasdrubal. Now was he distant, all but forgotten, in the interior.

Within the great busy city—its ships still ran in and out, dodging the Roman cruisers—it was hard even to remember that Mancinus, ordered to land with a corps of observation, still lay encamped upon a steep cliff on the remote northern flank of the Megara suburb, in an impossible position where he was himself besieged by the army of Hasdrubal. In this apparent disappearance of all danger, the ever-warring political factions of Carthage had again revived. There had been intrigues, impeachments, imprisonments and murders, even the commander-in-chief within the walls had been factiously denounced and barbarously murdered within the senate house.

There were those who said, in the old Carthaginian fashion, that Hasdrubal, commanding the army outside the city, was becoming too powerful, that no further reenforcements should be sent to him—had he not a superfluity of ancient grudges and enmities to avenge?

The leading representatives of the Barca clan, ever, as of old, eager to make relentless war upon the Romans, found themselves, as of old, becoming an unpopular minority among the merchants of the great council, found themselves, as of old, accused of being the sole cause of the protracted wars and the hatred of Rome for Carthage.

If now Carthage forbore to push the Roman armies to extremity, would not the Roman people—wearied and disgusted with their nonsuccess—presently recall them? Then again would come the lucrative times of peace, of deliverance from the treasure-wasting charges of war. Bomilcar, come that day from the senate house with a troubled brow, tried to forget many grave disquietudes as he smiled at his infant son laughing and struggling in the arms of laughing Amastarte.

The golden light of the sky was extinguished in the abruptness of an African sunset. The young prodigy of the Barca clan, kicking and screaming in the grasp of the vainly cajoling negress, was removed. Amastarte turned smilingly to her husband, laid a caressing hand upon his arm, looked at him with the eyes that were his own again, concerned for the no-longer-disguised gravity of his countenance.

"Can thy slave not charm away thy heavy thoughts, O my lord? Wilt thou not walk with me amid the evening scent of the roses and the lilies in the garden that will be for us alone?" She rose from her seat, beautiful in her still girlish slimness, beautiful in the appeal of her large-eyed loveliness of face. "Come!" She reached out a little white hand to him.

He rose, wrapped his purple mantle about him, went with her down the small-graveled path to where the roses, their color now scarcely to be perceived, hung in festoons from marble column to marble column, and the massed lilies stiffly upheld their great white trumpets of bloom. Distant now seemed the furious recriminations of the senate house, distant and incredible the brutal clamor of war. Amastarte drew his arm around her waist, held it so that he must perforce feel her supple body through the thin linen of her robe, sang softly, as though to herself, a song he loved—the song of the amorous fisher-maiden awaiting the return of him who had but to land in the gathering dusk.

He pressed her to him, recovering something of the ecstasy of their first months together, recovering an emotion that made all else seem of no account.

"See, O my lord!" she murmured, pointing to where the moon rose, a brilliant disk, above the stiff interlacement of the palms. "Tanit still watches over us, her children!"

Running footsteps came swiftly down the graveled path behind them. Bomilcar turned abruptly. A breathless slave flung himself at his feet.

"A message from the great council, O my lord!" gasped the man. "The council meets. Scipio has come as consul and has marched to the relief of Mancinus. There is already fighting outside the northern wall. So was I bid say, my lord—time there was not for written messages." He prostrated himself, brow upon the earth.

"Scipio!" exclaimed Bomilcar, pronouncing with incredulity that ill-omened name—was it not a Scipio who fifty years ago had defeated Hannibal and forever humbled Carthage? "Which Scipio?"

"He who was but military tribune, O my lord," replied the slave, raising his head. "All Carthage talks of it. He offered himself for the ædileship and the Roman people chose him for consul, below the age though he was."

Bomilcar needed no further identification—what Carthaginian did not know that astoundingly skilful young soldier who, though but a subordinate, had saved the army of Censorinus from defeat and had many times since redeemed the clumsy blunders of Calpurnius Piso, that brilliant son of Æmilius, conqueror of Macedonia, who had been adopted into the glorious family of Scipio Africanus, conqueror of Carthage? He turned to the slave.

"Run swiftly to the council, and say I follow!" Then, as the man sprang up and darted away, he released himself from her who clung to him. "Wait for me not this night, O Amastarte."

Behind him, while he hurried along the path, he heard her poignantly invoking Tanit, from all time protectress of Carthage.

Upon the flat roof top of a house in the heart of the city, Amastarte sat by a couch protected by an awning from the scorching blaze of the sun. Vanished was now that happy oval-faced beauty of half a year before. Her great eyes, sunken and hollow-rimmed, looked desperately out of a face hollowed with emaciation. Not like his fumbling predecessors did Scipio understand the dread art of making war—and not for many months had any food entered the beleaguered city. At the foot of the couch, shrunken and ghastly with the ravages of semistarvation, the negress slave rocked herself to and fro in an interminable droning lament that Amastarte seemed not to hear. Upon the couch lay the little Hannibal, sick unto death.

As already many times that day she had done, she rose, went to the parapet of the roof and gazed out over the broad prospect spread beneath her. From that house top, on one of the three main though narrow streets leading up from the port to the Byrsa hill, the eye ranged over the multitudinous edifices to the great wall girding Carthage from the sea, ranged beyond it over the blue Gulf of Tunis to mountains diaphanous in the distance. Now that wall was, as for so many months it had been, populous with men whose shouts could be faintly heard as they worked the war engines or shot with arrows in a desultory but unceasing conflict, and the blue gulf just beyond was crowded with Roman ships, some anchored with sail down and oars pulled in, others beached along the Taenia spit.

Nor was that all. Seaward from that Taenia spit, and stretching out beyond the mouth of the great rectangular commercial harbor, was a long stone mole whereon groups of sun-glinting Roman soldiers were in miniature activity as they wound the winches of the catapults and ballistæ—the great mole which Scipio had incredibly built, sealing the port and making complete the investment of the city. Henceforth no Carthaginian ship could go out or in. Only one entrance was there to the commercial harbor, through which alone could vessels pass to the great, inner, circular war harbor—the Cothon—divided from it by the curving sweep of the city wall and pierced for that purpose by a water gate. Henceforth the starvation of Carthage was inevitable. Henceforth the Roman fleet could be stripped of its soldiers in the certitude that it could not be attacked.

Gripped in a strange and breathless suspense, Amastarte gazed down toward that architecturally magnificent circular Cothon, surrounded with so lofty a wall that, save from such a height as this, none could look into it. Bomilcar was down there—as for two long months he had daily been down there on that intensely secret task, divulged only to the thousands of workmen rigorously shut up from their families within its vast inclosure—that thrilling marvelous secret which only for the first time that morning he had whispered into her ear before, clad in his full armor, he had left her. Time after time since then, tortured by that suspense, at a fancied sound she had run to the parapet of the roof. Now, unmistakably, she had heard the distant blare of a trumpet.

Yes. Even as she gazed, fascinated, there was a noise like thunder, an enormous upward splash of spray, and a side section of the great wall dividing the Cothon from the deep sea vanished abruptly. Instantly, while other trumpets resounded, she could see ship after ship being hauled from out the covered docks radiating from the circular basin, could see the flashing armor of the men crowded aboard them. Utterly unsuspected by their enemies, the Carthaginians had constructed a new fleet, had made a new passage—not to be revealed until the last moment—to the sea. One after the other, the triremes—fifty in all—were rope hauled through the narrow canal, one after the other they thrust forth their banked oars and foamed up the wave-running blue water as they took position.

Breathlessly Amastarte watched. On which was Bomilcar? She could not distinguish. She could but watch them all in a common anxiety. Now they were all safely at sea, were forming into a curved line, were moving with swiftly regular, centipedelike legs toward the Romans; she could hear the fierce shouts of their exulting crews.

She could hear also the startled shouts of the Romans suddenly active aboard the anchored ships, the shouts of those who ran toward those beached upon the Taenia spit. More numerous though they were, thus taken unprepared they had no chance against the oncoming Carthaginian triremes. Their doom was certain. Amastarte exulted in it, dizzy with a wild new hope. If but those Roman vessels were destroyed, soon would food ships be racing to the port—and little Hannibal might be saved!

Onward went the Carthaginian triremes, while ship after ship of the Roman fleet hastily hauled up its anchors, thrust out its oars, commenced to move. Now! And

(Continued on Page 133)

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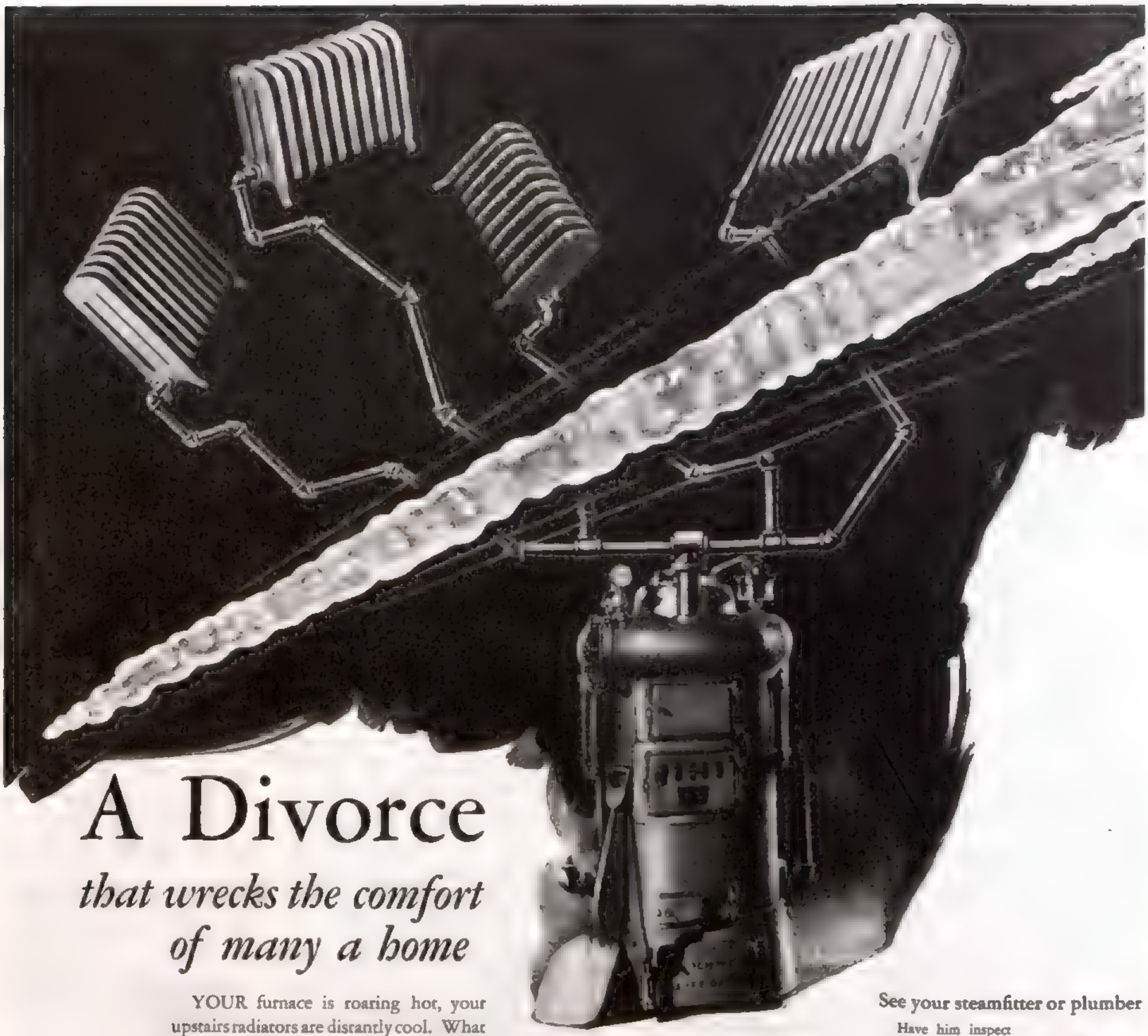

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THE PIPE COVERING WITH THE RED BAND

(Continued from Page 131)

then suddenly, astonishing even to her uninstructed eyes, a signal went up from the Carthaginian admiral, and the water foamed widely white as every ship backed oars. Every ship save one. While all the others, startlingly, inexplicably, swung round to a reverse course, that one ship—well could Amastarte guess its commander!—rowed furiously toward the Romans, thrust itself between two great quinqueremes, was instantly engaged in a desperate battle whose conflicting shouts came fitfully audible to her ears. She saw one of those quinqueremes sink wallowingly, saw the other whelmed in smoke and flame, saw the trireme dart out between them—saw it swirl round as a dozen Roman ships raced vengefully to annihilate it. Utterly unsupported by the now distant and retreating Carthaginian ships which had so incredibly renounced their opportunity—already the leading triremes were being rope-hauled back into the Cothon—it had no alternative but flight. She saw it elude that fierce pursuit, saw it rejoin the rear of the Carthaginian fleet, saw it drawn—the last—into the Cothon. The great adventure, so long prepared, was over. What had happened?

Amastarte could not even guess. Only she was certain that the last chance had gone. Not again would the Carthaginians catch the Romans in disarray. She went back to the couch, sat staring despairfully at that little figure that tossed and cried in its infantile delirium, while the negress slave wailed, grotesquely hideous in her starved emaciation.

The hours passed. Amastarte sat unconscious of them, from time to time giving a sip of water to the fevered child, relapsing into an apathy that was almost an obliteration of thought. Vaguely the accumulated horrors of the past few months reasserted themselves before the dulled mirror of her mind—that awful night of terror when Scipio had broken into the Megara suburb and by the glare of burning palaces Hasdrubal had retreated with all his army into the inner walls of the city, she with them in that panic-crazed mob of fugitives, holding tight to the robe of the negress slave who carried little Hannibal asleep in her arms—those awful months that had followed—months when Hasdrubal, the commander-in-chief, seemed to have gone insane with cruelty, when the Roman prisoners had been so barbarously tortured as forever to destroy the hope of Roman clemency, when under his tyranny no Carthaginian life even had been safe—months of slowly more dreadful famine, of appalling pestilence, when the corpses had been burned in heaps along the streets. Amastarte found herself looking at these memories as though they were a dream whose horror was too remote to be revived. They mattered nothing in this present certainty of no more hope.

The sun was on the point of disappearing when suddenly she became aware of Bomilcar standing before her. He looked like a madman in his battle-grimed emaciation of face, his torn clothing, his dented armor.

"Treachery!" he gasped. "Treachery! The council insisted that Hanno should command—Hanno, whose fathers and grandfathers betrayed Hamilcar, betrayed Hannibal! I warned them—implored them—and they would not listen! He says now that he intended but to reconnoiter the Roman fleet—that tomorrow or the day after he will fight! Ha! Ha!" He laughed wildly, maniacally. "Tomorrow! Tomorrow with the Romans ready! Carthage is doomed! Carthage is doomed, O Amastarte; dost thou hear?"

But Amastarte had turned from him, was staring fixedly at the now motionless figure on the couch. With a shriek she flung herself upon it.

"Carthage!" she screamed. "What matters Carthage? He is dead! Our little Hannibal is dead!"

Already for five days and nights the awful uproar, the shrieks and oaths, the shouting of men hand-to-hand in mutually murderous ferocity, the crashing of buildings and the crackle of flames, had continued without cessation in the three streets leading up from the harbor to the Byrsa hill. Since the Carthaginian fleet had indeed made its foredoomed fatally advertised sortie, had been utterly destroyed, a winter had elapsed—a winter of ever-closer siege, of ever more dreadful famine and pestilence. And now with the first days of spring, three years after the Romans had first marched their armies against the city they had doomed to destruction, Scipio's skillfully commanded legions had burst into the commercial harbor, had burst thence into the Cothon, were fighting their way up house by house to the Byrsa citadel in one of the most desperate conflicts ever recorded by history.

Within the house where little Hannibal had died—a tall six-story tenement house, like all the houses in those three streets where the battle-exhausted Roman troops, unnerved, even they with the horrors they themselves created, had to be relieved every few hours—Bomilcar crouched, shooting with rapidly twanging bow from an upper window. Behind him stood Amastarte, disheveled, unrecognizable as the beautiful girlish bride who three years before had welcomed him to his home. In one hand she held a replenishment of arrows for him, in the other an unsheathed poniard. Already the Romans were in the next house—they could hear the shrieks of those they relentlessly slew. Already, below, the street was full of bronze-armored legionaries barking at the door of the house. Already, in the house opposite, Roman soldiers were on the roof, were endeavoring to bridge the street with timbers. Already from that room the other defenders had fled. They could scarcely hear each other speak in the violence of that fearful din.

"This is the end, O Amastarte!" shouted Bomilcar, reaching for the arrows she held out to him. "They come now from the next house."

"It is with thee, beloved." She achieved a smile for him. "Tanit keeps us together till the end."

A Roman soldier managed to adjust a plank across the street, came straddling across it, fell the next instant, transfixed by an arrow from Bomilcar's bow—fell as fell the one who followed him.

There was an unmistakable crashing on the closed door of the room. Bomilcar jumped up from the window, one arm round Amastarte, a sword bright in his free hand. The door fell inwards with riven timbers. A mob of fierce-visaged, beardless Roman soldiers followed it, their short swords dripping with blood. Bomilcar gave one glance at Amastarte, saw her place the poniard to her breast, leaped at them.

Mercifully were they spared the climax of that colossal tragedy when, on the following morning, thirty thousand men and twenty-five thousand women—all that were left out of a population of seven hundred thousand—granted bare life by the victor, were marched off to be sold into hopeless slavery; that climax when, besieged in the temple of Esmun with nine hundred outlawed Roman deserters, Hasdrubal, the maniacally cruel defender of Carthage, came begging for mere existence from the generous Scipio, while his wife, reviling him with bitter scorn, stabbed their children and leaped herself into the flames of that final conflagration.

Mercifully were they spared that ultimate scene when, on the reiterated orders of the Roman Senate, Carthage was razed level with the ground and, after the fires of her burning rubble, was covered with a layer of ashes five feet thick. Nor like many a Carthaginian slave, gracing the victor's triumph, did they hear the exultant yell of the Roman mob: "*Delenda est Carthago!*"—that exulting cry of Rome herself, henceforth left without a rival for the conquest of the world.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of stories by Mr. Austin. The next will appear in an early issue.

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FIRST-HAND IMPRESSIONS OF THE PHILIPPINE PROBLEM

(Continued from Page 7)

our Congress in 1916 as the organic law of the islands, there is given to the Philippine Legislature control over the public lands and the immigration policy of the Philippines. The islands being underpopulated and more than 80 per cent of their area being public land, these two questions necessarily lie at the root of their economic policy.

Until the Filipinos themselves choose to modify it, our old Exclusion Law forbids any Chinese immigration, and our act of 1902, which has been substantially reënacted by the Philippine Legislature, forbade grants of public land larger than 2500 acres. The Filipinos thus have been given the choice of saying whether they would have a rapid economic development with the aid of outside capital or whether they would prefer a slower development entirely by their own efforts. For eleven years they have failed to take any step to invite outside capital. During that time they have developed no substantial business of their own.

In spite of the potential wealth of the islands, their remarkable fertility, their valuable forests and their mineral resources of iron, coal and copper, their business and commerce remain small and undeveloped. Although many of the native tribes have lived on the sea for centuries, and are excellent sailors, and although the future prosperity of this archipelago of some 3000 separate islands depends fundamentally upon its inter-island communication, the lines of shipping which have been established are conspicuously inefficient.

Such business as has been established is almost wholly dependent upon the American market, which we have thrown open to it. Our tariff law admits Philippine products to the United States free of duty, and thus gives to Filipino sugar, the chief product of the islands, an enormous advantage over Java and Cuban sugar, its principal competitors. The same is true of their tobacco, their coconut oil and their embroidery, which comprise most of their products. Commerce in all these products has developed steadily, but not rapidly. In the case of their nontropical products—their coal, their minerals and manufacturing industries—the development has been insignificant. There has been, consequently, no large accumulation of wealth or capital in the islands.

Benefit Without Obligation

One result of this situation is that it presents an automatic and insuperable barrier to the establishment of an independent government, for it prevents the raising by taxation of sufficient revenues to support such a government. The total estimated income of the insular government for this year, 1927, as shown by its budget, will amount to about 73,000,000 pesos, or about $37,000,000, three-quarters of which is raised by taxes, the rest coming from various governmental earnings and credits.

Under the protection of our Army and Navy, the Filipinos are able to spend this total sum on local government and improvements, without any naval or military expenses. More than a quarter of it goes for public instruction; nearly a quarter for commerce and communications. It therefore can be readily seen that for the islands to take over our fortifications and support even the most modest military and naval establishment would easily consume their entire revenue, leaving nothing for other purposes. This takes no consideration of the expense of establishing a diplomatic or consular service, or taking over the expense of the coast survey of the islands and the quarantine service, which are now shared by us. Until their business increases, their taxation could not be greatly increased.

In short, in respect to these matters of economic policy, the Filipino has been offered by our Congress the option of choosing whether he would follow the slow path of a native development under our protection or whether he would choose, with the aid of foreign capital, a more rapid development which might put him in a position to dispense with that protection. He has chosen the former path.

This choice has conferred upon him great advantages. He gains the benefit of our army, navy and diplomatic service, and yet he pays no American income or other taxation. He is protected by our Oriental exclusion laws, and yet he himself can migrate freely to the United States. He is given autonomy in framing his own foreign tariffs, while at the same time he has free access to our American market. He has been given a constitution containing a bill of rights substantially like our own. He is allowed two delegates in our Congress. Today he is far better off individually than is any other person in the Orient. His method of life is more Occidental. His daily wage, if he be a laborer, is higher. Due to the free American market, the price which he obtains for his products is far higher.

Politics in a Vacuum

If we should relinquish our sovereignty and withdraw our protection, he would at once be presented with the alternative of reducing his method of life to that of his Asiatic neighbor or facing complete bankruptcy. Under these conditions, for him to seek independence is to ignore the choice which he himself has made and jeopardize the benefits he has received under that choice.

There are additional considerations to be noted in respect to this subject. Whether this lack of business development is voluntary or racial, it is a fact which materially bears upon political capacity in other than financial ways. Political issues arise naturally out of differing views upon commercial and business questions. The absence of such questions in the Philippines gives to the visitor the impression that they are playing at politics in a vacuum. Their orators and editorial writers are sonorous in discussing ultimate general principles of government, but their eloquence is very rarely expended on any concrete political problems of the day lying at their doorsteps. There is today in the Philippines practically no representation of the great middle class, or bourgeoisie, which is the bulwark of self-government in European and American countries. In the Philippines, the gap between the highly educated *ilustrado* and the profoundly ignorant peasant is almost complete.

In pointing out the characteristics of the Filipinos, it would be unfair to leave the impression that they had not achieved marked progress in self-government. Considering the disadvantages under which they started and the short time during which they have been at it, their progress is the most striking feature which greets the visitor to the islands. Today practically all local government, including the government of nearly all the provinces, is in the hands of the Filipinos.

The local presidents and treasurers, the provincial governors, the justices of the peace and judges of the Courts of First Instance and nearly half the justices of the Supreme Court are Filipinos. The great majority of the members of both houses of the insular legislature are elected by the people, and only a small minority of members representing the non-Christian tribes are appointed by the American governor-general.

These executive, legislative and judicial functions move along with an appearance of regularity and efficiency much like that maintained in the self-governing countries of the world. But it must never be forgotten that this has all been progress under supervision, and the evidence is clear that once supervision is removed the tendency to backslide is immediate and disastrous.

During the first thirteen years of American occupation our supervision over their government and progress was based upon two general methods used in conjunction. One of these might be called the big-brother method and the other the method of parental control. American administrators were distributed through the civil service in all its branches who acted as guides, mentors and instructors to their Philippine colleagues. These were, so to speak, the big brothers of the Filipinos in learning the art of self-government. At the top of the government was an American commission, deciding upon the general policies of government and holding the power to veto or check any error or mistake. This commission represented what I have called the other method of parental control.

A Clean Bill of Health

Under that general plan remarkable progress was attained in the islands during those first thirteen or fourteen years. When we took over the islands in 1899 their total population was barely 7,000,000 and their people were scourged with almost every tropical disease to which man is heir. Smallpox, cholera, beriberi, leprosy, dysentery, tropical malaria afflicted the Filipino himself, while the rinderpest attacked his cattle and often brought his farm work to a standstill. Infant mortality in the city of Manila ran to the unbelievable figures of 90 per cent. Under the leadership of Americans, one by one these plagues were attacked and overcome. Although we in America have never heard enough about it to give it due credit, the work of the men of the Medical Corps of the United States Army and of the United States Public Health Service has written just as bright a page in the Philippines as that which in Cuba and Panama brought about the extermination of yellow fever and saved the Southern states of this country from the threat which hung over them every summer.

But in 1913 an American administration came into control in the Philippines which believed that the work was nearly finished and that American supervision could be very promptly withdrawn. By executive action and by legislative enactment the American big brothers were almost wholly withdrawn from the Philippine service. On January 1, 1913, there were 2623 Americans in the Philippine service. On July 1, 1921, there were but 614, and of these most were teachers, not administrators. In 1913 a Philippine majority was placed in control of the Philippine Commission.

When by the Jones Act of 1916 that commission was replaced by an American governor-general, with power of supervision and veto, Governor Harrison declined to exercise these powers with vigor or thoroughness. The result on the government and health of the islands was immediate and dramatic. Deaths from smallpox had been reduced to 700 in 1912. In 1918 and 1919 there were 59,926 recorded deaths from smallpox. Asiatic cholera, which had been almost extirpated in 1912, in 1918 and 1919 carried off 22,657 people. There was also a large increase in other contagious diseases.

The National Bank

The contagious and deadly cattle disease of rinderpest had been gradually confined through the efforts of American veterinarians to nine municipalities, located in four of the provinces. Under the new régime of Filipino autonomy, control of this disease was taken away from the Bureau of Agriculture of the central government and turned over to local Philippine officials. The inevitable result followed. These local officials relaxed their efforts at quarantine and within a short time the rinderpest had again spread until it had infected more than 130 towns in twenty-seven provinces.

What happened to the health functions of the government happened also to its finances. In 1916 the Filipinos were permitted to found a national bank and to turn over to it all the public funds of the islands, including also the currency reserve intended to keep Philippine currency at par

These and other government funds were then used by the Filipino leaders to embark their government in various business enterprises—the purchase of a railroad in Luzon; the construction of a cement plant in Cebú; the establishment of various sugar centrals; the establishment of a national coal company; the establishment of a national development company.

Nearly all these enterprises were financial failures. Within six years the bank had incurred losses aggregating $38,000,000 and was reported by the Wood-Forbes commission as undoubtedly insolvent. The currency of the islands dropped to 15 per cent below par and the currency reserve was largely gone. A well-known New York firm of public accountants examined the affairs of the bank in 1921.

Subsequently several of the principal officers and agents of the bank, together with a number of its employes, were prosecuted criminally and convicted.

After this evidence of the results which would follow the removal of supervision, the American President in 1921 appointed Leonard Wood as governor-general of the

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Left to Right, Governor-General Wood, Doctor Pond, Senator Osmena and Colonel Stimson at Cebu

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(Continued from Page 134)

Philippines, and he set about the restoration of a system of American supervision.

Such a restoration necessarily could be only partial. The big-brother method was gone forever, as the admirable force of American civil servants who had been brought to the Philippines by Governor Taft and his successors during the first thirteen years had been dismissed and scattered.

But in the broad powers of supervision and veto granted to the governor-general by Congress in the Jones Act of 1916, Governor Wood has found an instrument for the gradual rehabilitation of the Philippine Government. It has been a most difficult and ungrateful task. Powers of supervision over any race or people once abandoned can be reëstablished only with the utmost difficulty. To any governor not possessing the titanic energy as well as the colonial experience and unfailing patience of Leonard Wood, the task would have been impossible, for in the Philippines this supervisory power of the governor-general must take the place and perform the duty which in America is performed by organized public opinion.

Father and Mother

We should not expect our own local, state or Federal officials always faithfully to perform their duties if in this country there were not behind them an active, vigilant and critical public opinion, exercised either through the press or through organized bodies of public-spirited men and women. If our own health commissioners, prison commissioners, commissioners of education and other local officers walk uprightly and with energy, it is at least partly because there exists in almost every American state unofficial but very active charity aid associations, prison associations and school boards always ready to make miserable the life of a delinquent public officer.

Now in the Philippine Islands there is hardly an embryo of such organized public opinion. There are no such associations of private citizens. The total circulation of the daily press is only 150,000 or a little more than 1 per cent of the population. Until the Filipinos have learned to develop the same kind of critical public opinion that we have in America, its place must be taken by the visitorial powers of the American governor-general and his assistants.

The most instructive part of my own trip was when I accompanied Governor Wood on one of the tours which he is constantly making throughout the islands for the purpose of inspecting, encouraging, admonishing and punishing the local officials of the various towns, *barrios* and provinces in their work. It was a most interesting experience to witness on the one hand the progress that was being made, and on the other the dangers and shortcomings which must be guarded against, and at the same time to see the general good will and confidence in which the American governor was everywhere held.

Sometimes it was a little fishing village of a few score persons we visited, where the local president and the village schoolmaster were the only evidences of government. Sometimes it was a large city, where a formal meeting was held in a town hall and delegations of judges, health officers and prominent citizens appeared and made speeches. At other times a group of Moro chieftains, attired in their picturesque and many colored garments, gathered in the open under a large tree to greet the American governor, whom they addressed as their "father and mother," and to narrate their grievances, ask his advice and sometimes plead for clemency on behalf of erring brothers.

In one case was discovered the cowardice of a local health officer who had permitted eleven lepers to remain unsegregated and without treatment, in violation of law, to their own ill and to the imminent danger of the community.

In this case, within a few hours after the discovery, an inspection was ordered, testimony taken, the delinquent official was on the road to punishment and the lepers were on the road to treatment and probable recovery.

Again, in the province of Zamboanga, where the population is nearly evenly divided between Mohammedan Moros and Christian Filipinos, we found that the attendance of the Moro children at the schools had greatly fallen off. After protracted conference with both Moro chieftains and Filipino civil officers, it became apparent that this was due partly to the Mohammedan reluctance of the Moros to have their girl children under the supervision of male teachers of the Filipino race and religion; and partly to the fact that the Moro children, being more backward in general cultivation, were subjected to petty annoyance and nagging from the young Filipino pupils with whom they came in contact.

The Sultan of Sulu

After prolonged and patient conference, arrangements were made by the governor for starting some new and separate schools for the Moro children, and he finally received the promise of the chieftains that their children would no longer be kept back from school.

I learned that on another occasion a few months before my visit an outbreak of malaria practically stopped the work on a portion of the new Metropolitan Aqueduct for Manila. Investigation by the governor's assistants discovered that it was due to delinquency on the part of the Filipino sanitary officer in charge. The officer was replaced by another; instruction was given by Major Hitchens, of the United States Army Medical Corps, who was attached to the governor's staff, and very soon the work was under way again.

These are merely typical instances of the different forms in which the need of American supervision is constantly arising. During my two weeks' tour with the governor-general we visited some twenty places. At nearly all these, conferences were held with the civil officers and leading citizens, and almost everywhere some occasion for praise or criticism or helpful suggestion came up and was given and received with every evidence of good will on the one side and grateful appreciation on the other.

In this way I got a clear first-hand view of the work which has been going on under Governor Wood month after month, year after year, during the almost six years that he has been in the islands. As I have said, he is doing it almost alone. No technical assistance for the purpose of making these inspections into the health, the courts, the prisons, the hospitals, the schools, the agriculture, mines, forests and fisheries of the people, for whose welfare he is responsible under the law, has been given to the governor-general by the insular legislature. Practically the only assistance he has had has come from two or three officers of the Medical Corps of the United States Army who have been detailed to him by our War Department, and two other American officers—former aides of General Wood when he was in the Army—who have volunteered their services and have similarly been sent on this detail by the department. Had it not been for the unselfish work of these latter men, who have jeopardized their own careers in the Army at home to help out their former chief, Governor Wood would have been relegated for assistance to the two secretaries furnished his office by the Filipinos, whose time is more than taken up with their office duties.

I emphasize these points because during the time that this vital work of rehabilitation has been going on, a small group of Manila politicians, who dominate their legislature and thus constitute its official mouthpiece, have represented to the American people, first, that a condition of deadlock exists between the governor and the people of the islands, and second, that he has established a military government.

Political Byplay

Both these statements are quite untrue. There is no deadlock between the governor and the people of the islands, but on the contrary the most cordial relations. He is warmly welcomed wherever he goes. His criticisms and suggestions are invariably followed in the local communities where they are made. He told me that during the entire time of his governorship he had not received a single threatening letter or experienced an unpleasant reception in any part of the archipelago.

In 1923 these Manila politicians persuaded the Filipino heads of his cabinet to resign in order to produce an appearance of deadlock and to support an application they were making at Washington for his removal. But the Filipino undersecretaries in each of the departments remained loyal and were made acting secretaries by the governor, and the functions of the government have continued without interruption ever since and with perfect harmony. When Speaker Roxas presented to President Coolidge at Washington his petition for the removal of the governor, he was bluntly told by the President that if the Manila politicians were unable to get on with such an experienced administrator as Governor Wood, it was only evidence of their own incapacity for government. The whole affair then subsided and nothing has been heard of a deadlock in Manila since, except for purposes of oratory and publication.

The charge as to the military government is even more unfounded. General Wood is no longer in the Army. He was retired in 1921, before he became governor. The officers who have been helping him in this work are performing civilian functions. They are educated American gentlemen. They never appear in uniform in the performance of this work and their relations with all with whom they come into contact, including the Manila politicians themselves, are of the friendliest character. The

(Continued on Page 141)

Try Planters Salted Peanuts. You'll admit you never tasted any quite so big and appetizing. Brown and wholesome. Look for the glassine bags with MR. PEANUT on them. 5c everywhere. "The Nickel Lunch."

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(30x3 and 30x3½)
"G" Tread Cord and Fabric Tire
(30x3 and 30x3½)
G & J Red and Gray Tubes

(Continued from Page 139)

whole story is a skillful attempt to create a political bugaboo in the minds of American readers of antimilitaristic tendencies 10,000 miles away.

By the work thus patiently and laboriously performed the damage done by the reckless experiment of the Harrison administration has been practically repaired. The currency has been restored to par. The bank has been saved from insolvency. The government is living within its income. Taxation, which is very moderate, is being satisfactorily paid. Sanitation has been restored, and while eternal vigilance is necessary, that vigilance at present is being maintained.

When an epidemic of Asiatic cholera was brought over from China to Manila in 1925, it was promptly suppressed by the vigorous measures taken by Governor Wood.

Education is highly popular and constitutes the largest item of the budget. There is in general throughout the islands a very evident condition of ease and contentment which strikes the visitor at the present time as in the sharpest possible contrast with the conditions which he sees across the way in China.

Moro School Children

Protection Desired

In the foregoing I have not touched upon the political condition of the Moros, which furnishes a problem by itself. That is a problem the solution of which is so dependent upon the course which we eventually decide to follow in regard to the Christian Filipinos in the rest of the archipelago that I shall not attempt to discuss it in detail. It is sufficient to say that my observation of the Moro coincided with what other observers have frequently reported. The Moro considers himself a superior being to the other Filipinos. He is a better fighting man and was never fully conquered by Spain, whose government could not prevent him from frequently preying upon his Christian Filipino neighbors. It took three or four years of constant work by the American forces to persuade him to yield to our sovereignty. When he did so, however, he yielded completely and with good will to the Americans.

The Moro chieftains believe that they surrendered to us on the distinct understanding with General Bates, in the Bates Treaty, that America would not turn them over to any other sovereignty. They feel that we are betraying that promise now in turning them over to a Filipino government established at Manila. Many times I heard this statement made in conferences by the Moro chieftains, who begged us never to allow the American flag to be withdrawn from their protection.

Moreover there is good reason to believe that the Filipino constabulary, which is the regular police force maintaining law and order in the islands, in its dealings with the Moros has been unnecessarily harsh and that in that way many Moros have been and are now being unnecessarily killed. It is a problem not free from difficulty, for many of the individual Moros are intractable subjects and quite frequently run amuck, murdering such Christians as they come in contact with. In such cases the constabulary must hunt down the offenders, who will never submit until killed.

But making due allowance for such considerations, it is clear that the Moros in Mindanao and Jolo and other southern islands require the protection of impartial American administrators to a special degree.

The present material welfare and content in the Philippine Islands, which are in sharp contrast to the conditions now prevailing among their Chinese and Japanese neighbors, are directly due to the generous policy of the United States, which has turned over to them the exclusive use of these rich and underpopulated islands and by its military strength and laws is protecting them in the enjoyment of this heritage. Under our supervision, the Filipinos are making commendable progress along the road of local and provincial self-government, but have thus far shown little ability to develop commerce or general business commensurate with this political development. Such business as they have developed is almost wholly dependent upon their free access to the American market. The pure-blooded Malays, who make up about 90 per cent of the population, are amiable, hospitable and indolent, devoted mainly to small-scale agriculture, and present a sharp contrast to the small minority of Chinese and Spanish mestizos, who practically monopolize the initiative and energy of the people.

If American sovereignty were now withdrawn, these results would follow with practical certainty:

First, almost total collapse of the sugar, tobacco, coconut oil, embroidery and other principal commerce of the islands; second, political domination over the main population of the islands by an oligarchy of more politically competent mestizos; third, an eventual foreign submersion and control by the more powerful races in the neighborhood.

Would either of these results be a worthy conclusion to the noble experiment undertaken by America nearly thirty years ago, to which the unselfish efforts and sacrifices of so many individual American administrators, scientists, teachers and soldiers have been devoted? Our Government undertook to carry out a high purpose—to turn this little group of Malay Christian tribes into a self-governing people fit to carry on their own local affairs according to the methods of our Western democracy in spite of the fact that they were surrounded by a welter of radically different civilizations, races and religions.

Nothing like it had ever been attempted before by any other nation. Even now no one can say whether success is ultimately possible. All we can say is that it will take generations of patience and forbearance on the part of both races which participate in it the Americans over here and the Filipinos in the islands—and that up to date the progress which has been made, even making allowance for all discouragements and drawbacks, is remarkable and encouraging.

In the light of the true nature of the task, American opinion can be divided into only two classes—on the one side the people who are willing to exercise the patience and effort to carry on this task without partisanship and without faltering for the long years which certainly will be necessary; on the other hand, those who for any reason, whether it be partisanship, selfish impatience or misapplied idealism, are unwilling to take that time and exercise such patience and wish to turn the islands loose immediately. Whatever their grounds, such latter action would have but the one result—a result disastrous alike to our original purpose and to the welfare of the Filipinos.

There is no short and royal road to the solution of the Philippine problem. By its nature it is not one which can be solved at any given time by a single statute. Even if that were possible, no Congress under our Constitution can bind a subsequent Congress in such matters of policy. The solution depends upon the development in America of a consistent policy toward the islands. That can be accomplished only by nonpartisan leadership in such matters on the part of our Executive and our Congress, and more than all, by the development of an intelligent public opinion on the subject among the American people.

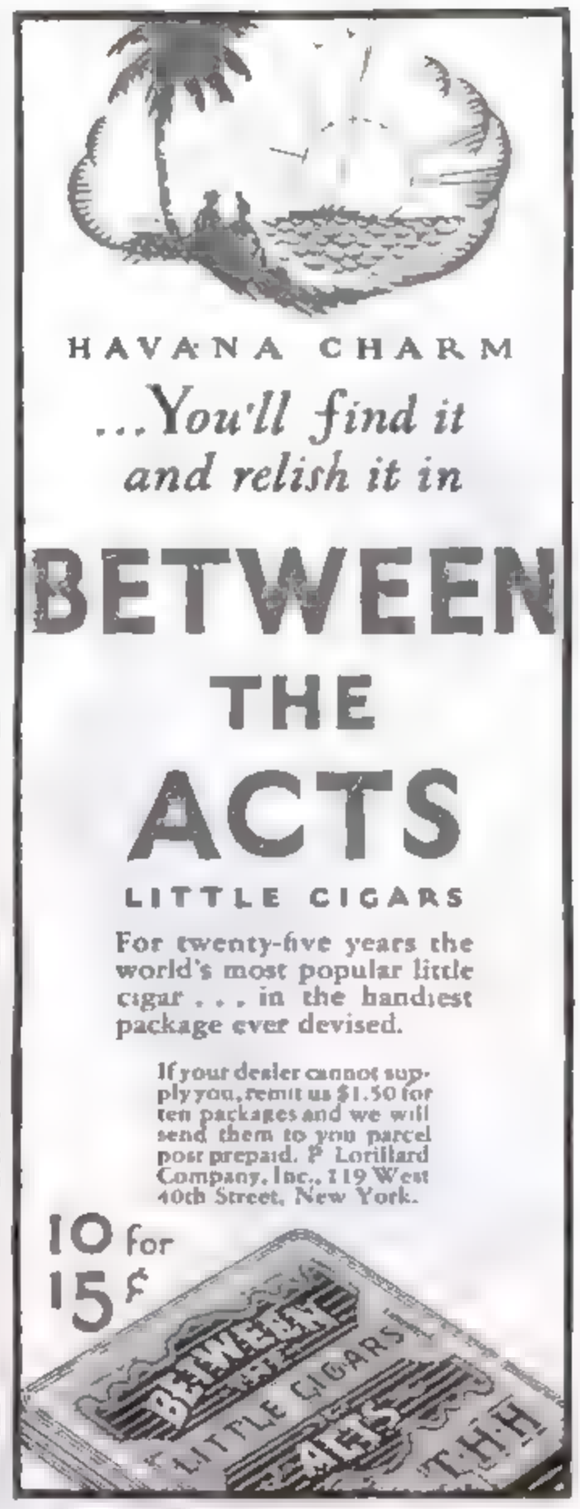
Treaty Provisions

The necessary general outline of such a solution, however, can be forecast. Such an outline was begun so long ago as February, 1899, when our Senate ratified the treaty with Spain and acquired the islands. At that time by resolution it declared America's policy toward those islands in terms of far-reaching statesmanship:

> Resolved, that by the ratification of the treaty of peace with Spain it is not intended to incorporate the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands into citizenship of the United States, nor is it intended to permanently annex said islands as an integral part of the territory of the United States; but it is the intention of the United States to establish on said islands a government suitable to the wants and conditions of the inhabitants of said islands, to prepare them for local self-government, and in due time to make such disposition of said islands as will best promote the interests of the citizens of the United States and the inhabitants of said islands.

It will be noticed that in this resolution the Senate said nothing about independence. What the Senate promised to the Filipinos was a progressively developing self-government and an ultimate disposition of the islands which would best promote their own interests and those of the people of the United States. They assumed that those interests could be made to coincide and that they were not mutually antagonistic.

Every word of that original promise has been carried out and its forecast as to the ultimate interests of the two peoples is being remarkably fulfilled. We have not annexed the islands to our American territory or incorporated their inhabitants within our citizenship, and there is no large section of American public opinion which desires such a step to be taken. Our Supreme Court has held that the policy outlined by the Senate was constitutional and that we could constitutionally hold the islands indefinitely without making them a part of our organized territory. On the other hand, there is a steadily growing body of American opinion which recognizes that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...You'll find it
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For twenty-five years the world's most popular little cigar . . . in the handiest package ever devised.
If your dealer cannot supply you, remit us $1.50 for ten packages and we will send them to you parcel post prepaid. P. Lorillard Company, Inc., 119 West 40th Street, New York.
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You can keep unruly hair in place!

Hair out of place?
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—*if you use the dressing more people rely on* than any other

Give your hair a new deal!

No more plastering it down with water! And no more *experimenting* with your hair.

From Coast to Coast, today, the hair dressing which more people prefer than any other is—*Stacomb*.

With Stacomb your hair becomes instantly tractable. All day long it stays in place—*right*

Yet never looks gummy nor sticky. Nor dry and "dead," as when you wet it with water. Stacomb supplies the natural oils your hair needs. Helps to prevent dandruff

You can now get Stacomb not only in cream form—in jars and tubes—but in the popular new liquid form as well. All drug and department stores.

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Dept. A-97, 113 W. 18th Street, New York
Send me free sample of Stacomb as checked:
Original, cream form ☐ New liquid form ☐

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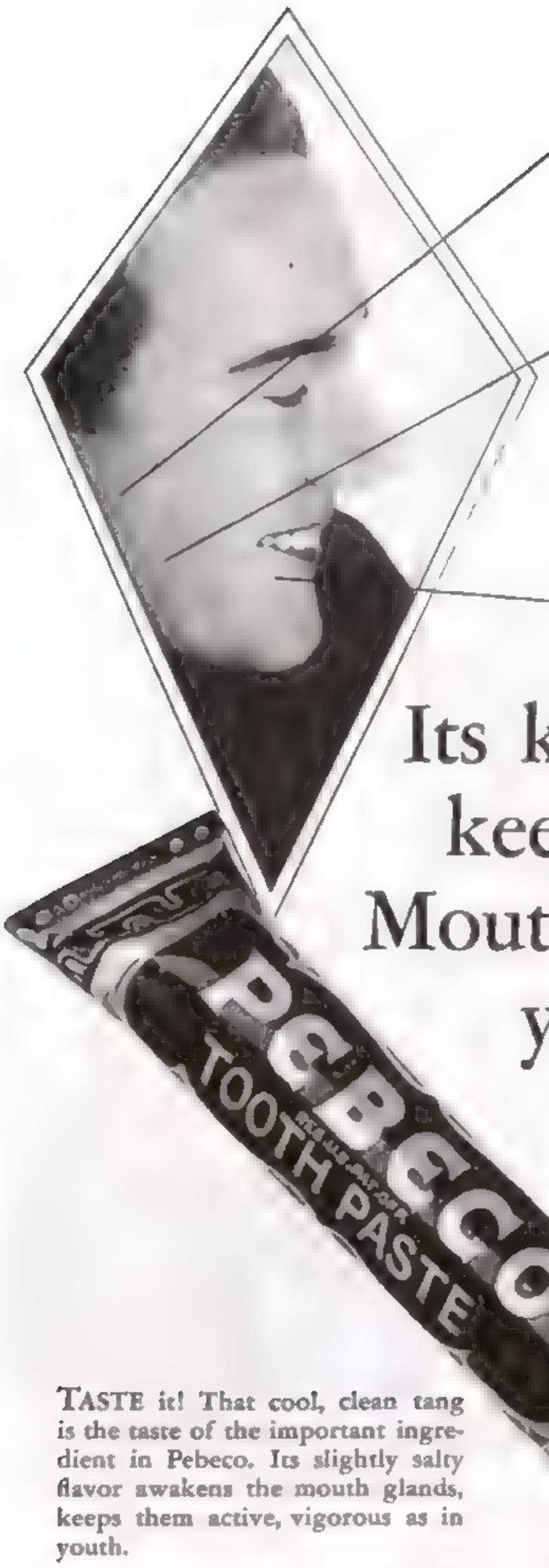
There are six of these important tiny mouth glands, three on each side; two are back near the throat.
1
This pair is found, one in each cheek. They would all be 20 times more active if we chewed our food hard.
2
Here under the tongue are two others. Even where the tooth brush cannot reach, the salty tang of Pebeco restores vigorous mouth glands.
3
PEBECO
TOOTH PASTE

Its keen tang keeps your Mouth Glands young

TASTE it! That cool, clean tang is the taste of the important ingredient in Pebeco. Its slightly salty flavor awakens the mouth glands, keeps them active, vigorous as in youth.

The natural fluids produced by glands inside your mouth neutralize food acids, counteract decay. When your mouth glands are working day and night as they should be, your gums stay sound, your white teeth do not decay.

Use Pebeco every day. It polishes the teeth beautifully and leaves the whole mouth wholesome and protected.

Made by Pebeco, Inc., a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company. Sole distributors, Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J.

At the sharp, clean tang of Pebeco, the mouth glands waken. Daily use gives you the joy of a wholesome mouth, pure breath.

PEBECO *keeps the Mouth Glands young*

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Send me free your new large-size tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste.
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THIS COUPON NOT GOOD AFTER MARCH 19, 1928

an immediate severance of the ties between the two peoples would be brutal to the great mass of the Filipinos and unfair to us, and which believes that the welfare of both countries will probably be best served eventually by a permanent connection. The same point of view was expanded to me last summer by a young Filipino holding a responsible public position in the islands. He said: "I am telling my people that it is clear that in the present condition of the world the Filipino people must have some nation to tie up to. They cannot stand alone. And of all the nations of the world, the one with which they can most safely make a connection is the United States. This is because the interests of your country and mine run parallel and are not contradictory. Your people do not want to migrate in large numbers to our islands. You are not given to tropical immigration and there is no danger of your coming over here and swamping us. Even if you did, all your institutions and your traditional habits of thought would prevent you from tyrannizing over us or exploiting us. The only thing that you want to do is to trade with us and to develop our islands so as to make that trade profitable to both sides. That is as much to our interest as it is to yours."

This point of view was voiced to me by many other Filipinos, chiefly men of property and substance. Some of them spoke bitterly of the agitation for independence as being carried on by politicians who had nothing to lose if chaos should follow their efforts. Even the political leaders of the islands who are officially committed to the demand for immediate independence produced upon me the strong impression that they would accept an autonomous system of government, resting upon an indefinite or permanent connection with the United States, somewhat similar to the relations between Great Britain and her self-governing colonies. The ideal of an association of free nations is one which satisfies the desire for independence at the same time that it secures the strength and protection of mutual association.

The Safest Goal

Such a solution, when applied to the Philippines, has this further advantage: In case the time should ever arise when, under new conditions, one of the two peoples desires to terminate relations with the other, the question of independence might be renewed. As I have indicated, I personally hope and believe that such a time will never come, and that the desire for severance will grow less with the continuance of our mutual relations under a stable policy. Many thoughtful Filipinos, however, who are willing to accept a dominion government under the conditions which exist today, entertain a contrary hope that later in some way they may show themselves able and competent to establish and maintain complete independence. If a time should ever come when such a view could be held by their people, and justified with reference to their own welfare, no American Government would seek to prevent its realization.

Indeed, one of the most hopeful impressions that I derived from my visit came from conferences with these leaders in which I set before them frankly and even bluntly the considerations and criticisms of their actions which I have discussed in this article, and in which I found them ready to accept a fair measure of responsibility for the points criticized, and at the same time to evince a readiness to discuss remedial measures for the future. The consensus of all these impressions was that the safest goal for our effort lay along this line of the gradual development of a self-governing colony under the permanent protection of the United States.

The Force of Public Opinion

Fortunately, the present organic law of the islands, the Jones Act of 1916, is broad enough and flexible enough to permit such a development at least for many years to come. Very slight amendment of certain details may be desirable, but no substantial changes are needed. A proper force to assist the governor-general in his visitorial functions must be provided for; this the Filipino leaders in these conferences virtually conceded.

But the chief thing which is needed is a determination by the people of the United States of such a fixed policy which we shall follow; that we follow it year in and year out regardless of which party is in power in the nation, and that it be shown by unmistakable public opinion that it is totally idle for delegations of Filipino leaders who desire a little publicity for use in their local politics to come knocking at the doors of Congress on behalf of a different ideal or policy. At present the immediate-independence issue is constantly used, not because the users desire or expect immediate independence but because they hope in that way to catch unthinking votes for other purposes.

The disagreeable but necessary task of rehabilitating the finances and sanitation of the islands has been practically accomplished by Governor Wood. The inevitable antagonisms which have been excited by this process are dying down. This was evident not only from the indisputable general attitude of amiability and contentment of the people at large but also from the readiness of the politicians who have been most vocal on the subject to sit down now and discuss plans for the future.

President Coolidge's support of Governor Wood has had a wholesome influence. He has taken the lead in the establishment of a settled American opinion. It now devolves upon the citizens of the country to grasp intelligently the elements of that policy and to do their part in seeing that it is established throughout the nation.

Moro Speakers on the Island of Jolo Who Favor American Rule

Levelizers stop
"jack-rabbiting"
on rough roads
Bounding from bump to bump on a washboardy or corduroy road, it is easy to lose control. For you need steady traction of tires on the road to steer and brake properly. Equip your car with Weed Levelizers and you will ride with greater safety and comfort on rough roads. Levelizers stop rebounds over bad bumps . . . On good roads Levelizers place practically no pull or "pre-load" on car springs to hamper freedom of action.
Ask your dealer about Levelizers. If he is sold out he can get them by phoning his nearest distributor.
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The 4 Hours that Stand Between You and Success

According to Foremost Educators, Editors and Business Heads of Today

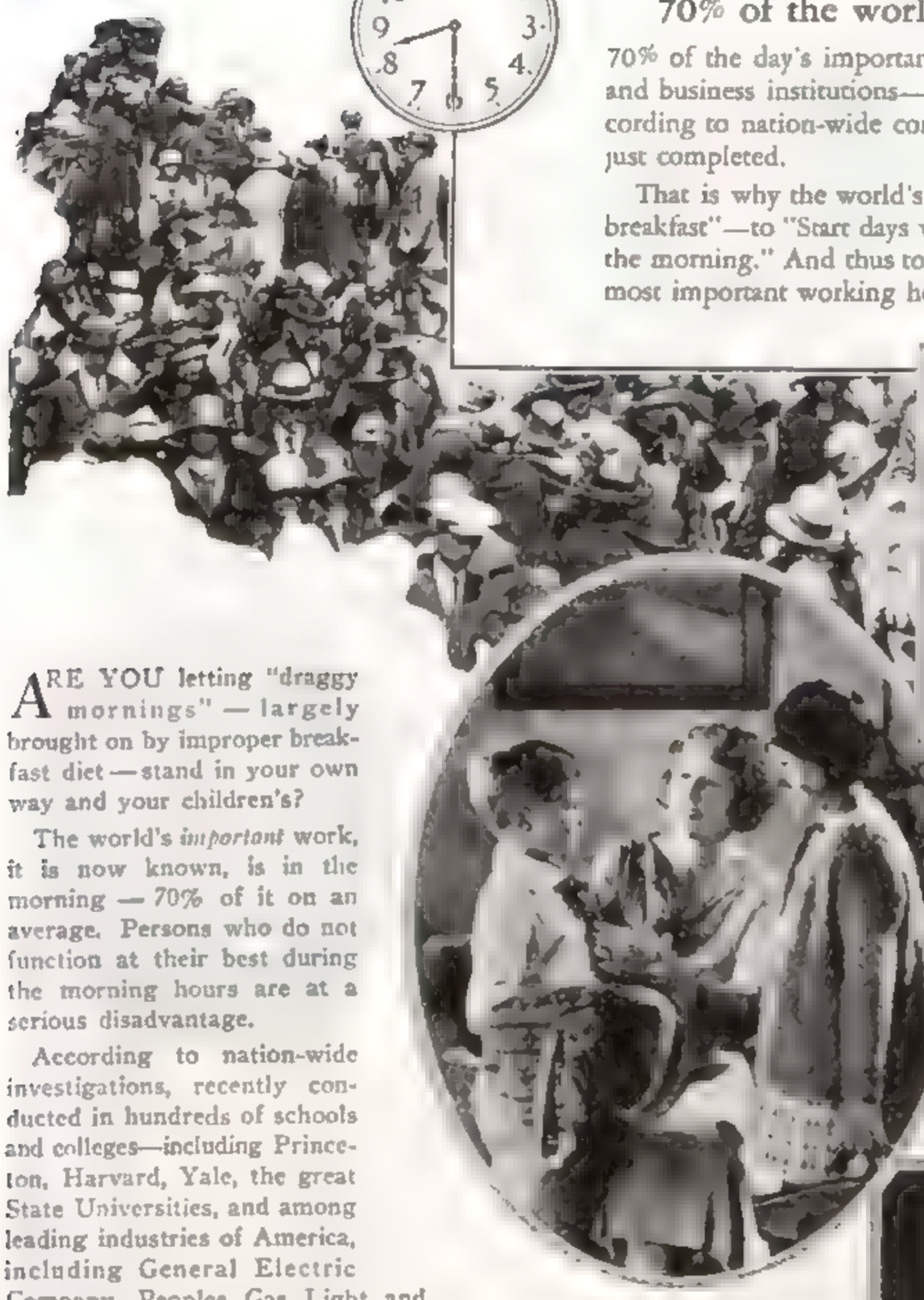
8 30 A. M

Within 4 Morning Hours
70% of the world's important work falls

70% of the day's important work—in *the home,* schools, colleges and business institutions—is crowded into 4 morning hours, according to nation-wide commercial and scholastic investigations just completed.

That is why the world's dietetic urge now is to "Watch your breakfast"—to "Start days with food that 'stands by' you through the morning." And thus to protect your own and your children's most important working hours.

12:30 P. M.



ARE YOU letting "draggy mornings" — largely brought on by improper breakfast diet — stand in your own way and your children's?

The world's *important* work, it is now known, is in the morning — 70% of it on an average. Persons who do not function at their best during the morning hours are at a serious disadvantage.

According to nation-wide investigations, recently conducted in hundreds of schools and colleges—including Princeton, Harvard, Yale, the great State Universities, and among leading industries of America, including General Electric Company, Peoples Gas Light and Coke Co., Marshall Field & Co. and numerous others—thousands of people are being thus handicapped; failures in schools, failures in offices, in stores and shops—because of listless mornings brought on largely by ill-balanced insufficient breakfasts.

Quaker Oats—Food That "Stands By" You

To meet that situation, leading dietary authorities, both in Europe and America, urge Quaker Oats breakfasts as an all-important factor in modern life.

To feel right in the morning you must have properly balanced food, you must have food that "stands by" you through the morning.

That means food well balanced in essential food elements. It means food that is delicious, so as to tempt the appetite. It means a *rich and flavory,* hot breakfast to supply the human engine with food fuel. Quaker Oats contains 16% protein, food's great tissue builder, 65% carbohydrate, its great energy producer, and is well supplied with minerals (bone builders) and all-important vitamines. Its "bulk" supplies, too, the roughage which helps in making laxatives seldom needed.

IN SCHOOLS

IN over 2000 grade schools in America, including the Public Schools of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and other large cities, almost 80% of the important classes are held in the morning. Thus breakfasts of Quaker Oats, to help pupils meet these hours at their best, are being widely urged.

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

AT Princeton University it is now revealed that of 1463 weekly classes 1127 are held before 1 30—only 336 after that hour! At Harvard Yale, and nearly every important University in America, virtually the same apportionment of work applies. Thus, obviously, the student must be at his best *in the morning.*

IN THE HOME

IN the average home, according to investigations of the Ladies' Home Journal, Good Housekeeping, and other leading women's magazines, 75% to 90% of the housewife's important planning and heaviest duties are performed before luncheon.

IN OFFICES

G. E. TULPIN, auditor of the Consumers Company of Chicago, one of America's largest corporations, estimates that 65% of the day's volume of work falls before 1 p. m. This applies to nearly every big business. Thus the importance of Quaker Oats breakfasts cannot be overestimated.

In food value, thus, but few foods compare. The oat is the best balanced cereal grown. While in deliciousness, Quaker Oats—steaming, flavory and appetizing—stands almost alone. Thus, on almost every count, dietary authorities give this rich food first place—food that energizes your vital working hours.

Start today with Quaker Oats. Get either "Quick Quaker" which cooks in 3 to 5 minutes (faster than plain toast) or the regular Quaker Oats you have always known.

Both have that rare Quaker flavor no other oats in all the world can boast, a flavor it took some 50 years of careful milling to perfect.

Eat "Quaker" every day for a while—note how much better your mornings are. What comes will surprise you.

The Most Delicious Breakfast
The Richest—and the Quickest

Of all dishes, Quaker Oats are judged by millions the most delicious and enticing of all breakfasts. In savory flavor, no other food compares. Quick Quaker cooks in 3 to 5 minutes—quicker than plain toast. And this makes it easy to start mornings with food that stands by you.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

SOME LITERARY FORGERIES

(Continued from Page 19

world in French, and not such very good French at that. As I had an extensive collection of Wilde autographs even then, I was extremely eager to own the original of this famous work also. Before my reply could reach the firm in France, some luckier collector who was on the spot at the time bought it. I was very much annoyed, but concealed my chagrin as best I could, not even inquiring who the buyer was. I suspected it was some French author. The year before last, when on my annual pilgrimage to England, a French journalist came to see me one day at the Carlton Hotel in London, with the news that he knew the man who owned the Salomé manuscript, and was informed that he would part with it if paid a sufficiently high price.

The Elusive Salomé

Now, I am never frightened at high prices. I asked my friend to return to France and buy it for me. Two days passed. Then I received the news that I was again too late. It was plain that Salomé was playing hide and seek with me, and placing my head on a charger. After two months in England I went to Paris. I had hardly arrived before the collector who last purchased Salomé offered to sell it. I asked him to bring it immediately to my hotel. With my nerves on edge, I kept telling myself that this time she would not escape me. Now, the collector in question was supposed to be a judge of autographs. He arrived and took the manuscript from its case. I fairly grabbed it from him, fearing that the evil Salomé would sprout wings and fly out of the window. I opened the cover to the first page, looked at it, turned the second, then the third. Quickly I closed it and gave it back to him. A silence followed during which he regarded me in amazement.

"No, thank you," I said; "I am looking for Salomé in the flesh, not a will-o'-the-wisp. Your manuscript is a forgery!"

It was plain this poor fellow had been deceived. He walked up and down my room, tearing at his hair in the best French manner, for he had given a good sum for this clever fabrication. I, too, was deeply disappointed, after tracking over Europe for it. Like the villain in the play, Salomé still evaded me. In Philadelphia a year later I received a cable from a firm of auctioneers in Paris, offering me the original manuscript of Salomé once more. I naturally paid no attention to the offer, thinking it another forgery. I was tired of the wiles of this wicked woman. I had come to the conclusion that this work was not, by some weaving of the fates, for the house of Rosenbach. No more fool's errands for me.

A few weeks after, when dining with a well-known American collector in New York, he said to me:

"Doctor, I have something which will open even your eyes. I have Salomé!"

Naturally, I could not suppress a cynical laugh. "Another forgery?" I smilingly inquired.

After dinner we went to his library, and he pointed very proudly to two old copy books on the table. The moment I looked at the pages I knew that at last I held the original in my hands. How envious I was! But I now realized this manuscript could never be mine. I felt truly heartbroken. My friend, seeing I was not exactly elated over his treasure, but rather downcast, asked the reason. I related the whole story of my chase after Salomé.

With great generosity he replied, with the air of a sultan presenting a favorite slave, "Doctor, I don't want to stand in your way. If you want her, she is yours." He told me its history as far as he knew it; the manuscript had been purchased by Pierre Louys, the eminent French poet. It was he who had bought it directly from the shop in Paris when I first tried to obtain it twenty years ago. It is far more precious today than it was then. Not only is it the greatest work from the pen of Oscar Wilde but it is the one work of his that has been translated into all languages. It has also been used as the libretto by Richard Strauss for his startling and beautiful opera, Salomé.

The up-to-date literary forger always keeps his eye upon the market. Genuine letters of certain famous or infamous men and women will always command high prices. Yet the styles in collecting change as in everything else. One decade there may be a sudden craze for Byron letters; the next, autograph letters or documents pertaining to Keats or Shelley are frantically sought.

So it goes. One cycle begins as another cycle ends. Therefore, forgers' productions often swarm into the market when the popularity of an autograph is on the crest of the wave. There are certain historical characters whose autographs will always sell at top prices. With this in mind, one of the greatest hoaxes ever planned was—for a time—put over by a French forger a few years after the middle of the nineteenth century. Vrain Lucas was his name, and his guileless customer was a noted mathematician—Michel Chasles. I first knew of Lucas' wretched forgeries through hearing my Uncle Moses tell of them; in a way, it was rather humorous, for when he told me the story he became as enraged as though Lucas had taken him in, rather than Chasles.

Vrain Lucas was a middle-aged man of fair education and rather well read. By his own confession he had manufactured more than 25,000 spurious autographs, many of which he sold to Chasles over a period of eight years. During that time Chasles had doubted his word only once. Lucas immediately offered to buy back everything he had sold him, and thus Chasles' faith was restored.

Half-Witted Cleverness

This charlatan, Lucas, must have had a certain hypnotic influence over Chasles, plus an assurance and the courage of Old Nick himself. Chasles' belief in him, however, proved Lucas' undoing. For when he sold him two letters from Charles V to Rabelais, Chasles, in his excitement and delight, presented them to the Academy of Belgium. The letters for a time were believed to be genuine. Then Lucas came again to Chasles, this time with letters from Pascal to Boyle and Sir Isaac Newton, in which the writer proved that he, and not Newton, had discovered the law of gravitation.

You can imagine how deeply moved was Chasles, the naïve mathematician. He rushed with them to the French Academy of Science, and at once the scientific world was stirred into a commotion. At the height of this agitation Sir David Brewster came forward and announced the letters must be from the pen of an impostor, proving conclusively at the same time that Newton was a mere child of ten when these pretended messages of Pascal were written. Thus began the beginning of the end for the forger Lucas.

Certain testimony given by Chasles at Lucas' trial before a tribunal of the Seine, in 1870, is almost unbelievable. It seems ridiculous to me that any man, especially a collector, could have been so simple and gullible as was Chasles. He spent 140,000 francs—a lot of money in those days—for a list of autograph letters that is too good to pass over lightly. Although Monsieur Lucas supplied his customer with the important names of the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, including Boccaccio, Cervantes, Dante, Racine, Shakespeare and Spinoza, he likewise delved into the remote past and produced letters from Abelard, Alcibiades, Attila, Julius Cæsar, Charlemagne, Ovid, Pliny, Plutarch and Pompey!

Lucas was careful enough to mix an ink, for his forgeries, which, when dry, gave the appearance of age. Then he treated the completed masterpieces in such a way as to make them look worn and of great age. But his cleverness was only half-witted! He had the audacity not only to write these ancient epistles on paper from local mills, which showed the watermarks of Angoulême, but most daringly inscribed them in modern French!

No Respecter of Persons

The late Simon Gratz, in his delightful and authoritative volume, A Book About Autographs, gives translations of several of these shameless fabrications. Here is the very letter which Chasles believed Cleopatra wrote to Julius Cæsar:

Cleopatra, Queen, to her very beloved Julius Cæsar, Emperor.

My very beloved: Our son Cæsarion is well. I hope that he will soon be able to support the travel from here to Marseilles, where I need to send him to study, as much for the good air one breathes there as for the fine things which are taught. I beg you will tell me how long you will still remain in that country, for I want myself to take our son there and see you on this occasion. This is to tell you, my very beloved, the pleasure I feel when I am near you, and meanwhile I pray the gods to have you in their guard.

The XI March year of Rome VCCIX.

CLEOPATRA.

Think with what pious glee Monsieur Chasles read the following priceless letter from Lazarus, the resuscitated, to Saint Peter!

My dear friend Petrus: You tell me you have noticed in the writings of Cæsar and in those of Cicero that one of the most important parts of the Druids' religion consists in sacrificing savage men. It is true they take in an erroneous sense this principle, that men can only appreciate the life God gave them by offering Him the life of a man. They have continued that inhuman and bloody practice until the time of Cicero. This is why he says they soil and profane their temple and altars by offering there human victims, and here Cicero is right in insulting a worship so barbarous, saying it is a strange thing that to satisfy for what they owe to their religion they must first dishonor it by some murder. They cannot be religious without being homicides. The infamy of this horrible maxim has reflected on all the Gauls, even if it has been practiced only in some places. But the arms and the conquest of the Romans have wiped out this infamy and I do not believe that it is practiced anywhere now. Amen.

This X August XLVII LAZARUS.

Lucas' interpretation of Biblical characters was rather unusual. Perhaps it was this quality which so fascinated his generous customer, that caused him to be blind to obvious discrepancies. Here is rather a quaint letter purporting to be from Mary Magdalene to Lazarus.

My very beloved brother That which you tell us of Petrus, the Apostle of our meek Jesus, gives us hope that soon we shall see him here and I dispose myself to receive him well. Our sister Martha also rejoices of it. Her health is very tottering and I fear her passing away. This is why I recommend her to your good prayers. The good girls who have come to place themselves under our guidance are admirable for us and make us the most amiable caresses. It is enough said, my very beloved brother, that our sojourn in these countries of the Gaul pleases us much, that we have no desire to leave it, also none of our friends suggest it. Do you not think that those Gauls who were thought barbarian nations are not at all so, and judging only by what we have learned it must be from these that the light of science started. I have a great desire to see you and beg our Lord may have you in favor.

This X June XLVI MAGDALENE.

In this fourth epistle, written by Alexander the Great, Lucas, the true Frenchman, does not forget once more to let words of flattery for France—Gaul—drip from the pen of the King of Macedonia. This letter follows:

Alexander rex to his very beloved Aristotle. Greeting.

My beloved: I am not satisfied because you have made public certain of your books which you had to keep under the seal of secrecy, for it is a profanation of their value, and no more render them public without my consent. As to what you asked of me, to travel to the country of the Gauls in order to learn the sciences of the Druids, of whom Pythagoras made so fine a eulogy, not only do I permit you but I entreat you to go for the good of my people, as you are not ignorant in what esteem I hold the nation which I consider as the one that carries the light in the world. I salute you.

This XX of the Kalends of May, year of the CV Olympiad. ALEXANDER.

Old Chasles got all that was coming to him, and the 140,000 francs that he spent on the Lucas inventions were as nothing compared with the great joy the world in general, and antiquarians in particular, have experienced in reading these altogether amusing epistles.

Being sometimes called a pirate myself, I have always been interested in reading about them. I remember reveling in Treasure Island, soon after it appeared in 1883. But instead of the pieces of eight and flashing gems which Stevenson conjured up for the boyish mind, I substituted, in my youthful imagination, rare books. This seems far-fetched, yet it was absolutely true. Instead of Long John Silver's doubloons and sequins, I put in their place first editions and manuscripts. They were more to me, then and now, than all the treasure of the Indies. And yet, in the first years of my passion for them, I rarely gave thought to forgeries. I had that superb reliance upon instinct which is a part and parcel of youth. I felt that if there were forgeries about I could sniff them as a dog follows a scent. So I was not really interested in forgers and their works until I read in a book for the first time an account of William Henry Ireland, the greatest fabricator of them all.

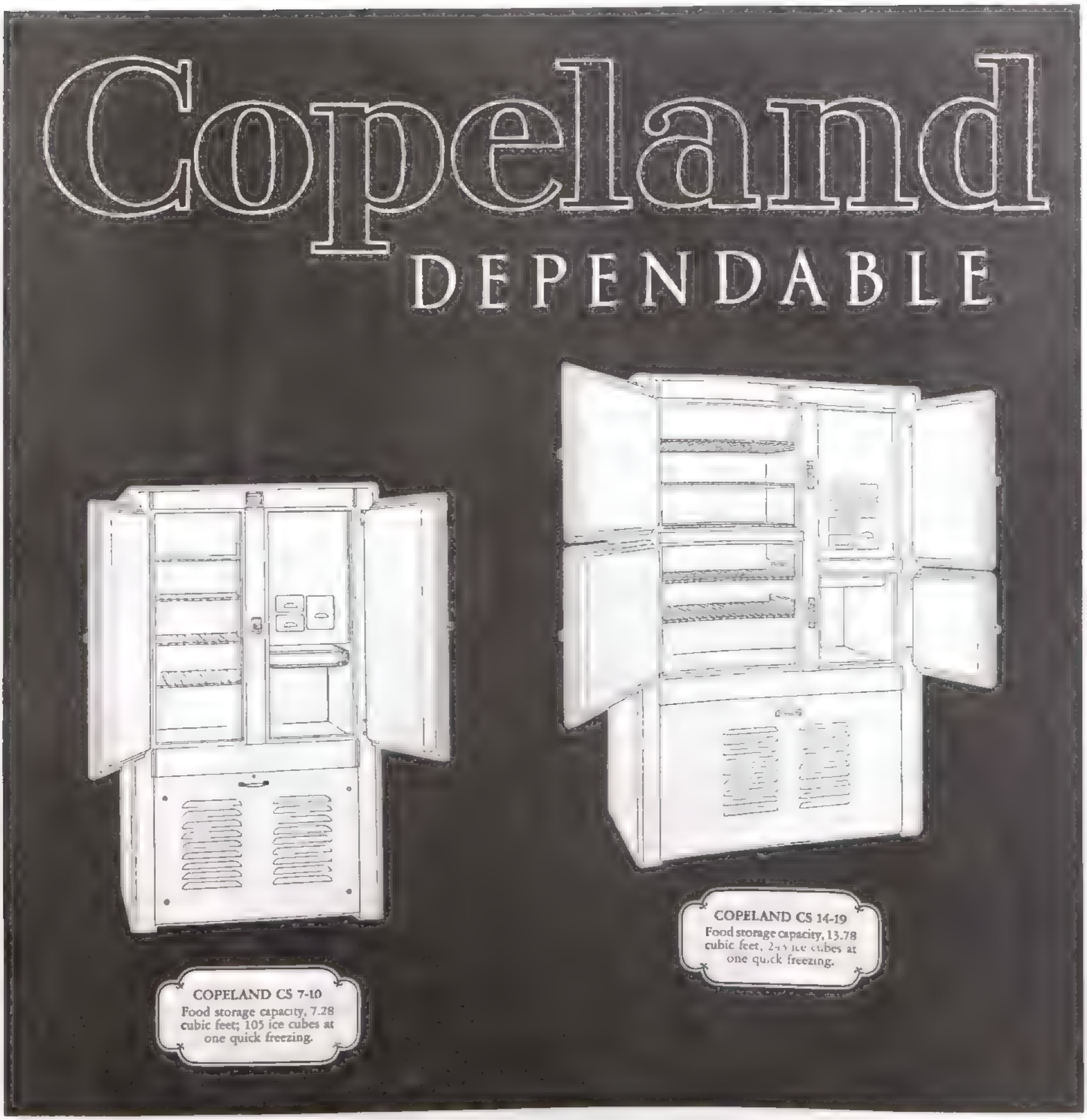
Ireland was a youthful scamp, less than eighteen years old, who in 1795 pulled the leg of almost the entire literary world with his "discovery" of many Shakespearean manuscripts. He was the son of an engraver in London, and doubtless inherited the facile fingers which brought him his peculiar fame. Ireland senior reverenced all relics of antiquity, and especially those which were connected with the memory of Shakespeare. He was almost a fanatic on this subject and gave his son to understand that his greatest desire would be satisfied the day that he was lucky enough to find an autograph manuscript of the Bard of Avon. I've had that feeling myself. After being dragged hither and yon by his father, who searched every nook and cranny where Shakespeare was supposed to have stayed, the filial William Henry decided upon a course of his own to make his father completely happy.

A Prolific Discoverer

He was apprenticed at the time to an attorney, and it was a part of his daily work to study ancient documents, such as leases and wills. He sometimes read in books the histories of various estates in Great Britain, and occasionally a facsimile of Shakespeare's signature was printed in them. One day he came across some unused parchment at the end of an old rent roll. His imagination began to work, I suppose, as he studied the Shakespeare facsimile before him, and the echoes of old deeds, with their quaint phrases, doubtless rang in his ears. Thus he set about practicing the penmanship of an earlier era. Finding that he wrote with amazing ease, he immediately made up a lease between William Shakespeare and John Heminge, with one Michael Fraser and Elizabeth, his wife. When the ink was sufficiently dried he took it home to his father, who at the sight of it nearly dropped dead with joy. And so began young Ireland's notorious performances.

After finding further facsimiles of signatures of the Elizabethan period, he invented, with the most appalling facility, all sorts of letters and poems. Naturally, his father and others asked where he had found these remarkable manuscripts, whereupon

(Continued on Page 149)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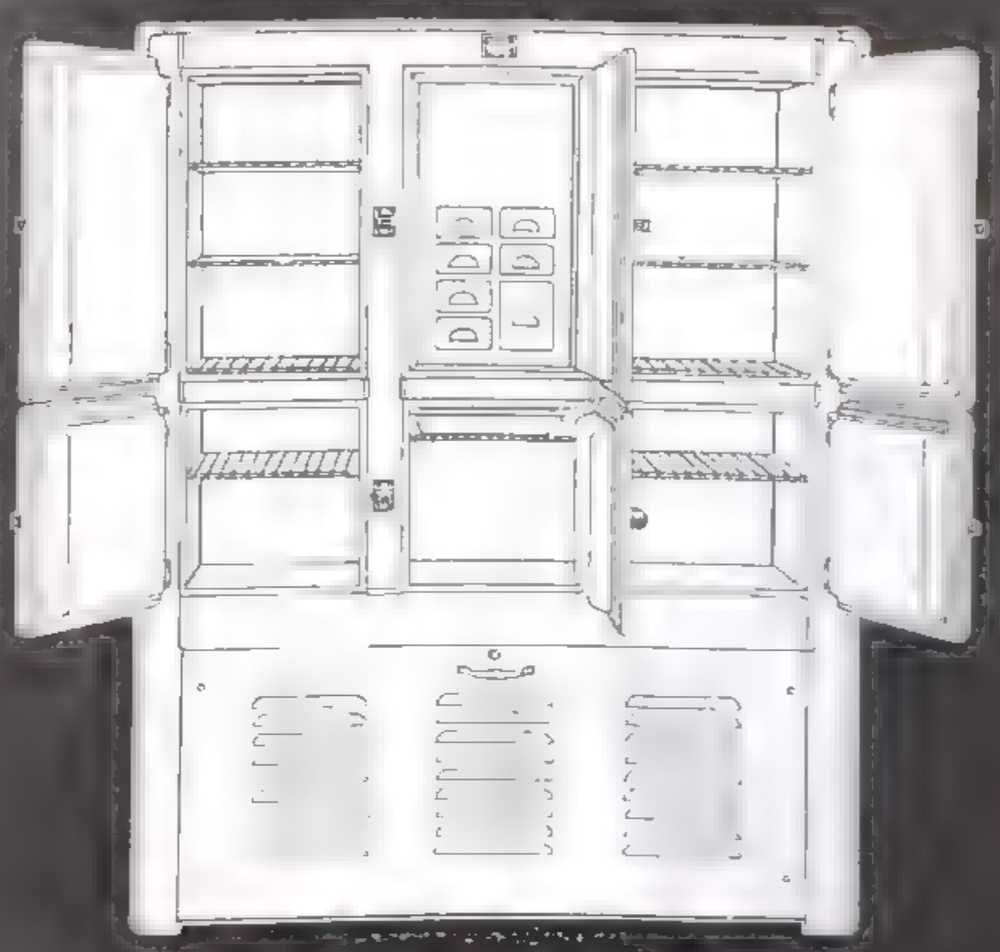

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(Continued from Page 145)

he made up a more or less logical story. He said he had met a gentleman of fortune—whose name he had sworn not to tell—in a coffeehouse in London, and that in the course of conversation they had discovered each other's love for things antique. The new acquaintance then mentioned having in his possession a collection of old deeds and papers tied in bundles. To the boy's delight, he told of being asked to inspect them; that he had gone to his friend's house and searched through them. Much to their mutual joy, he had discovered one old paper which clearly established his friend's right to a certain property which had been the subject of litigation for a long time. This friend, he went on to explain, first swore him to secrecy, then presented him with as many of these ancient manuscripts as he wished to have.

PHOTO FROM CULVER SERVICE

A Grolier Binding

It is not difficult to understand why William Henry's father accepted his boy's story so easily. Remember, those were the days of stern virtues. A son brought up to respect his parents was expected to tell the truth. When the elder Ireland, being a man of substantial reputation, showed the manuscripts to his friends and repeated his son's story, it was accepted. Spurred on by his apparent success in deceiving his father and many visitors, the young forger began to lose his head and daily grew more daring. Under cover of secrecy, in a lonely room where he was apprenticed, he had the temerity not only to forge Shakespeare's signature to documents but to invent an autograph confession of faith for him. This met with success, and he proceeded to compose love lyrics to Anne Hathaway, in the name of the great poet. Here is one of them, in which he inclosed a lock of "thye Willys" hair. It is addressed to Anna Hatherrewaye, and reads as follows:

Deareste Anna: As thou haste alwaye founde mee toe mye Worde moste trewe soe thou shalt see I have stryctlye kepte mye promyse I praye you perfume thys mye poore Locke withe thye balmye Eyases forre thenne indeede shalle Kynges themmeselves bowe ande pay homage toe itte I doe assure thee no rude hande hathe knottedde itte thye Willys alone hathe done the worke Neytherre the gyldedde bawble thatte envyronnes the heade of Majestye noe norre honourres moste weyghtye wulde give mee halfe the joye as didde thysse mye lyttle worke forre thee The feelinge thatte dydde neareste approache untoe itte was thatte whiche commethe nygheste untoe God meeke and Gentle Charytye forre thatte Virrtue O Anna doe I love doe I cheryshe thee inne mye hearte forre thou arte ass a talle Cedarre stretchynge forthe its branches ande succourynge smaller Plants fromme nyppynge Winneterre orr the boysterouse Wyndes Farewelle toe Morrowe bye tymes I wille see thee tille thenne Adewe sweete Love

Thyne everre
WM SHAKSPEARE.

ANNA HATHERREWAYE

Forging His Own Forgeries

Sometime later he made an almost entire transcript of Lear, and a few leaves from Hamlet too! In Hamblette, as he quaintly called it, he boldly introduced variations in the text, which many of the most learned men of the time read without doubting their authenticity. Boswell, Doctor Johnson's famous biographer, called at the Ireland home one day, inspected the manuscripts, then knelt down before them, enthusiastically kissing a paper here and there as he thanked God for letting him live to see them. However, there was one doubting Thomas, who refused to believe, almost from the beginning of the "discoveries," that there was an iota of truth concerning their origin. His name was Edmond Malone. He was the one literary critic who did not make a fool of himself at any time during a controversy which later developed to a furious degree, and resulted in a full published confession from Ireland.

Young Ireland's final burst of inspiration led him to write a pretended play of Shakespeare, entitled Vortigern and Rowena. This was the straw which eventually broke the camel's back, but not until Sheridan had produced it, with two of the foremost players of the day—John Philip Kemble and Mrs. Jordan—appearing in the leading rôles.

Ireland appealed to me not because he was a forger but because of a certain further cleverness. When he was discovered and his misdeeds revealed to a curious world, there suddenly sprang up a great demand to behold all the handiwork of this delectable young villain. People in England, and collectors and curio seekers everywhere, wanted to own specimens of his fraudulent but interesting papers. They were so much in demand that he was kept busy from morning to night making forgeries of his own forgeries.

Queer Kinks

The sudden demand was not for Shakespeare's own letter to Anne Hathaway but for Ireland's original imaginary manuscript. What, then, could the poor fellow do? He just had to sit himself down and ply his trade as long as his supply of old paper and precious ink held out.

It was these humorous and at the same time dramatic facts which touched my imagination as a collector. I wanted Ireland's original forgeries, not his double and triple fabrications. I naturally wanted the original manuscript of Vortigern, the one the lovely Mrs. Jordan had reverently held in her adoring—and adorable—hands. I thought I knew where they were—in the collection of the Marquis of Blandford, to whom they were sold many years ago. Imagine my surprise when I purchased the library of Marsden J. Perry, of Providence, to discover in his world-famed collection the actual forgeries not only of Vortigern but King Lear and Hamlet as well. Here were the original documents which had deceived some of the choicest minds in England. Looking further, I also found the first draft of Ireland's Confession. I have the actual drafts with which Richard Brinsley Sheridan was so delighted; the very pages from which Kemble studied the part of Vortigern, and before which Boswell knelt, "a tumbler of warm brandy and water" at his side.

Ireland was not the first spectacular forger of tender years. In his Confessions he speaks of having been influenced by reading of Thomas Chatterton's career. Chatterton was an English youth who kept the literary world titillating twenty-five years earlier. It is a strange thing, this psychologic kink which sometimes forms in the brains of very young men. Why they should risk bringing the world about their ears through impersonating the famous dead, when they have brains and originality of their own, no one knows.

Poor Chatterton! His is the only great genius which has come to light through the

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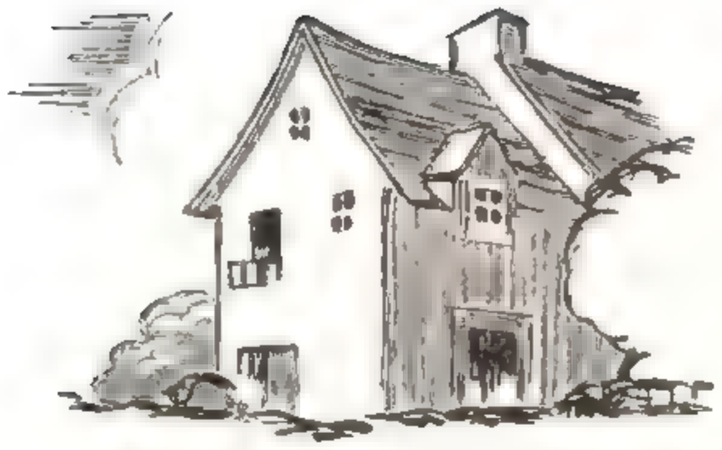

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art of forgery. He began writing when he was sixteen, and almost from the beginning produced some of the finest poetry in the history of eighteenth century literature. Perhaps he was unhappily shy, as boys often are at that age; or he may have suffered from some gloomy mental obsession. His manner of screening his identity when these remarkable poems first appeared has caused many a student to pause and wonder. Chatterton's first writings appeared with an accompanying explanation. He said his father had found them years before in an ancient chest belonging to the Church of St. Mary Redcliffe at Bristol. The verses were supposed to have been signed by Thomas Rowley, a monk who had lived in that neighborhood during the fifteenth century. Chatterton, according to his story, had merely copied them. At first, this story was accepted, while critics praised the undeniable beauty of the lines. Then some contemporary littérateur called attention to the incorrect usage of Anglo-Saxon words of Rowley's day, and suspicion hovered over Chatterton. It was soon charged that Chatterton had written the poems of Rowley, using a certain dictionary, from which he chose Anglo-Saxon words in order to create the atmosphere and flavor of antiquity.

Among his critics were Horace Walpole and his two poet friends, Mason and Gray. The boy was accused of downright forgery when it was further noted that the poem which Chatterton brought out as the "Battle of Hastings wrote by Turgot the Monk, in the tenth century, and translated by Thomas Rowlie," was wrongly dated. This bit of carelessness on Chatterton's part increased the hue and cry of ridicule. The Battle of Hastings, as every English schoolboy knew, did not take place until the eleventh century! And here the poetic Turgot was relating its history one century before it happened. The goading of Walpole and his acolytes finally drove Chatterton to commit suicide when he was only eighteen years of age.

What a loss it was to England!

New Pages for Old

Walpole, seated in his comfortable library at Strawberry Hill, surrounded by his precious books and his precious ladies, recognized Chatterton's works as forgeries, but did not recognize his superb genius. A few of the inspired lines of Chatterton's poems are worth all the famous letters which Walpole so elegantly wrote for a large public, including himself. Although we search with zest after the delightful mud stream that runs so naughtily through Walpole's correspondence, with its scandal and veiled allusions, we can never forgive his treatment of poor Chatterton.

Although not quite in the same class as a forgery, a quaint and equally difficult sister art has gradually sprung into existence, called the facsimile page. Not that I mean to imply that the making of such pages is always done with an intent to deceive. There is a concern in London which supplies missing pages on order for any book you may have—a business that is done quite openly. Suppose you own a copy of the first edition of one of Shakespeare's folios, in which either the title or last page is missing. If you don't happen to be too fastidious and have merely the collector's love for the complete—without his obsession for the perfect, as well—you could take your first folio to this firm and in a short time receive a perfect page made to match the others of your book. Only the connoisseur and you yourself would know the difference.

Owing to the assistance of the camera today and the modern processes of engraving, it is not difficult to reproduce the printed word as it first appeared several centuries ago. The snag comes, however, in finding a paper that is exactly contemporaneous with the book itself. This London house happens to have a large and wonderful collection of old papers, taken chiefly from the flyleaves of early volumes. There are many unscrupulous dealers in the world, even in New York, who do not acknowledge to their customers that a book which they offer as genuine is made up in this manner. Any reputable firm would immediately call attention to it. One not quite so particular, with the naïveté of a child, always pleads, when caught, that he was ignorant of the guilty leaf, not being an expert himself. And yet he had ordered the damning page from the London house of facsimiles.

Page Mr. Holmes

But sometimes it is almost impossible to tell which pages in a book are facsimile. About seventy-five years ago there was an expert in this line in England by the name of Harris. With the greatest dexterity and cunning, he made leaves for incomplete books, which exactly duplicated the original ones. In those days such work was tedious and had to be accomplished entirely by hand, as it was long before the era of modern photographs. Harris' work was in constant demand. An amusing story is told among booksellers of an order Harris executed for a celebrated collector whose copy of Caxton's History of Troy had two pages missing. Five years later the collector called on Harris. He took this Caxton from his pocket and showed it to him. It was with the greatest difficulty that Harris himself could determine which two leaves were his. In fact, he had to verify them by his records.

If there are great holes or tears in old pages they can be filled in in such a marvelous manner as almost to defy detection. Here again the literary detective enters to discover a clew and solve the mystery. The fellow must have a specialized sense for this sort of thing, just as a born newspaperman has a nose for news. The true literary detective will tell you at a glance if anything is wrong with a printed page. This is a rare faculty, and in the book business amounts almost to genius. Some booksellers are never able to tell, during their entire careers, which are facsimile pages and which aren't. Only a few are adept at it.

Another trick is to supply original covers when they are missing from old and precious volumes. Sometimes a copy of an English classic appears in the auction room minus its blue, or gray, or yellow paper wrappers. In the twinkling of an eye brand-new ones are supplied, aged by the miraculous antiquer, and offered as being in pristine, immaculate state, "very rare in its original paper binding."

Then, to enhance the illusion, an old signature is added to the cover and perhaps the price, "tuppence," written in an old hand. It takes Sherlock Holmes himself to detect these impostures.

I know a gentleman in London who is so expert that he goes on a scent like a setter after a bird. But the real safeguard for the collector is to buy his books not from the transient individual who has two or three bargains to offer but from the man who is known first of all for his reputable dealing. Then collecting is sheer delight.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Doctor Rosenbach, as told to Avery Strakosch. The next will appear in an early issue

An Announcement to the Clothing Wearers of America

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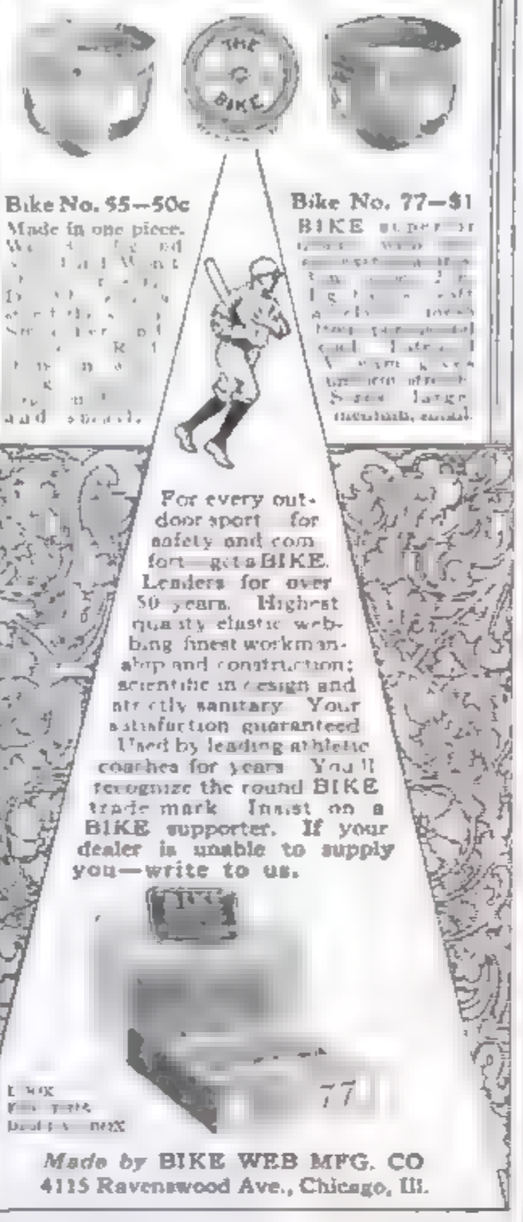
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HOW TO KEEP HOUSE ON A MILLION DOLLARS A YEAR

(Continued from Page 9)

silk stockings, with gilt buckles on his shoes, knee breeches and a livery sparkling with gold buttons, directs the gentlemen to the library on the left. The ladies ride in the elevator to the dressing room on the third floor.

When the gentleman emerges from the library another footman, bearing a silver tray, steps up to him. The gentleman selects a small envelope with his name on it, and opening it, he sees what lady he is to take in to dinner. Then the gentleman mounts the imposing curving staircase, on each landing of which there is a great bronze *torchère* with enormous lighted candles in it, and a handsome footman. These footmen have no duties, but are just for show. Every great family always kept on hand sixteen to twenty extra liveries for all the extra footmen that were necessary at parties.

The Prewar Menu

On the second floor the gentleman waits at the elevator for his lady to come down from the dressing room. Presently she steps out of the elevator. They move together toward the ballroom, which is on this second floor. The family butler is there, just outside the ballroom door. Of course he knows them. But if perchance he does not, he murmurs, "The name, sir?" The butler then steps into the ballroom and calls out in a definite loudish voice, "Mr. and Mrs. John Jacob Astor!" Then these two are greeted by the host and hostess, who stand just inside the ballroom door.

Mrs. Fish's demeanor during this ceremony was characteristic. She was so impatient, so in a hurry, so anxious to get it over with. No matter how important the guest—if it were the King of England himself—she would say, in a tone of hurried exasperation, her black eyes opaque and without the slightest welcoming light in them, "Howdy-do—howdy-do," and push them almost forcibly on to Mr. Fish, turning herself to the next couple, with a look of annoyance. "Howdy-do—howdy-do" again. She was always crazy to get things going.

Mrs. Herman Oelrichs and Mrs. Belmont in greeting guests were much the same—businesslike and impatient. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., who was a great beauty, and Mrs. Ogden Mills and many other hostesses, were more elegant, and, I am quite sure, did not approve of the somewhat hoydenish school of Mrs. Fish and Mrs. Oelrichs. Mrs. Ogden Mills particularly was so distinguished, so graceful and charming. When she pressed your hand as you stepped into her ballroom, she was deliberate even for that second, and you would feel with a rush: "Oh, there is kindness and hospitality here!"

After the guests had assembled they stood around in the ballroom talking rather dully in the usual preprandial way. It was a large room with tall French windows, a Fragonard ceiling full of flying cupids and garlands, Aubusson rugs and polar-bear rugs, tall mirrors surmounted by marble busts, crystal chandeliers, and Gobelin tapestry on all the chairs and couches. Footmen passed cocktails. There would be no canapé with a big dinner—just one rather slim, well-bred cocktail. This was the dullest part of the evening. Mrs. Fish especially disliked it. She would keep asking the butler impatiently, "How many more to come? Who's late?" A muttering of imprecations. Dinner was at eight o'clock; at 7:30, if they were going to the opera afterward.

When all the guests had assembled, then Mr. Fish, with the most important lady on his arm, would lead the long procession down the imposing stairs, past the tall footmen on the landings, and under the bronze *torchères*, to the dining room, which was on the first floor. Mrs. Fish would draw up in the rear with the most important male guest. Two or three stags followed along behind—these were present to insure a good time for the ladies.

Before the war, dinner was like this:

1. Oysters. Sherry was poured.

2. Soup—always clear and in soup plates, not bouillon cups. More sherry.

3. Fish. With this, white wine—sauterne usually. Sometimes the fish course would be shad, for which three extra chefs had been employed for two days, to bone it and mold it again into the perfect likeness of a shad. Sometimes the fish course would be tiny oyster crabs sautéed. They were especially the rage then.

4. An entrée, such as sweetbreads and mushrooms. Claret with this.

5. The roast, with two vegetables and currant jelly. It is interesting that the roast at a big formal dinner party was always a saddle of mutton. Roast beef never, because roast beef is a family dish. Turkey? Turkey is a family dish too. For every formal dinner the roast must be mutton. At this point, with the appearance of the roast, the champagne began.

6. Another entrée. Ham and spinach was a favorite. This course has disappeared since the war. In these days there is only one entrée, and sometimes there is no entrée at all; but the roast will follow upon the fish directly. From now on during the dinner, champagne was poured all the time. Highballs, also, were supplied to those who wanted them. Of course the sherry, white wine and claret glasses were kept full.

7. The salad. In these days a salad is frequently served without meat, but then, never. There was always a croquette or a hot bird with the salad. More champagne.

8. Dessert. For a party, it was always ice cream served in spun-sugar baskets. The beauty and cleverness of these baskets were an index of how good a chef one had.

9. Fruit. Every table bore great silver baskets of fruit. There would be black hothouse grapes in one, white ones in another. There would be nectarines, which cost then six dollars a dozen, and enormous flawless red-gold peaches, and pears, persimmons and fresh figs.

10. The last thing was the candy. On the table would be handsome silver *compotiers* of candy, and in flower baskets made out of sugar were bonbons. Sugar work—that was the mark of a great chef.

Passing the candy involved an interesting ritual. For the first time the butler unbent to do something besides pouring wine. He lifted the compote dishes of candy from the table and handed them gravely, one after the other, to the footmen, who passed them to the guests.

When the last dish of chocolates had been passed, the hostess, catching the eye of some other lady, stood up. All stood up. The gentlemen escorted their ladies to the door of the dining room, and there took leave of them gracefully. The ladies then went to the drawing-room for coffee and liqueurs; the gentlemen remained in the dining room.

The Process of Elimination

Most interesting, I suppose, and the thing we like to dwell on in telling of prewar dinner parties, is all that part about the fine old wines. The sherry, white wine and claret, of course, were served at a warmish temperature, and so the butler, on the morning of the dinner party, went down to the wine cellar, of which he alone had the keys, and brought the wine for the dinner up to the pantry. In this way it became the proper room temperature by evening. The champagne was packed in ice.

Concerning champagne, Mrs. Fish broke a convention, as she broke many. She always had champagne poured from the very go-off, with the oysters and sherry. "Because," she said, "everything is so dull until you liven them up; I can't stand it."

Of course, people did get drunk at those grand solemn dinner parties. Of course, more than one society favorite would be something of a soak, and since there was so much to drink, would be overcome sooner or later. When this happened the procedure was interesting. Say that some beau indicated, by flopping forward into his plate or by slithering off his chair under the table, that he had had a drop too much. The hostess would give a sideways look at the butler, who, with two or three footmen, would quietly gather the gentleman up and carry him out.

The gentleman was none the less in demand at dinner parties. And when he passed out and the obsequious footmen were struggling with his flaccid limbs, the other guests would be careful to take no notice whatsoever. The same polite disregard was the rule if a guest, in helping himself to a pagoda of pudding or some such confection, knocked it on the floor. It was noiselessly wiped up and another pagoda appeared at the guest's elbow.

Thanks to Prohibition

Concerning inebriety at dinner parties, it is interesting that today, due to prohibition, we are apt to think cynically that never was there so much shameless and unrestrained drunkenness. Yet I am certain that when a guest is overcome in these days his hostess and the others are annoyed with him and feel it is undignified and rude and a nuisance. His popularity is bound to wane. But in those days and even before, when society was more solemn and prudish than it has ever been, the attitude of society toward eating and drinking was that of eighteenth-century England. Gentlemen and ladies ate and drank very much as they did in the novels of Henry Fielding. A gentleman was often in his cups as a matter of course. But since the war, society has become sensible in two ways. It is no longer necessary to display five times as much food as can possibly be eaten, and a drunkard is a real annoyance.

A generation ago ladies were carried out, too, quite often. Everyone was good-humored about it and it didn't cause the stir of gossip that, for example, smoking cigarettes did, or believing in woman suffrage or driving one's own car. One of Mrs. Fish's contemporaries was overcome once at a big dinner. Two footmen and a butler helped her out of the dining room and I hurriedly brought up in the rear. I made them carry her into the library, where there was a couch. Well, a hairdresser had been allowed to stay in the house that night to look upon the doings; for it was one of Mrs. Fish's famous parties, in which she was going to make some other mighty hostess look like a nickel. This hairdresser saw us bearing the overcome lady into the library and hastened forward to give us a hand.

"Oh, one of her terrible heart spells!" she cried, clicking her tongue sympathetically, with a significant look at me.

"Yes, isn't it terrible!" I said. This was our innocent way of trying to throw the butler and footmen off the track as to the lady's real condition. But just then the lady, who was under the influence, as one says, opened her eyes and cried out, "Aha, she's got one of my old shirt waists on. Ha-ha-ha-ha!" It was agony for the butler and young footmen to look as solemn as they are supposed to.

Presently Mrs. Fish came in and the lady became lachrymose: "Oh, Fish—Fish, you are the only one who understands me."

Then Mrs. Fish told me to call Harry Lehr, that tall, killingly funny young man who was Mrs. Fish's court jester and

(Continued on Page 155)

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Every genuine MONARCH package bears the original Lion Head, the oldest Trade Mark in the United States covering a complete line of the World's Finest Food Products
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Ask your Husband what He wants for Dinner
Coffee
Tea
Cocoa
Catsup
Chili Sauce
Peanut Butter
Sweet Pickles
Food of Wheat
Sweet Corn
Sweet Peas
Tomatoes
Asparagus
Spinach
Hominy
Wax Beans
Lima Beans
Succotash
Beets
Carrots
Tomato Soup
Tomato Puree
Plums
Red Raspberries
Strawberries
Blackberries
Blueberries
Loganberries
Sliced Peaches
Sweet Crosby Corn
Early June Peas
Red Kidney Beans
Bartlett Pears
Sliced Pineapple
Crushed Pineapple
Fruit Salad
Grape Fruit
Apricots
Preserves
Jellies
Ripe Olives
Green Olives
Stuffed Olives
Salmon
Sardines
Shrimps
Lobster
Tuna Fish
Crabmeat
Clams
Clam Juice
Clam Chowder
Olive Oil
Cooked Spaghetti
Orange Marmalade
Figs in Syrup
Pimientos
Cake Flour
Grape Juice
Vegetable Soup
Sauer Kraut
Salad Mustard
Prepared Mustard
Pork and Beans
Yankee Beans with Pork
Yellow Cling Peaches
Royal Anne Cherries
Red Pitted Cherries
Golden Bantam Corn
Thousand Island Dressing
Mayonnaise Salad Dressing
Nancy Hanks Luncheon Pickles
Sweet Cucumber Slices (Peeled)
Whole Green Stringless Beans
Teenie Weenie Green Beans
Teenie Weenie Sweet Pickles
Teenie Weenie Sweet Relish
Teenie Weenie Early June Peas
Teenie Weenie Lima Beans
Teenie Weenie Diced Carrots
Teenie Weenie Beets
Teenie Weenie Asparagus Points
Teenie Weenie Sweet Corn
Teenie Weenie Peanut Butter
Teenie Weenie Sardines

"Surprise" Dishes—

New Colors
1927 Stoves
Gray Porcelain enamel tops
Gray legs Satin-black body panels
White enamel warming cabinets
Large white front ovens On newest Perfections and those with Super-flex burners

Perfection adds new zest to cooking!

TEMPTING DISHES that just "touch the spot!" Savory, steaming surprises, hot from the Perfection! Mother makes them often since she bought a Perfection Stove. The family can scarcely wait to peek inside. And mother enjoys cooking more than she ever did before.

Her work is so much easier since she has a Perfection Stove. No coal, wood, or ashes to lug. She is spared much back-breaking drudgery

Cooking begins at the touch of a match to the wick. The heat is easily regulated by turning the wick—high for stuffed potatoes, low for angel food.

Kettle bottoms stay clean and shiny. No scouring! For every drop of oil is burned completely in the long chimneys before the heat reaches the cooking.

You, too, will find new zest in cooking with a Perfection. See the newest models at any dealer's. Sizes from 1 to 5 burners. Priced from $7.25 to $130.

No smoke, soot, or odor with Perfection four chimney burners.

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PERFECTION
Oil Cook Stoves and Ovens

WARNING: *Use only genuine Perfection wicks on Perfection Stoves. They are stamped with red triangles. Others will cause trouble.*

Continued from Page 152

right-hand man, as Ward McAllister had been old Mrs. Astor's. When I found Harry Lehr, he said plaintively: "But, my goodness, I took her home last night from the clambake. I never go in society any more. I spend every single evening carrying Blank home." However, he did it gladly—he and a friend then known affectionately as Jimmy. They carried her out a side door.

Mrs. Fish, Mrs. Oelrichs and their cronies changed society very much from what it had been during the régime of old Mrs. Astor and Ward McAllister. They jazzed it up, accelerated its tempo. Formerly it had been solemn and cruelly exclusive. Its members were numbered. Behavior was stiff and mannered. There were plenty of dowdy and opinionated bores who were allowed to lord it in Mrs. Astor's drawing-room just because she approved their lineage and wealth.

But Mrs. Fish, Mrs. Oelrichs, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, Mrs. Joseph Blair and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., changed all this. When they gave parties their object was fun, splendor, laughter, dash, style. They would have whole theater companies come in the evening and give an act of a popular play. They hired dancers, comedians, opera singers to divert their guests. One change from Mrs. Astor's régime was the speed of dinner parties. Mrs. Fish started this.

Twenty minutes is plenty of time," Mrs. Fish said. As a matter of fact, her big formal dinners took exactly fifty minutes, but this was nothing compared to Mrs. Astor's dinners, which sometimes took two hours. Mrs. Fish had a footman for every two guests.

The food was served with well-oiled smoothness, but it was like a race. A course was put on, and if the diner hesitated or stopped eating for a second, it vanished from under his hand.

The late Elisha Dyer, who, with Harry Lehr, Worthy Whitehouse, Phoenix Ingram and Jimmy Cutting, was one of the famous beaus and cotillion leaders, used to make us laugh by telling how, during the fish course, he had lifted his hand to take a bone out of his mouth and was going to put the bone on his plate—and his plate was gone.

Here's Your Hat

There was an old English butler whom I hired for the Fishes when I first went there—a wonderful man, with that gentle, dignified look between well-trimmed side-burns that you see only in old butlers and actors. He had been a butler for the Cecils in England.

"Madam," he said to me, "one thing surprises me about dinner parties in America. There is no conversation. Why, in England, madam, it was very interesting—indeed, it was a treat to stand behind the master's chair."

I retailed this to Mr. and Mrs. Fish: "The butler is quite disgusted with you all. He says there is no conversation worth listening to at dinner."

"Well, he's right," said Mrs. Fish, and laughed

Another innovation in defiance of old Mrs. Astor's ritual was the custom of Mrs. Fish and Mrs. Oelrichs, whenever they wanted the guests to go home, of ordering the band to play Home, Sweet Home. I think Mrs. Fish started this. According to etiquette, the guests were supposed to stay until the guest of honor had left. That was the signal for the general exodus. But Mrs. Fish would hurry even the guest of honor if she was sick of her party. Home, Sweet Home! Once at Newport the band played it a half hour before the carriages had been told to return. One dowager was furious, so mad that she went out and sat on the front steps and waited there for her carriage, swelling with rage.

I saw her out there. "My goodness, what are you doing out here?"

"I'm waiting for my carriage. Mrs. Fish has ordered us out." Well, I hurried to Mrs. Fish, very much upset, and told her.

"Let her stay there," said Mrs. Fish with airy unconcern. "She'll cool off better out there than here."

Then another time Mrs. Fish herself was at a big party—at the Belmonts', I think She grew bored and fidgety, and in spite of the fact that the guest of honor had not left, she said, "I'm going home."

"Sit down, Miss Mamie," said Harry Lehr. "You aren't rich enough to leave first."

This made everybody laugh, probably because there was so much truth in it. Mrs. Fish used to say to me many times, "Barbarette, we aren't rich at all. Why, we have only a few millions! Most of these people have fifty and eighty millions."

The Absentee Hostess

Casualness also became the style. There grew up a large school of hostesses—and Mrs. Fish was their original model—who worked very hard to develop an offhand and unconcerned manner toward guests. They succeeded. In very smart society this is still the fashion. To give an example, I remember the time that Moncure Robinson, who died several years ago, but who was then a handsome blond young man, and one of the most popular New York beaus, came to the Fishes' at Newport to visit. He had been in Europe for three months, and on landing came straight to the Crossways, Mrs. Fish's villa. He entered the front door. She happened to be on the balcony above him.

She looked down and said, "Are you in to lunch?"

"Well, really I don't know," he said.

"Well, I'm out to lunch. But it's all right. You can have yours here." Never a howdy-do or a glad-to-see-you. She went to her room, he to his. He also went out to luncheon. She put it on so thick, I think he was a little miffed.

I have known people to stay in her house at Newport a week and leave after having seen their hostess possibly twice. Often they would have had only one meal a day there, and that was breakfast, which would be eaten alone in one's bedroom. They would leave without any good-by, only a short note saying, "Sorry not to have seen more of you." Oh, yes, all that was very fashionable.

In this connection I must say that it appalled me, for I am from the South, where for some reason we seem to be so crazy about our families and kin. Where I come from, in the clan you belong to—it may be a hundred people—you can count upon the love and devotion of every last one of them. There are long family dinners; family evenings, with distant relatives gathered around, talking, laughing, gossiping, giving advice.

But in these high-society families—with the exception of some of them, such as the Astors, for example, who as a family are crazy about one another—there never was a family dinner. Oh, Lord, no! Either there was a dinner party at home or a dinner party out. Relatives were avoided unless they were popular members of your own set; and if that was the case you never would know they were kin, because there would never be evinced the slightest extra warmth or feeling of responsibility for them.

Nevertheless, it may interest you to know that society could be excruciatingly boring to those who were so fortunate as to be in it. It is true that the great parties, dinners and balls were splendid; one met the most dazzling aristocrats in America there. But season after season it was the same old thing. In New York during the season, which lasts from January first to March first, a fashionable hostess would give three big parties; in Newport, from July first to October first, she would give six big parties. Then three weeks at Hot Springs to get the champagne and lobster boiled out of one; then the country place, with some more of the same old house parties, same old guests, same old Vanderbilts and same old Astors. It was always

Continued on Page 157

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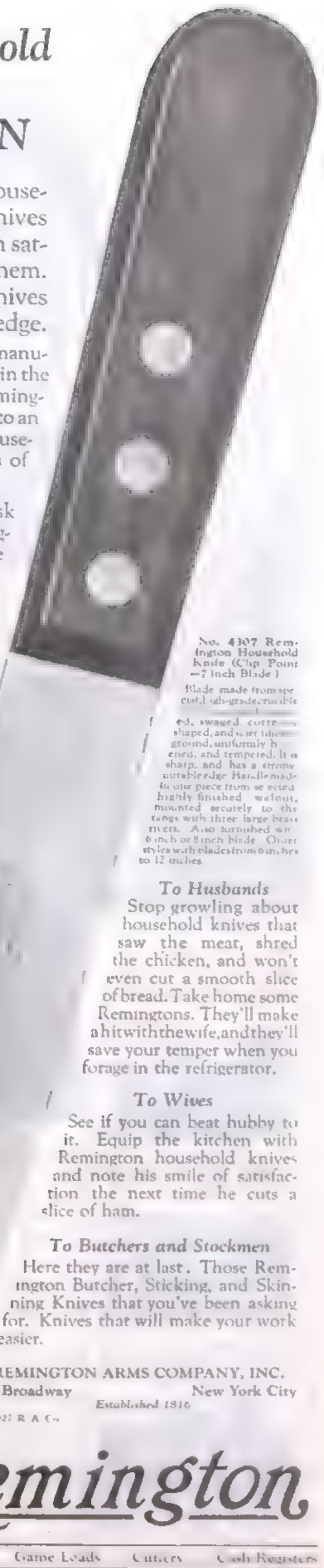
When Remington Household and Butcher Knives come into the kitchen satisfaction comes with them. For here are sharp knives that will hold a keen edge.

Remington is the largest manufacturer of pocket cutlery in the world. The fame of Remington pocket knives has led to an insistent demand for household and butcher knives of equally high quality.

Go to your dealer and ask to see his line of Remington knives. They are made with various shaped blades in lengths from 6 to 12 inches. All have beautifully finished, one-piece, walnut handles, secured by three large brass rivets. More than 40,000 dealers sell Remington Cutlery. If your dealer cannot supply you, write for a circular and the name of one who can.



No. 4307 Remington Household Knife (Clip Point —7 inch Blade)

Blade made from special high-grade crucible steel, swaged, correctly shaped, and ... ground, uniformly hardened, and tempered. It is sharp, and has a strong durable edge. Handle made in one piece from selected highly finished walnut, mounted securely to the tange with three large brass rivets. Also furnished with 6 inch or 8 inch blade. Other styles with blades from 6 inches to 12 inches.

To Husbands

Stop growling about household knives that saw the meat, shred the chicken, and won't even cut a smooth slice of bread. Take home some Remingtons. They'll make a hit with the wife, and they'll save your temper when you forage in the refrigerator.

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See if you can beat hubby to it. Equip the kitchen with Remington household knives and note his smile of satisfaction the next time he cuts a slice of ham.

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Here they are at last. Those Remington Butcher, Sticking, and Skinning Knives that you've been asking for. Knives that will make your work easier.

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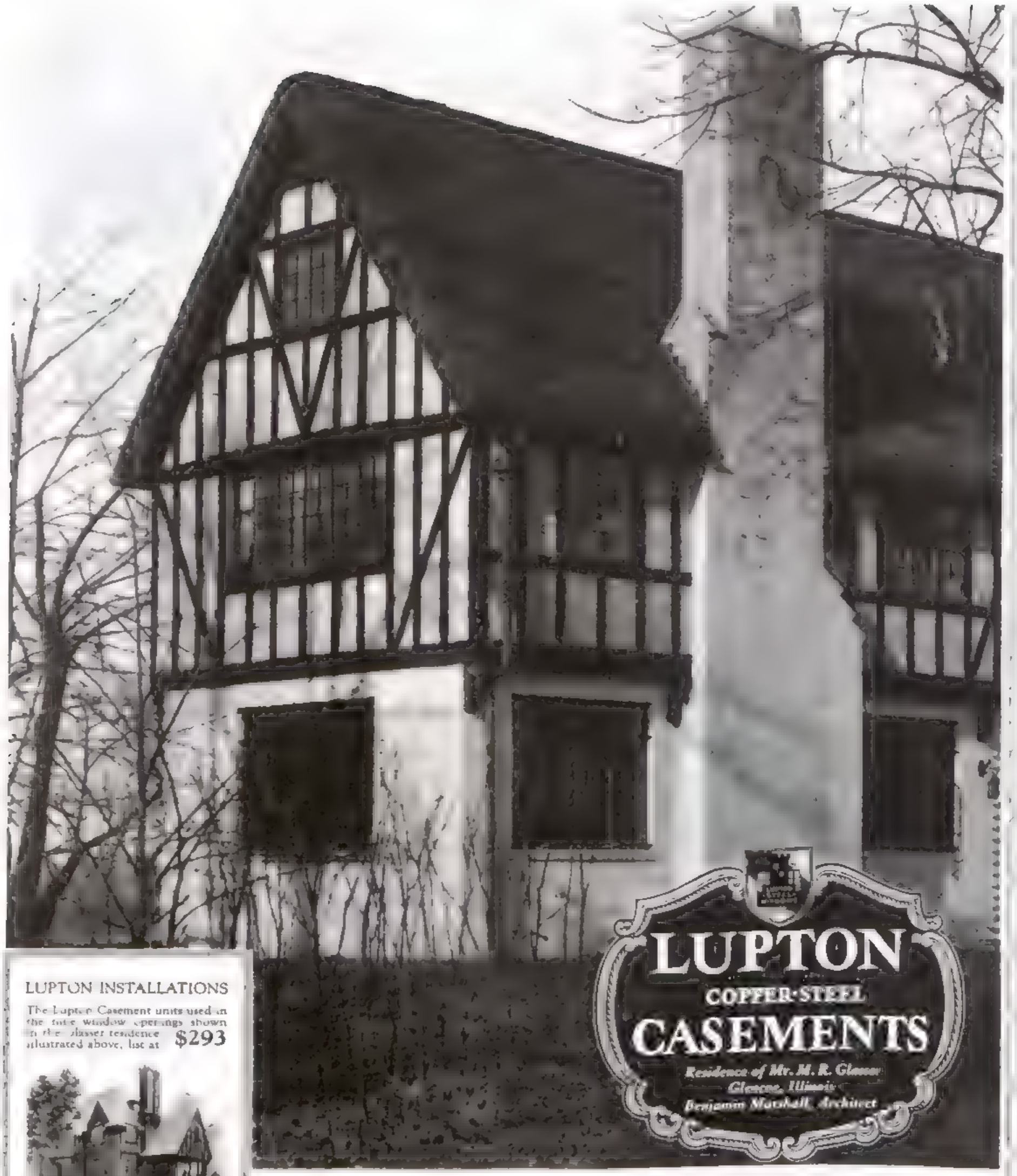
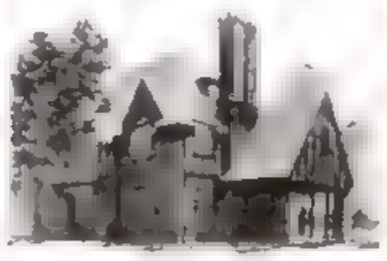


LUPTON INSTALLATIONS

The Lupton Casement units used in the nine window openings shown in the Glasser residence illustrated above, list at **$293**



Plenty of beautiful windows in this substantial home. The Lupton Casements cost **$360**

Lupton Casements were the correct choice for this house. The cost of the windows was but **$452**

Ledge-stone house in approved historical manner. Harmonious Lupton Casements cost **$598**

IN EVERY ROOM AT LITTLE COST

IT takes only a small investment to install Lupton Steel Casements throughout your home. And once you have these modern windows, you will enjoy their extra comfort and beauty in every room for years to come.

Responsive to your hand's lightest touch, Lupton Casements swing easily open or shut. Their snug fit does not vary with the season: when closed they are weather-tight. Due to their rigidly-welded frames of copper-steel, Lupton windows do not stick, leak, nor rattle.

You can easily afford Lupton Steel Casements in your home. Their notably low cost makes it possible to install them in every room for little money. To be convinced of this, just check your window requirements against the typical Lupton installations shown at the left.

You will be interested in our new illustrated booklet "How Windows Can Make Better Homes." We'll gladly send you a copy, upon request.

Lupton Steel Basement Windows give a bright, airy and usable basement. Made in 5 stock sizes.

This Unit 15x8 lists at $22.50 with hardware, without glass

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are moderately priced windows suitable for schools and office buildings. They provide ventilation without draft and give protection from rain even when open. The double unit P-3y here illustrated lists at $62.00

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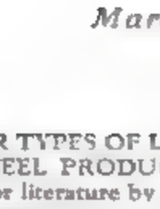
Practical steel windows for office buildings, hotels, hospitals and apartments. Weather right and easy to operate. A typical 2 unit 4'x5' lists at $33



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The standard steel windows for all business buildings. Made in 40 stock sizes. Get them from your dealer. Unit shown here lists at $11.60.

Pond Roof Design

Makes use of natural laws to give any industrial building good daylighting and even ventilation, and so increases plant production

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in Pond A-Frames give more light and ventilation for less money than skylights with ventilating sash. Use Pond Operating Device, reversible type, for all sash operating purposes

Lupton Auto Parts Storage Systems and Display Counter

promote good service, conserve space, display the merchandise and add to the profits of the auto dealer

Steel Store Shelving

The modern space-saving and practical equipment for displaying and storing merchandise in hardware and other stores.

Lupton Elbows, Eaves-Trough, Conductor Pipe

are correctly designed, uniform sizes, readily telescoping for easy assembly. Specify them when you build.

Prices slightly higher in South & West

(Continued from Page 155

the same, the beaten track round and rock.

"Same old food, same old faces, same old cakes," Mrs. Fish used to say to me, and comment rather plaintively on how she had eaten the same old cakes at Egerton Winthrop's for thirty years. You see, he had had the same old chef all that time—a wonderful chef, of course, but just the same you got to know his stuff.

Now the Old Guard may mourn over the fact that the social bars have been let down and that the Four Hundred is an amorphous and indefinable mass of at least four thousand. But really it is a blessing, most of all for members of the Four Hundred themselves, that society is no longer a small sterile group, because now they don't have to endure that really dreadful ennui and sameness. There are new faces and new cakes in these days.

The Old Order Changeth

Today, hostesses, when they give a party, call upon caterers. But twenty years ago it was a matter of pride to have all the food cooked in one's own house by one's own retainers. For example, the Fishes went to Washington in 1905 for a big international railroad convention. Stuyvesant Fish, Sr., was a railroad magnate—the president of the Illinois Central—and he wished to be present to help entertain the many distinguished foreign delegates. So we went to Washington that spring, renting the David Morgan house, which was across from the White House. Although we were to be there only one month, the entire Fish household, down to the last kitchen maid, went. And it was a matter of pride to us all that within three days we were giving the grandest kind of party—a reception for 1000 people. Every bit of the food had been prepared in the house by ourselves. Things were running without a hitch.

Now it takes a woman with a very strong personality to ride above the unwieldy organization of servants that it is her good fortune—if you look at it that way—to have working for her. Most great hostesses have no fun at all, any more than a woman with five young children and no maid has fun. Their lives are full of exasperation and petulance and worry. If you associate with them you hear a continual plaint about "opening the Newport house" and "closing the town house," and about servants refusing to go to the country house; they have no time for anything. Many ultra-rich women—because the very rich have a tendency to be spoiled and are often lacking in self-control—indulge themselves in rages against the servants. There are orgies of discipline. They will fire the whole kit and boodle of them, only to have the overwhelming difficulty of getting things going again. Then multimillionaires are so much more loath than poor people to part with their money. The smallest bills and expenditures harass them dreadfully.

No, most of them don't have any fun—that is, if a proper snobbishness compels them to live like authentic Newport and New York society women. Of course, many of the young ones aren't like that. There is a strange and fascinating new generation in society, wiry, husky-voiced, fox-hunting young women who are full of fire and adventure—flippant, kind-hearted, imperturbably good-natured and brave. These do just as they like, always, no matter what it is. But the old-school society woman who accepts her snobbish responsibility as a society woman, has a hard time of it except under one condition—namely, when she is as much of a major general, a czar, as Mrs. Fish or Mrs. Oelrichs or Mrs. Belmont and several others were. Such women hire aides like myself to run their armies and to absorb their troubles for them.

Mrs. Fish, for instance, if we brought a domestic problem to her, would say, "Well, don't tell me about it! Don't tell me!" And we would scuttle off like rabbits.

In a perfectly run house like the Fishes', all the work had to be done by 10:30 in the morning—by the time Mrs. Fish came downstairs and passed through the house on the way to her carriage. She had breakfast in her room at seven—for those who want to know, it was two pieces of dry toast and tea with cream. After her breakfast I appeared in her bedroom and we conferred about mail, bills, invitations. Then she looked over the day's menu that the chef had sent to her on her breakfast tray, and approved it or revised it. Then she dressed. Her maid had laid out her clothes on the bed in perfect order; all mended with exquisite needlework, the ribbons in the lingerie delicately and marvelously pressed by the hand of this Frenchwoman. At 10:30 Mrs. Fish was dressed and went downstairs, passing through the hall to the front door. By that time every bit of cleaning had to be done. No servants must be seen working, except the ornamental ones, like the young footmen in their bright liveries and the distinguished-looking butler. The footmen, of course, before ten o'clock in the morning, had done a lot of cleaning, scrubbing, rubbing of silver and all. The hall girl and useful man and kitchen maids had polished every bit of metal in that great house until it shone. The parlor maids and chambermaids had scrubbed every single floor that was in their particular domain. Incidentally, the maids when cleaning must wear spotless, clean-starched dresses, and when scrubbing the floors they must keep their dresses absolutely clean, being careful not to get a drop of water on them. This is quite a trick.

If there had been a big party the night before, every sign of it must have vanished by nine or ten o'clock in the morning. The little gilt chairs had to be out and away. The florist's vases and jardinières, the decorations—which often cost thousands of dollars—every last thing had to be out, or there would be the devil to pay. The tradesmen who provided such things for Mrs. Fish knew this, and before dawn you would hear the men pounding while taking down the canopy in front.

When the Day's Work is Done

Of course, the individual personalities of her servants rarely intruded upon her thoughts. "Who was that pretty black-haired girl I saw in the hall this morning? Isn't she new?" Mrs. Fish would say to me.

"That is Mary, the second parlor maid. She's been here a year."

I remember that on our way to Washington for that month of social fireworks in the spring of 1905, our entire retinue was on the train. At North Philadelphia the train stopped for fifteen minutes or so, and Mrs. Fish and I got out and walked up and down the platform. A young man raised his hat and bowed to us.

"Who was that?" she asked.

"That's the new chef," I said.

"That child? That little boy?" She was terribly alarmed, because in her plans a great chef was her most important ally. But she needn't have been worried, because that little French child turned out to be a wonder. In three days, as I have said, he had prepared the most marvelous, delicious and ornamental food that I have ever seen in my life, and there was enough for 1000 guests. He and his corps of assistants did it all in the squash court of the David Morgan house. Mr. George Gould wanted to go down with me and look at everything, and said that he had never seen anything so beautiful. There were cold jellies, beflowered salads, molded and boneless pheasants, transparent aspics. There would be caviar in enormous blocks of ice, and in the aquamarine-colored ice were frozen charming garlands and nosegays. On the other hand, all these viands were not like the work of one chef we had in Newport. His first dinner was so fancy, with vegetables looking like flowers, meat looking like vegetables, that Mr. Jimmy Parker finally said to Mrs. Fish, "What have you got in your kitchen, Mamie—a chef or a milliner?"

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A variety of fertile soils and a moderate climate—coal, iron and other minerals—timber tracts—water power—these are some of the natural resources in the South lying ready for industry to fashion into fortune.

And back of these there is the substantial Southern citizenship—of American stock, hard working, homogeneous and contented. Prosperity and progress are as much a matter of men as of things.

Each year many new industrial enterprises are established in the South, and Southern farmers grow more and better things.

The South is a region rich in opportunity for ambitious men and women.

The Southern Railway System, with over 8000 miles of lines, serves the South through the northern gateways at Washington, Cincinnati and Louisville—from the western gateways at St. Louis and Memphis—to the ocean ports of Norfolk, Charleston, Savannah, Brunswick and Jacksonville, and the Gulf ports of Mobile and New Orleans.

The Development Service of Southern Railway System, Washington, D. C. will gladly aid in securing industrial locations, farms and home sites in the South.

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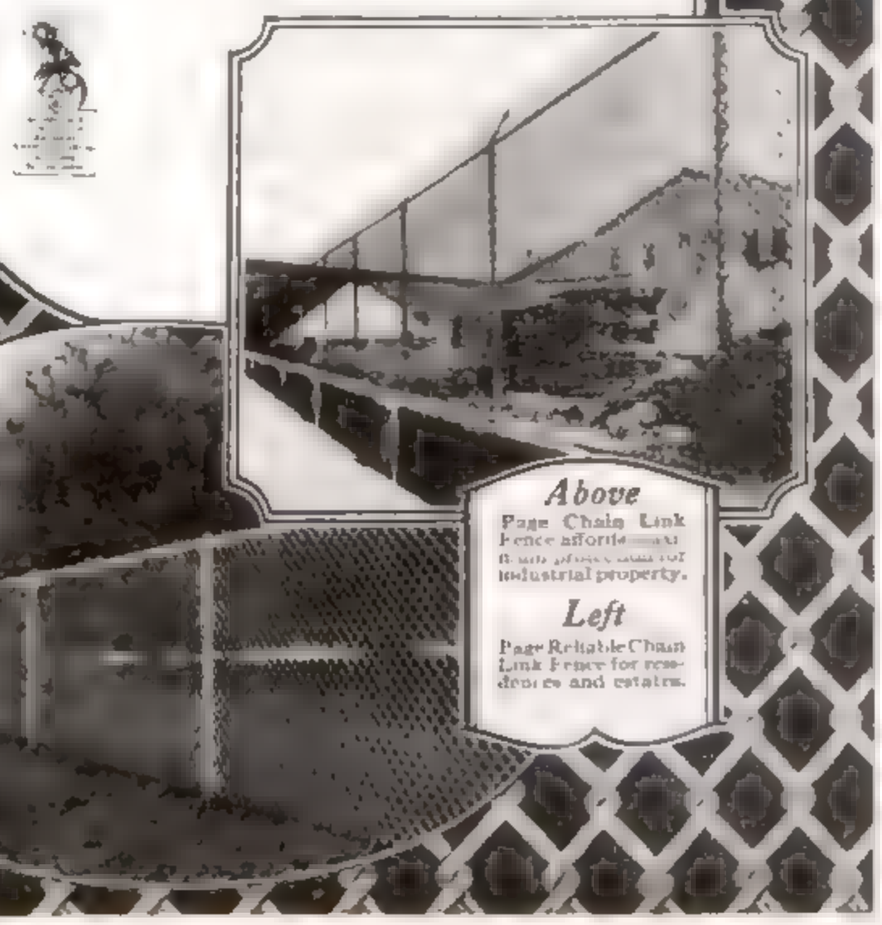


Above Page Chain Link Fence affords [illegible] industrial property.

Left Page Reliable Chain Link Fence for residences and estates.

His work was so baroque that we had to get rid of him.

Although the socially great live with much ritual, with a grave butler and two or three tall handsome footmen always in the front hall to go through motions when anyone comes in or goes out, I can give you an interesting picture of informal neighborliness. When we first went to Washington, Stuyvesant Fish and President Roosevelt were great friends and were as thick as thieves. Mr. Fish had just been down to Roosevelt's place in the South, shooting duck with him, or whatever men shoot. But it was during this railroad convention that something happened between them—something to do with railroads, I suppose, because they had a falling out.

But before this misunderstanding, whatever it was, every morning Roosevelt, on horseback, would go tearing through the streets of Washington, and he would come galloping and clattering up under our porte-cochère.

"Stuyv! Stuyv!" he would roar, so that it would reverberate through the last room of that great big house. And Mr. Fish would go out to talk to him. Roosevelt's horse would be rearing and prancing and clattering and rocking up and down stiff-legged, and all the time you knew that Roosevelt was making the horse do it just to show off.

One morning when Mr. Fish came in the house after one of these chats, I said, "What a noisy man!" Mr. Fish was himself stiffly dignified—a tall, leonine, taciturn man. "Poor Mrs. Roosevelt," I added. "What sort is she, Mr. Fish?"

"Oh, she's very quiet."

"Well, I suppose he's such a rampant, hollering, noisy man that she has to be quiet."

A few days afterward they quarreled, and when the Roosevelts gave a garden party on the White House lawn there was a question in the Fish family: Should we go? Mr. Fish was out of town, and Mrs. Fish said she wouldn't go—not for anything. But when Mr. Fish returned he ordered us all to the garden party so there would be no talk. He himself stayed away.

Of course, in explanation of President Roosevelt's cowboy conduct under our porte-cochère, you must remember that since he was President he could not visit or make a call or go into anyone's house informally and unofficially. So that was why he used to yell for the distinguished president of the Illinois Central to come out on the stoop and chin with the President of the United States.

How Conversation Was Killed

I have shown some ways in which prewar society differed from Mrs. Astor's staid and ceremonious Four Hundred. I want to show a few ways in which society now, after the war, differs from society in Mrs. Fish's day. At dinner parties there is less food—no longer ten courses, but only five or six. Then you bought wine as you bought old masters, and made just as much fuss about it. While I was with the Morton F. Plants they bought the wine cellar of Alfred Vanderbilt, who lost his life on the Lusitania. It was as if they had bought the Sistine Madonna. The Fishes didn't blow themselves for wine. Theirs was just very good wine and nothing more—champagne at sixty dollars a case, and plenty of it—because, as Mrs. Fish said, they were not really rich "like these others."

Conversation was killed by Mrs. Fish and her set. It is still dead, and perhaps that is all right, because, very likely, the so-called and much-mourned polite conversation of other days was very stiff stuff. I have a feeling that it is most mourned by those cross-tag talkers whose eyes glaze when anyone else opens his mouth to say a few words. It was probably, most of it, elaborate rhetorical flattery and strained puns, and then those paradoxes—the kind that Oscar Wilde set free.

In these days if a lady gives a party there must be a great deal of diversion planned, so that her guests will be spared and shielded from conversation every single minute of the long evening. There must be bridge or some professional entertainment, preferably loud music or singing, so that none of the conversationists can get into action.

Mrs. Fish's generation horrified Mrs. Astor's by smoking cigarettes, by permitting professional entertainers like Marie Dressler to sit right down to dinner with the Four Hundred. It is interesting to note that Mrs. Fish and her cronies were easily horrified by anything improper in conversation. Those were the days when people made breaks, when petticoats showed, when people declared they thought they'd sink through the floor from embarrassment.

For example, when Mr. and Mrs. Castle were in Watch Your Step we hired them to come and give an exhibition dance at one of Mrs. Fish's parties. Mrs. Fish said it was all right if they danced, but the dance must not be called the tango. She put her foot down at that. They must give it another name. I suggested the caprice. But no, Mrs. Fish said that was also too suggestive. So I tried again and suggested the innovation, and she approved of that. When I told Vernon Castle that the dance was to be called the innovation, he protested, but Mrs. Fish was adamant.

The Day of Tiaras

Twenty years ago ladies wore long white kid gloves at a formal dinner. They would peel these off at the table. Etiquette demanded that gloves and fan—fans were small lace ones then, not the tremendous waving plumes of today—must be laid across the lap and stay there, which they never did. Sooner or later during dinner there would be a cascade to the floor. This led to the concluding ceremonial of the dinner—the gentlemen on all fours.

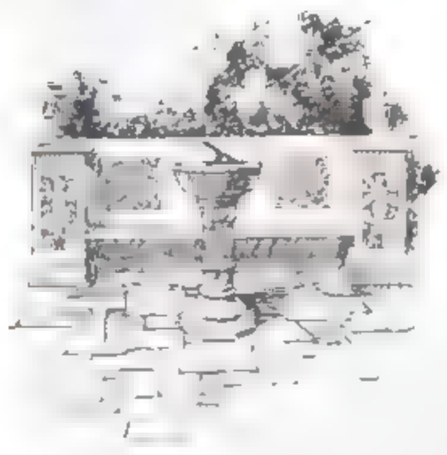
And women were so much plumper then. Evening dresses were malines or tulle, layers on layers of it, which extended the outlines widely. There were also big coiffures, of course. Ladies in society never used rouge -never. It is true that some—even so, it was quite shocking—would put a little rouge on the cheeks, but the idea was to fool people and make them think it was natural. But painted lips? Never, never, never! That would have been utterly damning.

And then there were the diamond tiaras ti-rah-rahs, as a social climber with eighty millions used to call hers. A diamond tiara was the badge of the mature and full-fledged society matron. And jewels, jewels! They put them all on. I have seen old Mrs. Astor, who was a short little woman, in her marvelous emeralds—an emerald necklace with emeralds as big as quarters.

As for low necks, evening dresses were as décolleté as they are now—more so, if that were possible. But, of course, long, many layered skirts covered the lady to the floor, and trains extended out far, far behind. Today a gown is expensive because of its design. In those days gowns were expensive for the same reason that they used to be expensive at the court of Louis XV or of Charles II of England—that is, because of the workmanship on them—the rare antique lace, the sewed jewels, the bugles, sequins, microscopic embroideries on slips and underslips and sub-underslips.

At Bailey's Beach in Newport it had not yet occurred to women to try to be smart and dashing in bathing suits. They all wore long, dejected panties of some serviceable material, reaching below the calves, also sleeves, black stockings, shoes and, of course, corsets. I remember how these corsets would all be hung up to dry in a row behind the bathhouses. The men then made no attempt to look like bronze gods. They also wore glum-looking things with sleeves and longish union-suit-like trunks. As for sport clothes, a lady, when she went down to Bailey's Beach of a summer morning, was dressed exactly as for an afternoon reception—a lace dress over, say, a pink

(Continued on Page 161)



TIME DEALS KINDLY WITH HAND-BUILT THINGS

SOME one has said, and with truth, that there are far more old Pierce-Arrows in the world than there are recognizably new ones. To which might be added that you never see a noticeably out-of-style Pierce-Arrow no matter what the date of its origin.

It is the hand-building that goes into the Pierce-Arrow that gives its engine and chassis this stout-hearted stamina and the body its always admirable style and staunchness.

And, because only the finest of tested materials are used for this hand-building, the Pierce-Arrow is able to contest vigorously with time and wear for many thousands of miles more than is usual for a motor car. ⁂ The Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Company, Buffalo, N. Y.

SERIES 36

The new 100-horsepower, dual-valve, six-cylinder Pierce-Arrow of 138-inch wheelbase—in fifteen body styles and any color option—enclosed cars $5875 and up at Buffalo, government tax extra.

SERIES 80

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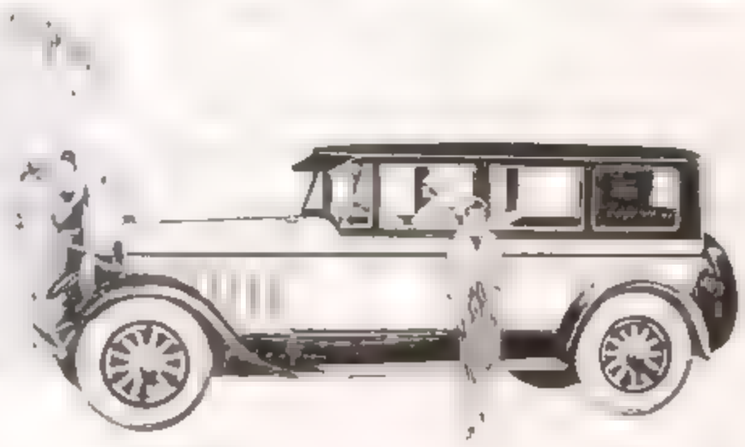
Houdaille double-acting shock absorbers are engineered into both chassis to give unsurpassed riding comfort. The B. K. Booster unit operates the SERIES 36 *four-wheel brakes with a delightful new ease*

PIERCE ARROW



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The Whippet Six Sedan has been designed for people who want something different, something distinctive—in dignified good taste. The striking appearance of this car is further emphasized by the smart Baker Fabric with which the interior is so harmoniously upholstered.

THE upholstery in your car meets with some sort of abuse almost every day of its life—from the shoes and skates of the very young men up to the bulky packages and baggage of their elders.

Baker upholstery fabrics were perfected for use in the home—many years before the first automobile. Close woven upholstery that defies dust and wear—easy to clean and to keep clean—never clinging to clothing, even in warm weather—such are the features which make the Baker Fastex Fabrics of today ideal for motor cars.

Today the mechanical excellence of an automobile is usually taken for granted and the car is judged primarily on appearance. Which in the interiors, begins and ends with the upholstery.

The name of Baker is your safest criterion for judging upholstery—a fact that many owners already know. For when it comes time to resell the car, Baker Fastex Fabrics have retained their hue and sheen—they have thrown off the dust of the miles—they are *still* fresh and clean.

No line of fabrics is richer in variety of colors and design. And only in Baker Fastex Fabrics can you find the many advantages of the close Baker weave.

Baker Fastex Fabrics
FOR FINE FURNITURE AND MOTOR CARS

Baker Fastex Fabrics

FOR FINE MOTOR CARS AND FINE FURNITURE

(Continued from Page 158

silk slip, very high heels, a hat, a veil and a parasol.

Men at evening parties looked much as they do now, except that their collars were much higher and stiffer. The first time I saw a man dressed in a dinner coat and wearing a soft shirt I was scandalized.

"Who is the man in the negligee?" I asked Mrs. Fish. It was James Hazen Hyde.

In those days at dinner the host and hostess were served first; today the guest of honor comes first. But I have often thought that the old way was better, for usually the guest of honor is mystified by the creations of the chef and doesn't know how to tackle them.

A fashionable lady I know once attempted an innovation at a dinner party. This, I assure you, is always dangerous unless you are a very powerful dowager, indeed. Well, this fashionable lady decided to do this: Instead of having individual finger bowls for each guest, she had a footman pass a single large finger bowl with several gardenias floating in it. The beau of the town sat next to his hostess, so he was offered the finger bowl first. He lifted a floating gardenia and put it in his buttonhole. So, as the finger bowl passed down the line, all the other guests did the same. In horror it was soon observed that there were not enough *boutonnières* to go around and the guests began to realize that it must have been a finger bowl. Very bad, and all the fault of a silly hostess. Of course, in society it is things like this that are the spice of life. In society there is no greater pleasure than spreading the news of some pompous rival's terrible break.

For instance, a well-known hostess, when she welcomed her guests at her country place, always had herself arranged, very well placed on the balcony, all dressed up and wearing long white kid gloves. Her manner at this informal and offhand occasion—I have told you how Mrs. Fish greeted her guests when in the country or at Newport—was all so regal, so flowing, so exquisitely posed, that Mrs. Fish and others got fun out of this for years. "My Lord, if she would only take those gloves off!" and so on.

Too Many Bosses

It was Mrs. Clarence Mackay, the present Mrs. Joseph Blake, who first dared to have an intellectual and sensible attitude toward so much magnificence. For instance, after causing talk by driving a car herself, she caused a further uproar by refusing to have the servants—a butler and two or three footmen—in the room with her when she ate luncheon. Mrs. Fish laughed about this, but I think she was a little annoyed at Katherine Mackay's bold independence on this point. Incidentally, she used to like and admire Katherine Mackay and Anne Morgan, but whenever these three were together on a committee or some such thing there was always trouble.

"It's no use for me to try to work with Katherine Mackay or Anne Morgan," Mrs. Fish would say to me when she came home, quite fractiously, "because we're all too bossy." So, when she heard how Katherine Mackay sometimes ate luncheon without the butler or footmen in attendance, she laughed and said, "Katherine thinks they don't hear what she's saying. But of course they're standing behind the screen, listening to every word."

Mrs. Fish herself was so insistent upon high old style that even if she ate luncheon alone, her butler must be standing there behind her and her two footmen stepping softly about to serve her. Just the same, she hated the servants "listening to her swallow," as she said. At Garrison once in a while when she and I were alone she would say, "Oh, Barbarette, today we can have them put luncheon on the piazza." This meant we would be alone. She would be as delighted as a child at this prospect.

Now I will speak of some of the interesting servants in multimillionaire households. First, the butler. He is almost always English. He is very dignified, intelligent, distinguished-looking and highly capable. The butler used to make $65 a month; now he makes at least $150. The butler must change his clothes three times a day. At breakfast he serves the men of the house—the ladies have breakfast in their rooms—in a dark sack suit. At eleven o'clock in the morning he changes into a black coat, gray striped trousers, a standing collar and a black four-in-hand tie. At six o'clock he appears in full evening dress, with a white lawn tie. The butler is always called by his last name.

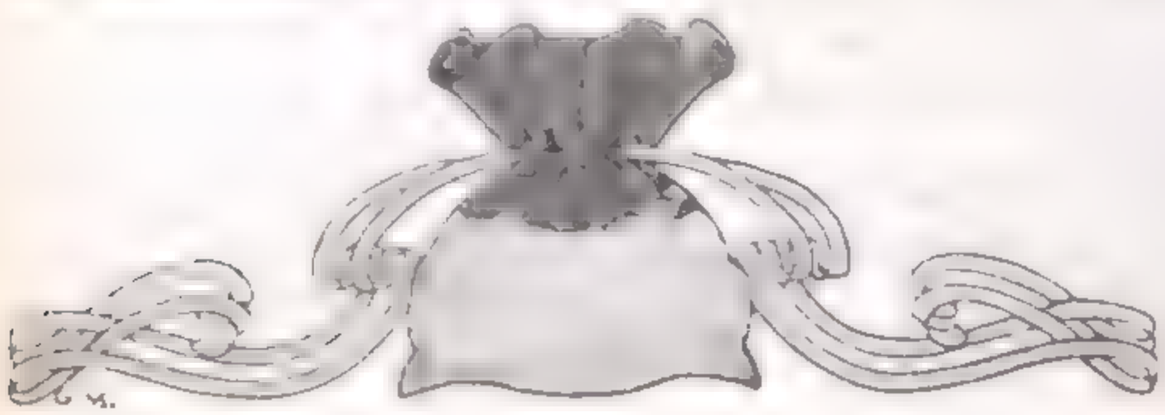
Powder Money

The butler hires the footmen and sees to it that they are always impeccably neat as to liveries, blank as to facial expression, and that their hands and finger nails are as clean as a surgeon's. The butler counts every single piece of silver every night and locks it up—the silver is never sterling; it is pure silver. He has the key to the wine cellar—another important responsibility.

The butler, in counting the silver, sees that every piece is polished to absolute perfection. There are at least two servants detailed to do this every day, and it takes many hours. Usually the second footman is head silver man, and he has a parlor or a pantry maid detailed to assist him. Now if the butler discovers a minute speck on the silver, back it goes to the silver buffer again. If a dinner guest—a lady—has scratched a silver spoon or fork with a diamond ring, that scratch must be entirely polished away if it takes all day. When the family moves from New York to Newport or from Newport to the country place, and so on, the butler buys the railroad tickets for the servants and supervises their traveling.

The footmen. These, as I said, are always tall, well made and handsome young men. Mrs. Oelrichs, Mrs. Fish, the Belmonts, the Vanderbilts and just a few others put their footmen in knee breeches and white silk stockings. But generally speaking, knee breeches seem to be disappearing. Long trousers are now almost universal. Once footmen had to powder their hair, but I think there are no longer any of these in New York. Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, 2d, was the last to have powdered footmen. Nevertheless, just a few years ago, when you hired a footman, he would ask "Do I powder?" If you said yes, he insisted upon five dollars more a month, this to compensate for the nuisance of brushing the powder out of his hair every time he left the house. Footmen used to get $50 a month; now they get $95 or $100.

Mrs. Oelrichs' livery was bottle-green broadcloth, with a darker green velvet collar, and silver buttons embossed with the Oelrichs monogram. In this connection I must say that the Fish family had a real crest and took pains to have this crest on everything in the house—on the footmen's buttons, the stationery, the place cards,



Juice of Fresh Grapes for Breakfast

On the Menus in the Best Hotels

THERE it is—Welch's Grape Juice for breakfast—up where it belongs, along with orange juice and all the other fruits.

Ask for it, as a change.

Good—isn't it?

And it does everything for you that you expect of your morning fruit juice. Vitamins and mineral salts and laxative. Food specialists say it prevents over-acidity too and balances your heavier food.

If you need a pick-up in the middle of the morning or towards four in the afternoon, step out to the soda fountain and ask for Welch's—straight or a long cool Welch "ade,"—the fruit juice with syrup and water.

Make a habit of Welch's at home. Keep a few bottles on ice. With chipped ice or ginger ale or charged water it's mighty refreshing. Order Welch's from your grocer, druggist or confectioner in quarts, pints or four ounces. Some of the recipes are on every label.

Free: A booklet of ways to mix fruit juice drinks and the "why" of Welch's for breakfast. Write for it to The Welch Grape Juice Co., Dept. P-31, Westfield, N. Y. Makers of Welch's Grape Juice, Grapelade, Grape Jelly and other Preserve Products. Canadian plant, St. Catharines, Ontario.

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La Salle Hotel	*Chicago*	The Brown Palace	*Denver*
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Hotel Statler	*Cleveland*	Hotel Peabody	*Memphis*
Fairmont Hotel	*San Francisco*	Huntington Hotel	*Pasadena*
The Willard	*Washington, D. C.*	Hotel Galvez	*Galveston*
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Drop a little "Freezone" on a touchy corn or callus for a few nights. Instantly it stops aching, then shortly you lift it right off. Doesn't hurt a bit.

You can lift off every hard corn, soft corn, corn between the toes, and the "hard-skin" calluses on bottom of feet. Just get a bottle of "Freezone" at any drug store, anywhere.

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SpeedWay Hammer Drill users save from 70 to 90 per cent of the cost of handwork drilling in stone, cement and brick.

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Type No. 2 is a light duty hammer drill, weighing 15 lbs. The [illegible] on either direct or alternating current. Extremely [illegible] ceiling plaster, scaling paint, etc. Capacity one [illegible] 800 blows a minute.

Type No. 4 [illegible] described above. Weighs 25 lbs. and operates on direct current only.

Type No. 6 operates on direct current only. Heavy-duty tool, weighing 75 lbs. Capacity one and one-half inch in concrete. Strikes 1100 blows a minute. Adapted for wrecking, trenching, mine drilling. Extreme ruggedness with terrific blow.

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the wash cloths. Also, the crest, with the motto in huge gilt letters, was embroidered in the center of the red brocade upholstery on Mrs. Fish's bed—a great canopied bed of carved teakwood that stood on a broad dais. *Deus dabit* was the motto on the crest—"The Lord will provide."

Salary and Commission

Once a year the footmen go to a tailor to be fitted for new liveries. Liveries in Mrs. Fish's day cost $65 apiece. Now they cost more than $100. As this is an expense, a newly hired footman never gets his livery until it appears that he is satisfactory and will stay for some time. Footmen who wear knee breeches have to change their white silk stockings twice a day, which, as you and I would say, mounts up. A footman is never called Tom or Frank or Gus, but always Thomas or Francis or August.

The chef. Twenty years ago his salary was about $75 a month; now it is at least $200. The chef gets his laundry paid for him, which amounts to $30 a month or so, because when he is in the kitchen he must wear, of course, all white—trousers, coat, and a high white cook's hat. Like the butler, the chef lives out. He is usually a Frenchman. The chef hires the cook—a woman who cooks for the children and servants and prepares everything for the chef's fine hand. The chef also hires the kitchen maids to keep his enormous copper pots and caldrons shining like mirrors. There are several ice boxes in his kitchen; one for fish, one for ordinary food, and one is the chef's own private special ice box. This contains his sauces and secret concoctions and other alchemy, and no one—no one is allowed to open it.

The first thing in the morning the chef sends the day's menu up to the lady of the house on her breakfast tray. When it comes down corrected, he goes out marketing. He is in a neat business suit, and since he is a personable, foreign-looking man, you might think, from his looks and manner, that he is a prominent art collector.

He goes to the butcher to order, perhaps, thirty-six spring turkeys, sixty squabs, besides twenty saddles of mutton, fifty pounds of shad roe. Then to places for truffles, mushrooms, pâté de foie gras and caviar. An important part of the chef's income is this: In New York and Newport he gets 10 per cent commission from the butcher and grocer. Of course, this brings about a lot of skulduggery and connivance between the two. At one place where I worked I was told to keep an eye on the bills, and just the fact that the chef knew I was reading them over resulted in this: They were $400 less every month thereafter.

As for the grocery bills of society, in 1902, at Newport, the first month that I was at the Fishes' the bill for meat alone was $1200; for poultry, $150; for fish, $350—and that was in 1902. Today you must multiply these sums by two and a third; but on the other hand, you must remember that the Roman grandeur and expense of those feasts are no more. Society people do not give the tremendous dinners they did then. Occasionally some lady not socially secure will attempt something big for her debutante daughter, but even so, it will be something that Mrs. Fish would consider an uninteresting effort.

In one house there were always two special dishwashers. No one else was allowed to touch the dishes. Every plate had a felt between it and its neighbor, and the average cost of these plates was $100 apiece. Some of them were $300 apiece. The glass was either Venetian or old Waterford; the china Limoges or Sèvres. As for the silver, if a man or maid was ever seen to take two pieces of silver in his hand at once while washing or wiping them—out with 'im!

The laundresses. Some houses had as many as four of these in permanent service. They were highly skilled. They ironed linen napkins and real lace tablecloths that cost thousands of dollars. They laundered dozens of sheets with borders of real lace a foot and a half wide. And just to give you a conception of the size of the wash, at the Fishes' during a house party there would be 400 napkins alone.

Sheets are changed every day, napkins after every meal. Of course, of course—perish the thought that they should ever be used a second time! And when you sent your rather plebeian nightie to the wash it would come back ironed in minute, exquisite plaits, as though it were of the rarest rose point and just imported from Paris. All the linen, when finally sorted, was tied up into sets with bright satin ribbons. The head chambermaid put it away in the linen closet. This was a large room, and the prettiest in the house I used to think, for it was aflutter with colored ribbons, gayer than a bower of flowers in a fairy tale.

The social secretary. There are few of them now, for the reason that entertaining on a stupendous scale is no more. Now people telegraph their invitations and, moreover, they don't feel that they have to have everybody in the Social Register to a single party. They hire a caterer to get up the dinner, and this saves much work, clerical and otherwise. But twenty years ago, to be a social leader, you had to have a secretary. It was a mark of elegance, like a tiara. The first thing a social climber would do would be to hire a secretary, even though there would be no work for a secretary, because, of course, nobody would come to a social climber's party—for the first fifteen years, that is. After that, if the social climber has been persistent and is rich enough, they will all come.

But to be secretary for someone like Mrs. Fish was real work. Ninety invitations to write—and not on the typewriter, but in a fine ladylike hand; then to keep straight all the acceptances and regrets. I paid the bills every month. On the fifth of the month, always, I had every check written and appeared at Mrs. Fish's bedside with the check book.

"Oh, these checks—checks! I hate them!" And she would sign them all in a frenzy of haste and impatience. She couldn't stand an unpaid bill, and if all the checks were not mailed on the fifth of the month, things were in a state. Each month there was a handsome sum put in the bank for Mrs. Fish's household expenses, and we always spent every cent of it. If ever I overdrew—well, I did once, but over that I draw a veil.

Earmarks of a Monster

For some reason that was not usual, I would be present at the majority of dinner parties, quite like a social equal. I don't know why. Perhaps because I had once been in society myself in Louisville and so had come to know well several authentic members of the Four Hundred before I became an abject secretary. Another thing, I think Mrs. Fish really liked my company. Most secretaries are kept out of sight. I know that many a great matron would tell Mrs. Fish she was altogether too familiar with me and gave me too many privileges. But Mrs. Fish's reply to that would be one of her characteristic witticisms: "Don't be a fool!"

My duty was to squelch bores and social climbers. There was one climber—a man—who was possessed to get Mrs. Fish to his house or on his yacht. But from society's point of view he was impossible—that is, he would say "Pleased to meet you," instead of "How-do-you-do?"; "Pardon me," instead of "I beg your pardon"; "I presume," instead of "I suppose"; "brainy," instead of "clever"; "in the home," instead of "at their house"; "phone, photo or auto," instead of "telephone, photograph or automobile." So that just shows you!

In squelching such a monster I would be told, "Here is another invitation from that old fool. Answer it in such a way that he never sends another." And so I would—like this:

"Mrs. Fish directs me to decline your invitation and will deem it a favor if you will drop her from your list."

The lady's maid. She is usually French, and almost always a devil, the reason being that she has the ear of the lady of the house and so can tell on her enemies in the servants' hall. A lady's maid does not undress and dress her mistress unless her mistress is a climber and gets her ideas from the movies. The maid carries jewelry, when the lady travels, in a small black bag. She wears, when on duty, a black skirt and a white waist, and she never wears a cap. Her wages twenty years ago were $30 a month; now they are $90.

Mothers in Name Only

Now just one more way in which the households of the very rich differ from yours and mine. Among the poor, those of moderate means and the well off, the whole house is organized for the sake of the children, so that they will have attractive childhoods, with plenty of affection and fun. But in society the children are amazingly neglected, or, I should say, disregarded; and their parents, according to the usual standards, are appallingly ignorant and behind the times when it comes to psychology, mental hygiene, diet and the best ideas in education. There are exceptions, but not many.

Certainly among the very rich that I knew there were many instances, on the part of parents, of indifference to their children. I suppose the thing that makes a mother affectionate and anxious and sympathetic is that strange compassion that one can acquire only by helping to take care of a very small child. The very rich never experience this. A child is thrown to the nurses, good or bad, the first day of its life.

In one great house where I worked, the children, when passing their mother's room with their nurses, used to go on tiptoe and whisper and roll their eyes up at her door in dread. "Sh! She might come out!"

One beautiful hostess had an only son—an interesting, rebellious young man. He disliked his mother fiercely and told me that she had kissed him only once in all his life. Another great lady had an only son of whom she made all sorts of fun, and for whom I don't think she had the slightest feeling of affection or maternal compassion. Once, when this boy was seventeen, Mrs. Fish told me to invite him to dinner. So I telephoned his mother.

"Oh, Lord, no, he can't come! Why, he'd look like a fat little toad in a full-dress suit! Ha-ha-ha-ha!"

Undoubtedly, if that great lady had known just a little about psychology, she would have known that her son's fatness, nervous tics, stuttering, eccentricities, were her own fault—the result of her offensive bossiness and jeers.

They send their little boys off to school at six or seven. I used to be so harrowed because a little boy who was six used to tell me how, at school, he cried himself to sleep every night, with his stuffed rabbit in his arms

The girls went to a New York finishing school, where they were chaperoned like girls in medieval Spain, and where they all seemed to become quite fat and pale, because their only exercise was a walk, two by two, a few squares on Fifth Avenue, chaperons on guard. And they certainly can't have learned much, because society clings, longer than anybody almost, to the tradition that girls are through with their education at eighteen; then abroad for a year to acquire more exquisite fluff. Any Middle-western farmer's daughter who goes to a state university is infinitely more cultivated and learned. And so it goes.

But, as I say, society is changing—new faces, new cakes, and so even new ideas are percolating through. In fact, in just a few years there probably won't be any society except a society of social climbers—those painstaking, conscientious snobs who still think there is such a thing as society. Today, really fashionable and dashing multimillionaires do just exactly what they want to, and no longer bother so anxiously about The Thing.

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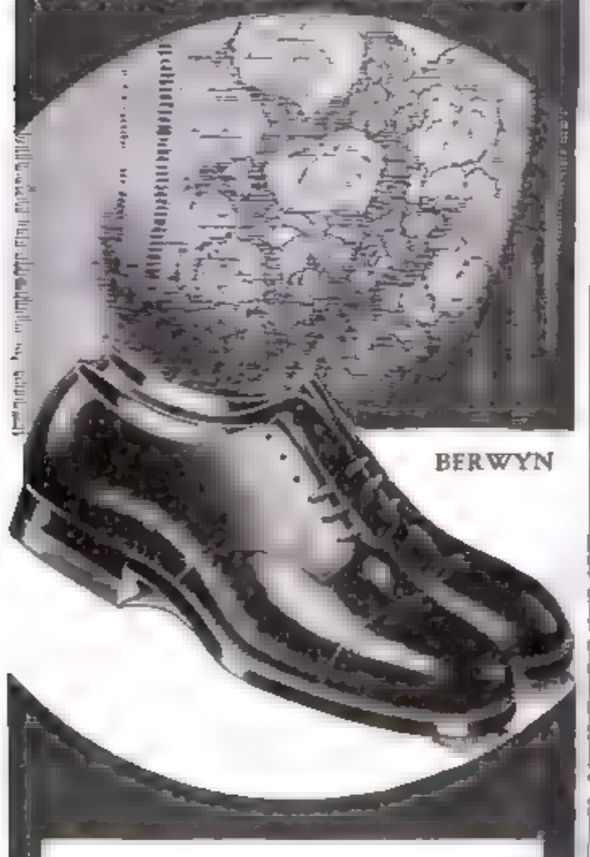

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THIS WAY, THAT WAY

(Continued from Page 5)

Robin smiled. Behind them there was a brighter hue along the horizon, and she said softly:

"The moon's coming."

"Yes," he agreed; and they sat watching in contented silence till the red disk lifted clear above the water. For a time thereafter neither of them spoke. Then Robin returned to Nancy again.

"The worst thing she ever did," she said reflectively, "was last May."

"Nancy?" he asked, and she nodded.

"She slipped out of her window," Robin explained, "in college hall and met Dennie Luce over by the observatory and let him drive her in town to a dance. He got her home just before daylight, and they had to dodge and skulk through the shrubbery to keep from being seen by the watchman. Nancy told me about it herself. I scolded her, but she just laughed at me."

He said tenderly, "One of the things I like most about you, Robin, is your sense of responsibility. Responsibility to your sister, and to your aunt, and to the world. That's the thing we need most in the United States. A readiness for public service. That's what I mean to do. I mean to devote myself to it. Of course, after I've made a success of my profession."

She pressed his hand. "Your ideals are so fine, Charles." She added a moment later, almost pleadingly, "I hope you won't condemn Nancy too utterly. She's really a dear."

"Is this Dennie Luce Richman Luce's brother?" Charles asked, and Robin said:

"Yes. Yes, Dennie's been running around with Nancy ever since her sophomore year. I don't think he's very good for her."

"I knew Rich quite well," Charles told her. "I disapproved of him."

"I've met him," she agreed, and laughed softly. "In fact he gave me quite a rush at one time—when I was a junior. He's frightfully dissipated, isn't he?"

"I should be sorry to see him attentive to my sister," Charles confessed, "if I had a sister."

"He looked dissipated," Robin insisted. "He always looked as though he'd gone to bed at daylight and slept till noon. That curious slow way he had of talking made some girls mad about him." She confessed, "I liked him for a while."

She felt Charles stiffen at her side. "He is not a man I should want you to know," he told her, and she laughed.

"Mercy, he's not a man I'd want to know!" she agreed. "I used to wake up at night and shiver, just thinking of him."

"I haven't seen him," Charles said reflectively, "since a year ago last summer. He was in Paris then for a fortnight, but we did not frequent the same places."

"I think perhaps he's settled down now," Robin remarked. "I know father says he's already made some reputation. Perhaps you'll have to try a case against him sometime!" She looked at Charles smilingly.

"I should welcome the opportunity," Charles assured her, and he laughed in a deprecatory fashion. "So would Rich," he confessed. "He doesn't care any more for me than I do for him. He did some boxing in college too. We were pretty evenly matched, but I think he felt that I had a little the better of him when we came together."

"If he ever bothers me," Robin promised, "I'll tell you and you can give him a terrible thrashing."

"I imagine a word will be sufficient," Charles replied.

Robin smiled at him a little; he was so dignified. "Dennie hates him," she said. "Or at least he pretends to. You see, Rich doesn't live at home. He lives at the Bethany Club, and I think Dennie's jealous. Dennie's father insists on keeping Dennie under his eye. And Dennie's on an allowance, and Rich treats him like a small boy."

"But that's what he is, isn't he?" Charles suggested.

"I suppose so," Robin agreed.

"At the Bethany?" Charles repeated. "I've engaged quarters there."

"Oh, you're not going to live at home?"

"A matter of principle," Charles explained. "I've been dependent on my father so long that I'm anxious to stand on my own feet as soon as possible." His eyes met hers. "Particularly anxious now, Robin. I don't want you to think I'm not impatient."

"I know you are," she agreed softly; and the moon shone across the water.

By and by Charles took her to her stateroom, said good night to her at the door. "We're docking at half after nine," he reminded her. "Shall I see you in the morning?"

"Oh, of course," she said. "My things are all packed but my bag. That won't take me any time at all."

"I'll look out for your stuff in the customs," he offered, "if you'll permit me. You and Miss Pattee needn't wait unless you want to."

Robin laughed. "Mercy!" she protested. "I can't imagine Aunt Alice leaving that to anyone else. Will we be in sight of land in the morning?"

"I'm not sure," he replied. "We may see Cape Cod very early if it's clear."

"If it's too early I'm afraid I won't see it. But I'll be up by eight o'clock, Charles."

He bade her good night, and she watched him go away along the corridor before she let herself softly into the stateroom. Aunt Alice was asleep, and Robin undressed very quietly and got into her bunk. She was, she found, trembling a little with the excitement of this homecoming, with the thought that she would see Nancy and her father in the morning. Trembling, and—at thought of Nancy—faintly fearful too. Men were so apt to adore Nancy—even such sober men as Charles.

IV

CHARLES met them at breakfast, assisted them thereafter in making their declarations for the customs. The ship was drawing into the narrower waters of the outer harbor; in an hour they would be able to land.

"I suppose I'll have to go away with my people," Charles reminded Robin. "When can I see you again?"

"Soon," she told him. "Tomorrow night if you like."

Tomorrow would be Sunday. "I think it had better be Monday," he suggested. "Mother and father will want me with them for a while. And I ought to stay——"

"Of course," she agreed. "I'll expect you Monday then."

Afterward, in the confusion of docking, he was at her side, but there were moments when she almost forgot him. The delirious moment, for instance, when she discovered Nancy and her father, their faces scarce to be recognized through the mist of her tears; and a little later, when she was in their arms. Nancy, she thought subconsciously, was faintly chastened, at once rebellious and demure. Then she saw that there was trouble in her father's eyes. Aunt Alice was already bullying the customs men. Charles shook hands with her father, and Robin introduced him to Nancy.

"This is Charles Waterhouse, Nancy," she explained. "He's been so kind to Aunt Alice and to me."

Charles bowed formally over Nancy's hand, his back very stiff; and Nancy's exceedingly blue eyes widened, and she laughed softly, and she cried:

"Oh, so Robin's been telling you about me!" Her tone was that of one who accepts a challenge.

Charles colored, stammered something. "I must find my family," he protested, and backed away and fled; and Robin said protestingly to her sister: "Nancy, dear!"

"Is he yours?" Nancy demanded. She was always utterly direct.

"Of course not," Robin assured her. "But you might be courteous."

Nancy hummed under her breath, and wandered toward where Aunt Alice was presiding over her open trunks. Robin slipped her hand through her father's arm and followed.

"All right, father?" she asked. "Glad to have me home?"

"Yes," he said, and he sighed. "Yes, I'm glad."

"Nothing wrong, is there?" Robin asked.

"Wait till we get home," he bade her. They were near the others now, and Robin, perforce, waited. Something Nancy had done then. . . . When they went out toward the car a newsboy offered them a morning paper, and Mr. Pattee said violently, "No!" He was not by habit a violent man.

While the limousine bore them to the ferry and while they waited their turn there, and afterward in the downtown traffic before they emerged into the less frequented thoroughfares toward home, Aunt Alice bore the burden of the conversation, chattering gayly. Once, in a momentary pause, Robin spoke to her father. "Tell me," she suggested, but he shook his head and nodded in the direction of the chauffeur. So Robin held her peace. Nancy, like a child in disgrace, sat in the corner and looked stubbornly out of the window. At home, old Martha welcomed them; and Robin, in the arms of this woman whose arms had held her as a baby, felt that she was truly at home. But Aunt Alice asked briskly:

"Where's Mrs. Tole?"

Mrs. Tole was the housekeeper. At the question, Nancy turned her back on them and powdered her nose before the big mirror in the hall, but Mr. Pattee said, "She's gone, Alice."

"Gone? She's been here seven years."

"She—was dissatisfied," Mr. Pattee explained.

"Where is she?"

"She's housekeeper at the Bethany Club now," Mr. Pattee told her. "I recommended her, and they are much pleased, and so is she." He glanced toward his younger daughter. "She says it's a relief to have only men to deal with," he added.

Aunt Alice opened her mouth to ask a further question, then thought better of it, for Martha was still standing by. The old nurse followed Robin upstairs to her room and hovered near her there, while Robin moved happily about, setting her things in order, fitting herself again into the familiar background where her life had lain.

Mr. Pattee had returned to the office; and Aunt Alice rode to town with him, declaring her intention to seek out Mrs. Tole and bring her back again. Nancy must be somewhere about the house, but Robin was curiously reluctant to be alone with her sister. Yet she was full of a fearful curiosity, and she could not question old Martha.

She found Nancy by and by in the sun parlor, half asleep on the long wicker couch there, a magazine across her knees. Her eyes were closed, and Robin stood a moment, looking down at her. Nancy was grown prettier, she thought, but there was weariness in the shadows underneath her eyes.

"Hello, Nancy, dear," she said softly.

Nancy stirred in a fretful way and opened her eyes. "Oh, hullo, Bob," she drawled.

"Well, I'm all settled," Robin declared; and she dropped into a chair near where her sister lay. "My, but it's nice to be home!"

Nancy's eyes widened. "Is it?" she inquired incuriously.

"Of course we had a wonderful time," Robin conceded.

(Continued on Page 166)

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(Continued from Page 164)

Nancy closed her eyes with an effect of insolence, and after a moment Robin asked, "Shall I let you sleep, dear? Don't you want to talk?"

"I'm waiting," Nancy explained.

"Waiting for what?"

"Waiting for you to give me the devil," Nancy told her, and blinked her eyes and closed them again.

Robin hesitated, and then she laughed softly. "Should I, Nan?" she asked. "What have you been doing now?"

"Don't you read the papers?" Nancy demanded; and Robin said in a tone of unwilling horror:

"The newspapers?"

"It's in the papers now," Nancy chanted, as one sings: "You're in the Army now!"

"Oh!" Robin exclaimed. "Oh, Nancy!" And after a moment: "Tell me, dear!" Nancy said nothing, and Robin asked gropingly, "Something to do with Mrs. Tole?"

"Oh, that!" said Nancy, dismissing Mrs. Tole. "Oh, she and I had a row. She said she wouldn't take orders from a baggage, and I told her she'd take one order. I told her to get out and stay out. And she did," she added triumphantly.

And a moment later, when Robin did not speak, she explained in a sardonic tone, "She saw Dennie mauling me one night when he brought me home, and told pa."

Robin said pleadingly, "Don't call him that, Nancy."

"Father," Nancy grudgingly amended.

Robin looked about a little desperately. She wished Aunt Alice were here. The older woman had always the faculty of winning Nancy's confidence. "What is it in the papers, Nan?" she asked quaveringly, unwilling not to know, yet at the same time afraid to hear the tale.

Nancy stirred where she lay; she turned on her side so that her back was toward Robin, and she rested her head on her arm. Her tones were faintly muffled.

"It was beastly bad luck, that's all," she told Robin.

"What was?" Robin insisted.

"I went on a party last night," Nancy confessed. "Dennie and Joe Bailey and Kit and I. Out to the Tom Cod Inn, on the South Shore. I'd never been there, or I wouldn't have gone. It was rather disgusting. Women on men's laps. It was after the theater. Joe Bailey had a quart of cocktails, and he and Dennie hit them pretty hard, and Kit liked the place. I couldn't pull out very well ——"

She fell silent; and Robin said soberly, "You didn't have to go, Nan."

Nancy laughed bitterly. "Don't start yet," she warned Robin. "You don't know the half of it." She sat up angrily. "Just the same, it was a rotten break. The Tom Cod's been running all summer and never been bothered. But they raided it about two this morning. Policemen, with guns in their hands, bursting in at the door." She laughed again, this time scornfully. "Joe Bailey's yellow," she declared. "He could have sat still and given a false name. They didn't have anything on him. The cocktails were gone by that time. But we were right by a French window; and he bolted, and us after him."

"Oh!" Robin murmured unhappily. "Poor Nan!"

"It was rather thrilling," Nancy declared defiantly. "We got into his car and started away, and a motorcycle cop chased us, and Joe was lit. He skidded off the road at a turn, went into a ditch. Knocked him cuckoo; and Kit, in the front seat, got a bang in the nose." She laughed somewhat hysterically. "It bled all down her dress," she declared. "You should have seen her."

"But what did you do?" Robin pleaded. "What did you do?"

"I was all shot," Nancy confessed. "But Dennie did the best he could. I give him credit. The cop was half a mile behind by that time. We'd been traveling pretty fast. Dennie got out and grabbed me in his arms and lugged me across the wall and across a field."

She struck furiously at her knee. "He's the dumbest man," she exploded. "I'd rather have been found in the car."

"Did they catch you?" Robin prompted.

Nancy made a helpless gesture. "Dennie lugged me into a chicken house," she said hopelessly. "He says he thought we could hide there. But the chickens cackled, and the man came out in a nightshirt with his shotgun. He thought we were stealing his chickens, and he made us stay right there till his wife could telephone for the constable." Robin was speechless, and Nancy added grimly, "The hens blinked at us. I hate hens!"

And then abruptly she began to laugh. "It was too funny," she insisted. "It was just killing! Bob, I nearly died." Her laughter overcame her; she lay along the couch on her face, screaming with mirth, stifling her laughter, at last, in her arms.

Robin, watching, shuddered; and when Nancy was a little more quiet, she said reprovingly, "But, Nancy, it wasn't so funny for us who love you."

Nancy swung toward her, turned toward her a face now streaked with tears and hot with rage. "You idiot!" she cried. "Don't you think I know"—and collapsed in a huddle of sobs and tears.

Robin sat waiting for the storm to pass. "Did they arrest you?" she asked at last.

Nancy nodded. "Dennie got us out of it somehow," she said. "He got me home before daylight. Poor Dennie!" Her tone was reflective. "I thought maybe father wouldn't find out," she confessed. "But I might have known the reporters would get it. They began calling me on the telephone before breakfast, and father too. And the morning paper had it clear across the front page, with a big headline."

"Headline?" Robin echoed.

"'Find Deb in Henhouse!'" Nancy said explosively.

Robin shuddered. "How frightful! But you came out two years ago," she protested.

"I guess any girl in a henhouse is a debutante," Nancy confessed, and she beat her fists together. "And a dozen people have called up this morning and called me a chicken!" she cried. "If they do it again I'll shoot somebody, sure."

"That won't help," Robin warned her.

"I know it," Nancy agreed. "But if it would, I would."

She stared moodily at the toes of her slippers, and Robin sighed. "Nan—Nan, I hope it's taught you something," she begged.

Nancy looked at her coldly and remarked, "What a prig you are!"

"I don't mean to be hard on you," Robin urged contritely. "But, Nan dear, you've always gone your own way, disregarded all we could say to you. . . . There's Aunt Alice now."

The car was turning into the drive, and Robin rose to go to meet the older woman. She saw then that her father was with Aunt Alice. Of course, she remembered, this was Saturday; he always, on that day, came home to luncheon. She met them in the hall. Her father was sober and still, Aunt Alice fairly bubbling with amusement.

Aunt Alice asked, "Where is the girl, Robin?"

"Out there," Robin told her.

Aunt Alice turned that way. "Come along, you two," she bade them. "Let's get the fireworks over with."

They found Nancy sitting where Robin had left her, her ankles crossed, her hands resting tensely on the couch beside her knees; and her eyes were sullen and still. Aunt Alice without a word bent and caught the girl in her arms.

"But you must laugh, my dear!" she cried.

Nancy said resentfully, "Why should I laugh? I'm only the cadaver! Go ahead with your dissecting!"

"Don't be grim," Aunt Alice warned her. "There are enough sober people in this family, darling, without you and me. Besides, grimness doesn't become you."

(Continued on Page 169)

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(Continued from Page 166)

Mr. Pattee sat down heavily, and Robin stood beside him. Aunt Alice was always, she remembered, on Nancy's side. She listened almost impersonally to the discussion that went forward. It led nowhere, could lead nowhere. After all, Nancy was her sister; there was nothing to do but accept her misdemeanors, suffer as little pain from them as possible. She took no part in the conversation. She had remembered, with some misgivings, Charles. He would see the papers, of course; she could imagine his grave reprehension. The affair was so undignified; she felt that she herself was by it rendered ridiculous, and she wondered whether Charles would take that view. He set great store, she knew, by dignity.

V

NANCY, it was decided, should for a while stay close at home. Mr. Pattee announced this decision, and in forceful terms.

"I've had enough," he said. "I should have put my foot down long ago. Now I'm going to put a stop to it. You won't go anywhere, Nancy, until you can behave in a becoming manner."

Nancy made him a defiant bow. "I'm sure I could find no better school," she retorted.

Her father's eyes grew dark with anger, but Aunt Alice interposed between them. "Don't be absurd!" she told her brother. "But just the same, Nancy, I think it is sensible to give people a chance to forget. If you go about much now your friends will smile, and if they see it bothers you they'll keep it up. Wait until you can laugh back at them."

"Oh, I can laugh," Nancy declared.

"It isn't so easy for the rest of us," Robin told her sternly. "You ought to have some sense of duty to the family, Nan."

"We can't all have a sense of duty," Nancy reminded her. "And really, I think you've enough for two."

Robin said patiently, "You're wrought up, Nan, and unreasonable now." And she smiled and added with an attempted philosophy, "Things that look pretty black at the time aren't so bad after a little while. I expect we'll all be able to smile at this a year from now."

"A year!" Nancy echoed. "You think you're going to keep me in jail for a year?"

"As long as I please," her father said explosively, and Nancy, with an air full of mockery, made him a deep obeisance.

After that, Aunt Alice insisted that the matter be dropped. "I don't want you reminding Nancy," she told Robin. "Nor you, either," she added to her brother. "The child's as sorry as she can be. She's a great deal more distressed than she's willing to let you see. You must remember that she's a thoroughbred, and defiance is just a gesture on her part. She's really broken-hearted. Let her alone. Give the hurt time to heal."

So during the days that followed the affair came to be ignored. Sunday morning Nancy slept late, did not appear at breakfast, came down to midday dinner silently. But when she saw that they had no further mind to reproach her, her spirits quickened a little; and when old Martha came in to tell her that Dennie Luce was on the phone, she replied, and without suggestion from any of them:

"Tell Mr. Luce I'm not able to answer the phone today, Martha."

Robin, at that, caught her sister's eyes and smiled approvingly.

By Monday Nancy was in a softer mood. Monday morning she came to Robin's room in a diffident fashion, as though wishing to be friendly; and the two sisters unpacked together the things Robin had brought back from abroad. They were all that day very gay and congenial, and Aunt Alice, in the intervals of her superintendence of the affairs of the house, made a third with them. For all her gray hairs and the resigned rotundity of her figure, she seemed at times no older than the sisters were.

Monday night Charles was to come, and at intervals during the afternoon Robin wondered whether he would come indeed. She had had no word from him, and there had been moments when she was tempted to call him on the telephone, but she restrained this impulse. If he were horrified and disgusted by what had happened, there was nothing to be done. After all, she reminded herself, he was not committed to her, nor she to him; and if so small a thing as this was sufficient to alter his feelings it was as well that she should know in time. Aunt Alice knew that he was expected, but Robin did not speak of it to Nancy. So after dinner—Mr. Pattee was out that evening—the three of them were together in the living room when Charles' ring sounded at the door.

When he came in his eye caught Robin's, and he smiled in that restrained fashion he had; but with formal courtesy he spoke first to Aunt Alice, bending to grasp her hand. When he turned to Robin, she was faintly confused.

"I didn't know whether you'd be able to come," she confessed.

"Oh, yes," he said.

Nancy spoke to him, "Good evening, Mr. Waterhouse."

And Robin said, "You remember my sister, Charles?"

He looked at Nancy; and Robin, watching him alertly, was faintly startled by something she saw in his eyes. "Yes," he said. "How do you do, Miss Pattee. Yes, of course. I met you on the pier."

The moment was for no particular reason an awkward one, and Nancy, more sensitive to this than the others, said laughingly, "You didn't know then what a famous personage I am!"

He did not smile. "A most unfortunate mischance," he told her soberly. "May I offer my sympathy?"

"Eagerly accepted," Nancy retorted in a gay tone. "I've had everything offered me but that, during the last two or three days."

"That's hardly fair, Nan," Robin protested. "Just because we feel you should have been more careful."

"Oh, careful!" Nancy echoed, half derisive.

"Thoughtful, perhaps," Charles suggested, yet in so kindly a fashion that she could not be offended.

"I know what you mean," she agreed. "Of course I'm sorry on account of the rest of them." And she added, "But if I can stand it, they should be able to."

Aunt Alice rose. "Nan," she said, "I've got to go unpack. The trunks keep coming. Come and help me, will you?"

"Martha will," Nancy reminded her. "I'm not orderly enough for that."

"Martha's too sober!" Aunt Alice retorted. "I need a little gayety, my dear. Come along."

So Nancy, with a grimace of reluctance, obeyed. She said good night to Charles in a fashion most demure. "It's pleasant to know that you understand," she told him in a gentle tone. "I hope you'll come again."

"Be sure I shall," he promised.

When they were gone upstairs, and Robin and Charles were left alone together, there was for a time a little silence between them. Robin was trying to still the vague apprehensions which had been awakened in her by the curious change in Nancy's demeanor when Charles appeared. Watching him now, she saw that his eyes were clouded and thoughtful; and once, when a footstep—Martha's heavy tread—sounded in the upper hall, she saw him glance toward the door, and almost hopefully. She exerted herself to catch and hold his interest, harked back to their pleasant summer hours together; but he seemed abstracted, spoke at last of Nancy.

He was, she discovered, not at all disturbed by the girl's escapade. When Robin spoke of it apologetically he shook his head.

"That sort of thing happens to everyone now and then," he told her. "I'm sorry for a person who gets into the hands of the yellow press."

"Of course, we feel that Nancy shouldn't have put herself in such a position," Robin reminded him, faintly irritated at his attitude.

"But after all," he suggested, "she didn't. It was young Luce who carried her into the henhouse."

"I mean the whole thing," Robin reminded him.

"She's only a child," he urged; and he persisted in defending Nancy till Robin thought she would scream. Even when he came to say good night, he added: "Now you mustn't be too hard on your sister!"

"I don't think you need caution me," Robin retorted.

"Your own sense of duty is so high," he explained. "It's what I most admire in you, but it mustn't lead you into undue severity toward others."

"Thank you for reminding me," she said stiffly. "I promise to be careful! Good night now, Charles!"

When the front door closed behind him she stood still for a while, and her cheeks were hot. Charles was at times a maddeningly reasonable man. She was still angry when she went upstairs.

While she was preparing for the night, Nancy came to her, lingered after Robin herself was in bed. And: "I like Charles," was the burden of what Nancy had to say.

"I'm surprised at that," Robin remarked. "He's hardly your kind."

"Is he yours?" Nancy asked, and Robin parried the question.

"What do you mean?"

Nancy laughed at her. "I mean, are you in love with him, of course."

"Don't be ridiculous!" Robin told her. "We became acquainted and he was kind to us. That's all."

"He seemed very kind," Nancy gravely agreed, and Robin turned, with a certain finality, upon her side.

"Good night, dear," she said. "I'm rather sleepy. If you don't mind."

So Nancy went away.

VI

MR. PATTEE had a fondness for the theater, and on Thursday night of that week he suggested that he and Robin go to a play at the Hollis. Robin, of course, agreed, and immediately after dinner she and her father departed for town. Nancy, although they suggested that she go, preferred to stay at home.

"If I'm to be a hermit," she declared, "I might as well be a good one. And if I went we'd be sure to see someone I know."

"You'd better go, Nan," Aunt Alice urged. "I'm going to be out till after ten o'clock. You'll be alone."

"It won't hurt me," Nancy insisted. "I shan't mind at all."

When Robin and her father returned at about a quarter past eleven, the others were abed; but the next morning while Robin was dressing, Charles called her on the telephone. She took the call on an extension in the sitting room between her bedroom and Nancy's. "I was sorry to miss you last night," Charles told her, and Robin, surprised, echoed quickly:

"Miss me?"

"Yes," Charles explained. "Didn't they tell you I was there?"

"Oh, were you?" Robin asked. "Father and I went to the theater, and everyone was in bed when we got home."

"I should have telephoned," Charles confessed. "But I had dinner at the country club. I'd been playing golf in the afternoon, and I just stopped in on my way back to town."

Robin hesitated for a moment. "Nancy was here," she remarked then. "She might have entertained you."

"Oh, she did," Charles assured her. "She insisted that I stop. Said she was all alone. We had a very pleasant time together." He added, "You know, Robin, I got entirely the wrong impression of Nancy from what you said. She's really charming, isn't she?"

(Continued on Page 171)

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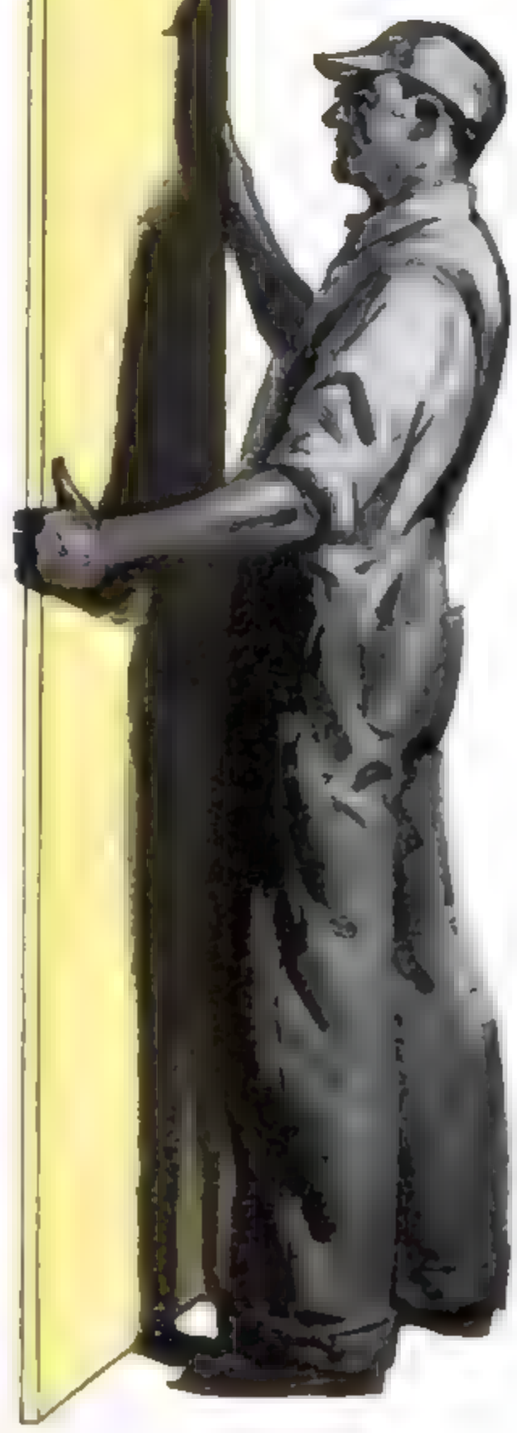

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"Of course she is," Robin agreed. "I never meant you to think anything else." She added quickly: "But after this, Charles, you'd better telephone when you're coming out, so's to be sure I'll be here. I'm so sorry I missed you."

"So am I," he assented, and he added, "Would you care to go to the theater Saturday evening?"

"Why, certainly," she told him.

They spoke of plays, chose the one she wished to see. "I'll call for you," he said, "about half after seven."

And "I'll be ready," she agreed.

Later, Nancy gave her version of the previous evening. "He came about half-past eight," she told Robin. "I was reading some silly book or other, and bored to death with it, so I made him stay. He's awfully intelligent, isn't he?"

"I believe he had a very good record at law school," Robin assented in a noncommittal tone; and Aunt Alice, across the breakfast table, looked at the older sister with a curious intentness.

"I never saw a man who knew so many things," Nancy declared. "It seemed to me he knew everything. I felt like an ignoramus beside him."

"I expect you told him so," Aunt Alice suggested, and Nancy laughed.

"Yes, I did!" she confessed. "I didn't need to. He could see without my telling."

"He called me up this morning," Robin remarked, trying to make her tone proprietary. "He said he was sorry I wasn't here."

"Yes, he kept saying that," Nancy agreed. "But I told him to come again."

"That was hospitable of you," Aunt Alice commented, and Robin added:

"Yes. Thank you, dear!"

She was furious with herself because she was furious with Nancy. After all, Nancy was not to be blamed; nor Charles, for that matter. And what harm could there be in his spending an hour or so with Nancy? Certainly Nancy had nothing to fear from him; and she, Robin assured herself, had no fears for Charles.

One day about a week later she had to remind herself even more definitely that she trusted him. She had spent the day at home. Nancy, although she was accepting no invitations, went to town once or twice a week to shop, to a matinée, or to the symphony; and Aunt Alice went in almost every day. It was a religion with her, for instance, to do her own marketing; and this was especially the case now that Mrs. Tole was gone. On this particular afternoon she came home at about four o'clock, and when she met Robin, who was busy with the flowers in the sun parlor, she said to her directly:

"Robin, I think you'd better look after your fences!"

Robin looked at her in surprise. "Fences?" she repeated. "What do you mean, Aunt Alice?"

"You've done some political work," Aunt Alice reminded her. "You know very well what I mean."

"I'm not a candidate for anything," Robin retorted.

"You're a candidate for Mr. Charles Waterhouse," said Aunt Alice.

"Charles?" Robin echoed, bewildered.

"I dropped in at the Copley for lunch today," the older woman explained, "and he and Nancy were having lunch together there."

Robin, no matter what she felt, sought to conceal it. She waited a moment till her tone was steady, then laughed a little scornfully.

"Why not?" she asked.

Aunt Alice made a helpless gesture. "I've nothing more to say," she confessed.

Robin laughed. "Why, Charles and I aren't engaged," she reminded the other woman. "And even if we were, he would be perfectly free to have lunch with anyone he chose, and especially with my sister. And besides, I trust Charles absolutely."

"That's highly creditable," Aunt Alice agreed. "I'm sure your husband, whoever he may be, will be pleased to have you take that point of view."

"Don't be cynical," Robin told her, smiling affectionately. "It doesn't become you."

Nor, she reminded herself when she was alone, did it become herself to give harborage to the fears and the misgivings which more and more filled her thoughts. In the first place, it was true—it must be true—that she and Charles understood each other and trusted each other. In the second place, even if this were not the case, Nancy was the last person in the world to appeal to Charles. He knew the sort of girl Nancy was; he knew this latest disgrace in which she had been involved; and Charles, above all men, was one to set discretion and dignity and sober conduct high upon a pinnacle. Nancy had no qualities likely to appeal to him. Yet, when Nancy came home, Robin could not resist saying:

"Aunt Alice tells me you had lunch with Charles. How is he, Nan?"

"Oh, yes!" Nancy said carelessly. "It was the most curious thing. We just happened to run into one another. I had to have lunch somewhere, and I didn't think it would matter if I did lunch with him, even if I am supposed to be a hermit. He's so demure!"

"Of course it doesn't matter," Robin assured her. "Did he say when he was coming out again?"

"He said he was going to call up," Nancy said.

So Robin was not surprised when, after dinner that evening, Charles telephoned. He was, he told her, planning to play golf the following afternoon, and dine at the country club, and if she were to be at home, he would like to stop at the house on his way to town.

"Come and dine with us," she suggested, but he negatived this.

"There's a foursome," he explained.

"I'll be at home," she promised.

And he said agreeably, "That's fine! I may not get there till half-past eight."

"I'll expect you," she agreed.

One of the things she had learned to rely upon in Charles was punctuality. When, during the summer, they had appointed to meet at a given place and a given time, he was never late, nor was he ever beforehand. Thus it did not occur to her that he might arrive, the following evening, before the appointed time. She had, during the late afternoon, a headache of increasing severity; and she considered the possibility of telephoning Charles not to come, yet dared not do so. She wished to see him, to be reassured by that which she expected to discover in his eyes when he greeted her. So, instead of phoning him, she undressed and lay down for a while, leaving word for Aunt Alice that she would not come down to dinner, and directing Martha to call her at ten minutes past eight o'clock, in order that she might have time to dress before Charles arrived. Martha was in these matters wholly reliable, and Robin, with a cold compress across her eyes, drifted to sleep, her mind at ease.

When Martha woke her, her headache was gone. "Oh, hello, Martha," she said sleepily, and then asked, "What time is it?"

"It's just eight," Martha confessed. "You said ten minutes past, but Mr. Waterhouse just came, and asked for you, and said you were expecting him."

"Oh, he's early!" Robin cried, throwing back the coverlets. "Is he downstairs, Martha? Help me; I must hurry. Is Aunt Alice there?"

"Miss Pattee's gone out. She and your father went out to dinner," Martha explained. "Miss Nancy's talking to him."

Robin stood still a moment, considering this. "You go down and tell Nancy I want to see her," she directed. "I want her to help me dress." And Martha started toward the door, but Robin changed her mind. To summon Nancy would be, she realized, like a confession.

"No!" she cried. "No, wait, Martha! No, never mind. Help me. I'll dress as quickly as I can."

She did so, hurrying with something like desperation, fighting down her fears. It was scarce a quarter of an hour after Martha came to wake her before she opened her door and stepped out into the upper hall. The rugs there were heavy, the carpet on the stair was thick, her light footfalls made no sound. But when she was halfway down the stairs a word from below halted her.

A word, she realized, that was not intended for her ears. She stopped and stood listening, even while she reproached herself for doing so. But after a moment—in her anguished attention—she forgot to be ashamed.

The living room lay just at the left, at the foot of the stairs. Charles and Nancy, Robin realized at once, were there together. Their voices were low, yet because the house was still they were perfectly audible. That which she had heard, which had first brought her to a pause, was something Nancy said; the tag end of a sentence.

"—— someone I can respect," were the words, and there was a suggestion of a sob in Nancy's voice.

Robin heard Charles answer her. "I know exactly what you mean," he said.

"Oh, I know I've been a little idiot," Nancy told him. "But, Charles, I was only three years old when mother died!"

"You poor girl!"

"Of course," Nancy confessed, "Aunt Alice has been wonderful to me! But she's not like a mother! And Robin—I know Robin loves me dearly, but she is so stern."

"Robin's whole life is motivated by her sense of duty," Charles philosophically agreed. "Robin is unable to understand anyone's doing anything they shouldn't do."

"She's been dear to me," Nancy insisted.

"But you've needed sympathy, not discipline," said Charles.

"I've had nothing to tie to," Nancy told him. "I've just been at loose ends all my life. Just chasing desperately after something—I didn't know what. Always with a sort of pain in the middle of me. Always knowing I was making a fool of myself. But can't you understand? Can't you understand persons trying to intoxicate themselves with life in order that they might forget how empty life can be?"

"Life should never be empty for a person as young as you are," Charles assured her, in a tone of hurt remonstrance. "You've so much to live for. Everything before you."

"Oh, no," Nancy retorted. "No. I suppose I shall go on the same way, always making a little fool out of myself just for the sake of defying those who love me. It's not having anyone who understands. That's the bitter part of it, Charles."

"Please," he begged, "don't say that. I understand. I know how you feel."

"I'm a fool for crying," Nancy sobbed. "But you're so kind to me."

"Oh, kind!" Charles echoed.

And Robin, intent there upon the stair, heard from Nancy some unintelligible sound, and heard Charles soothing her with low meaningless words. "There! There! There! Don't cry!"

So Robin went down the last few steps and stood in the door of the living room. Charles held Nancy in his arms. His back was turned toward Robin, and Nancy's head must have been pressed against his breast, because she was, from where Robin stood, almost completely invisible.

"You mustn't cry!" Charles repeated, and kissed her fair hair; and Robin said pleasantly:

"What's the matter, Nancy?"

Charles swung around with a movement like a start of guilty surprise, and the two faced Robin in the doorway there. Nancy dabbed at her eyes with her handkerchief, and she smiled in a tearful fashion.

"He's so good to me, Robin," she explained.

Robin nodded. "Charles has been very kind to all of us," she agreed. "Are you in trouble again, Nancy dear?"

Continued on Page 173

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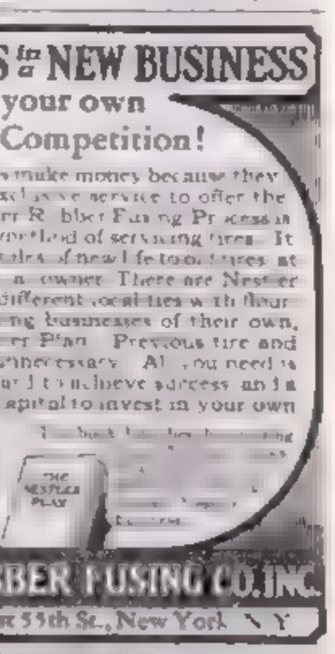

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(Continued from Page 171)

"Just—life!" Nancy told her, and Charles said appealingly:

"I beg of you, Robin ——"

"You beg of me?" Robin echoed.

"Please don't blame us," he urged.

"Why should I blame you?" Robin asked. "Why should I care?"

"She needs someone she can cling to," Charles told her. "She's not so strong and sufficient as you. She needs someone. I want to make you understand."

"Of course she does," Robin agreed pleasantly; "and I do understand. You will want to be alone with her, to comfort her a little more."

"I want to talk to you," Charles protested, making a movement toward her; but Nancy kept at his side, drew his arm about her waist

"You can talk to her some other time," she reminded him, smiling up at him. "I want you to talk to me now."

"Of course," Robin assented. "Charles, you mustn't be absurd. You never shirk responsibilities. You must accept the responsibility of your position now." She added gravely, "You'll excuse me, I'm sure"

Charles looked down at Nancy as though uncertain what to say, but Robin did not wait for their replies. She could not trust herself to wait. She turned back into the hall, ran lightly up the stairs. Martha was still in her room, looked at her—upon this return—in stark surprise.

"Has he gone?" she asked.

Robin's cheeks were flaming and her eyes were furious. "He thinks he's gone!" she said hotly.

Martha's jaw dropped, and she came toward the girl with extended arms, perceiving Robin's unhappiness, quick to comfort her. But Robin turned aside.

"I want to be alone, Martha," she exclaimed. "I want to be alone."

So Martha, a little hurt by this rejection of her tendernesses, took herself away.

VII

ROBIN did not weep. She was too angry. But she felt bitterly her own ignorance and helplessness. She locked her door, and for an hour or two sat still as stone in a chair by the window, staring out toward a street lamp that flickered on a corner below the house. Sometime during the later evening Nancy knocked at her door and called to her softly, but Robin did not stir, and Nancy went away again.

By and by Robin saw that for which she waited, saw the car return; and a little later she heard her father and Aunt Alice come upstairs and go to their rooms. When their doors were closed, she opened her own and went along the hall to Aunt Alice's, and knocked softly there. Aunt Alice called, "Come in!" And Robin obeyed.

She was so white and still that Aunt Alice was startled. "Robin!" she cried. "What's the matter? What's happened to you?"

"I want to talk to you about Charles," said Robin steadily.

Aunt Alice's alarm passed, her posture relaxed, and she laughed in a soft and comfortable way. "My dear," she retorted, "I think it's high time you did!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE EXTRA CONSIDERATION

(Continued from Page 17)

dry toast; but that couldn't be helped. Another fear touched her—she had heard that hard dieting made lines on the face: it gave you a drawn look—and she examined herself for lines with the utmost minuteness. She only discovered that her latest permanent—a bargain at ten dollars—was coming out in less than a month.

That could be fixed, but she would have to pay more for it. Now when Theresa had a permanent it lasted for near half a year. Theresa's hair was like that—coarse and black. It was funny about her what a hick she stayed. Just something out of the backwoods, off the farm. She was a sweet lovely girl, but there were no opinions to her not what could be called opinions. She just had—well, Eva supposed they must be called instincts. They were no more up-to-date than that. All Theresa wanted to do was to get married, have children. The idea of her! She supposed it was Theresa's early upbringing in a strict religious family that didn't hold with the stage. She had ought to get over it—she really had—or it would get her. She'd end by marrying a—a carpenter.

The very nerve of him—Andrew whatever his name was—telling her he was in pictures, coming to see her under false pretenses, and the trouble she took to dress and all! If he came again she wouldn't let him in, Theresa or no Theresa. With that sarcastic look to him. He knew she wouldn't go with a carpenter. That was it. And so he gave her a lie to believe. He was right the first time. He might do for Theresa McAnnis, who only wanted to get married, but not for her. She had her art, her future. She couldn't have them at the studio see her out with a common laborer, a carpenter who stood around on the sets with a canvas apron with pockets and a hammer. She'd hammer him. And all her preparations, and pressing the yellow chiffon ——

She'd need a new dress soon; one that would do for formal afternoon affairs and evening; such a dinner as a Mr. Glenning might ask her to. You could never tell when it was going to happen. Why, it might be tomorrow.

Mr. Drake might push his assistant, that Matz, aside and say right out in the casting office, "Miss Foss, I'm so glad you're here. Come inside, please. Martin James asked me to telephone him the minute I could get hold of you. I believe they are keeping back a production until they see if you can be signed."

"Until you," she thought sleepily, "can be signed . . . your last performance . . . the public ——"

She was, Eva Foss thought, home through a great many evenings; in comparison to the other extra girls she didn't go out at all. They were gay, at parties, practically always. It was known that Mr. Drake, of Zenith, had his pockets full of their addresses, which he dealt out to his friends in the interests of dozens of little dinners and sociable gatherings. He didn't, however, have hers; not by eight or ten reels! When she got lonelier than usual, resentful of the fact that she didn't seem to have no more go to her than Theresa, Eva reminded herself of the superior seriousness of her art, the probabilities of the future. She was trying to fix her mind on this when the telephone in the sitting room rang.

Theresa McAnnis was up and she answered it. "Who did you say? . . . Oh, yes. Well, tell him to come up."

"Who is it?" Eva demanded.

Theresa hesitated, then: "If it is," she said, "you needn't to have a fit about it. I told you I wanted to see him. It's a Mr. Andrew Mixtleman."

Eva Foss rose in a sharp attitude of protest. "Him!" she exclaimed. "The nerve of him and the nerve of you, after what I told you. I won't have him admitted to my door."

Theresa pointed out that they'd have to let him in now. "I want to see him," she repeated defiantly.

"Very well." Eva had resumed all her dignity. "As for me, I will retire. You can say I come back from the studio exhausted. A stage carpenter ——"

There was a firm knock on the outer door and Eva Foss vanished into her bedroom, Theresa moved forward and admitted

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a tall and very dark young man with a long face and deeply indented temples and an unruly lock of hair fallen across his high and narrow forehead. Immediately he looked eagerly around the room

"Miss Foss?" he asked.

"She requested me to tell you to excuse her," Theresa replied. "She had such a hard day at the studio she was obliged to retire. She was dreadfully sorry." So, it was very evident, was Andrew Mixtleman. He stood irresolute, frowned; then, placing on a table what was evidently a box of candy wrapped in white paper and tied with apothecary's red string, he allowed himself to sit down.

"That fooling around in front of a camera is hard and then it isn't," he asserted. "It's nothing like putting up a big set in a morning, and yet it would play you out. Specially a woman. Are you in pictures?" No, Theresa McAnnis said decidedly, she wasn't. He could have told that, he commented, with just another look at her. Theresa decided that, on the whole, Eva had been right about him. Anyhow, her curiosity had been satisfied. He could go as soon as he pleased. With this in her mind she made no effort to entertain him, to talk. He didn't, however, seem to notice her inhospitable attitude.

"It's funny about that camera stuff," he continued. "A girl will go along placid for a week and then have hysterics about nothing. I believe it's those lights. They're enough to drive a person's eyes back in her head."

"Indeed," Theresa replied indifferently.

"I suppose it's good for Miss Foss to have a girl like you living with her," Mr. Mixtleman went on and on. "I mean with her so beautiful and before the public the way she is, and with all her temptations; you're a kind of a change for her." Theresa observed acidly that she was certainly a change from Eva's beauty. Everyone, he reminded her, couldn't be beautiful. Some was born to be faithful. "To serve," he declared. "And I can see you're like that. When Miss Foss comes home dead-beat from the lot you mother her, you make her a cup of coffee and some toast, and see that she lies down. You're the good Samaritan of the firm."

"I am, like hell!" Theresa McAnnis exclaimed. Not for the life of her could she have restrained that regrettable outburst. The good Samaritan! He must think she was near a hundred years old; that she had nothing to do herself; that she never got tired. She sat bolt upright, glaring at him; he was for the moment struck dumb with astonishment, and then he suddenly rose. Eva Foss had entered in the new negligee she had been keeping for a special occasion, and which she referred to as a tea gown. She inclined her head in Andrew Mixtleman's direction and faded languidly into a chair.

"Theresa darling," she said, "are you having a nice time? I hope so. I like to see you gay, dearest. I like to hear your ringing laugh." Theresa replied that she wasn't gay so's anyone could notice it. Not just then. Andrew Mixtleman removed the paper from the box of candy; he took off the lid and offered it to Eva.

"Candy!" A slight shudder passed over her full expressive shoulders. "Oh, never. Not under any circumstances. The directors wouldn't allow me. Why, I might have my contract canceled. Offer it to Theresa, please. There is no reason why she shouldn't share it with you."

"Oh, come on," he urged her, holding the box before her. "We don't care about the directors now. I guess they won't cancel your contract. Look—that chocolate, or a candied cherry. Have one, Miss Foss. Say, you're not fat, not by fifty or sixty pounds; you are just right; a little candy'll do you good."

"Thank you, no," she repeated. "Really. You don't know what a tyrant my art is; how much I must pay for it."

He said gloomily, "I suppose." Andrew Mixtleman, forgetting to offer Theresa candy of any description, sat as close to Eva as he could manage. "I suppose," he repeated; "and now it's got you all gummed up for ordinary living."

"I detest ordinary living," Eva asserted. "Just the idea alone, the thought of it, makes me clammy."

She said she was going to retire, Theresa reflected, and why hadn't she retired? What was the use of coming out all tied up like this? And the airs to her! Theresa had never seen the beat. Not that she had any interest in Mr. Mixtleman, not a speck. How could anybody, in him? She got up and aggressively rummaged among the candy with a slim finger. He asked her if she were looking for a bottle of gin. "No," she answered, "I'm not as hopeful as that, when you consider everything. I'm trying to find a piece of nougat. But you don't often in these small drug-store boxes."

He addressed Eva Foss, "She's kind of tart, ain't she? But all thin girls have a few drops of lemon in them. I don't mind it, sister; just so long as you're good to this little girl here." He patted one of Eva's knees.

"Don't be presumptuous," Eva directed him.

"I didn't mean a thing," he reassured her. "It just came natural to me."

She advised him not to indulge his nature so freely again. "Not in here. There's other places, other girls, for that."

He agreed. "I don't want them," he declared emphatically. "None of that in mine. I'd sooner take your friend here than one of the stars. You'll think I'm crazy, but I would."

"Not that you're too complimentary," Theresa McAnnis put in; "you couldn't be accused of flattering a person. At least, not since you been here." Andrew Mixtleman said that honesty had always been his motto. Theresa was unmoved. She didn't, and said she didn't, see the necessity for keeping it hanging around his neck to insult girls in the evening

In her room—the bedroom so different from Eva's—she dropped a slipper with a sharp and ill-natured clatter. The other she didn't remove at once; she sat with a hand clasping an ankle, dwelling on what a disagreeable man Andrew Mixtleman was—and a silly and disagreeable name. She hoped she wouldn't have to see him again. With his hair in one eye. If she was with him much she'd have to poke it back where it belonged. As for Eva, she had been too ridiculous acting that way like she was in a picture. Well, she had better get in a picture soon, or Theresa didn't know what would happen to her. Eva hadn't been going so good the past six months. She hadn't been going at all, the truth was. It looked like they didn't want her in their operas. Eva would have to give moving pictures up and go to work in a store or restaurant; and that would near to kill her.

If Eva had any real sense, Theresa McAnnis thought, she wouldn't let this Mixtleman get away from her. He was bad, but there was worse. If he would only keep his old hair where it belonged—out of his eye. By herself she could have managed him; only Eva hadn't stayed retired; she had come out in that negligee and spoiled everything. Not that she enjoyed herself when she did appear. Quite the reverse. Eva had made it all awkward. Mr. Mixtleman, however, was foolish about her. Theresa could see that. Eva put it all over him—with her poses and airs. If she—Theresa—saw Mr. Mixtleman again, and she had the chance, she'd tell him something. She would for a fact. With his good Samaritan! A carpenter, she had been told, made fine money. And it was evident, with all his disagreeableness, that he was steady. Not many of them were, she'd say that much for him. The following day, returning from the store, she found Andrew Mixtleman standing at the entrance to the apartment house.

"The telephone didn't answer," he explained; "there was nobody in your rooms,

(Continued on Page 177)

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(Continued from Page 174

so I thought I would wait around. How's Miss Foss?"

Theresa McAnnis answered shortly that Eva was well enough. "She won't be back till later, though," Theresa added. "She's out for supper."

Mr. Mixtleman stood irresolutely in the passage. "You might ask me up," he suggested. "It would be better than nothing."

Tears of angry feeling almost crowded into her eyes at his clumsiness. "Better than nothing wouldn't be good enough for me," she told him. They were in the sitting room she shared with Eva Foss. Somehow he had managed to come up with her. He sat, lighting a cigarette.

"Now I'm here," he announced, "it will take an earthquake to move me. How about a little supper?" Well, of all the cool men. She was divided between finding out what was in the refrigerator and threatening him, if he didn't leave, with the janitor. In the end she went to the refrigerator. Anyhow, Theresa reflected, she was a better cook than Eva. If she did decide to get him something it would be fit to eat.

What she found was both ample and excellently prepared; but, increasingly to her annoyance, he ate inattentively. He wanted to—and did—talk about Eva Foss. "As soon as I saw her," he asserted, "I knew the kind of a girl she was. Even with the pictures and all. I like some beauty to a girl, and she has it. You're lucky to be living with her, to see her every day."

Once more Theresa supposed so. "She and me are good friends. She's got a heart of gold. It's all there, too, for the right man." It was clear that he wouldn't pay the slightest attention to her. Theresa sighed.

"Tell me," Andrew Mixtleman asked, "how do you—I mean how would I get along with her? I don't seem to be doing so good."

Theresa informed him that he'd do nothing in his present manner. "It sticks out all over you how easy you are. If you were to treat her—well, the way you treated me, you would be better. Kind of independent, the way she is with you. Eva is all pictures now, but that may not last; perhaps she'll be—be tired of them soon; and that would be the time for you to make your play. Not too soft, but sincere. Safe. It might just catch her."

"There's a good deal, too, in getting them jealous," Andrew observed. "Look as though you might wander away. Listen to this," he leaned toward her; "you and me both think a lot of her, and how would it do if I paid attention to you? I mean if it seemed like that. It might start her a little. What do you think?"

Theresa McAnnis studied him with a compressed mouth. She was thinking very swiftly. "Who can tell?" she thought—"who can tell?" It might turn out different. At least she'd have a chance to push the hair back from his brow. "How will you do it?" she asked.

"I'll take you out," he said promptly. "I'll ask her and she won't go and then I'll take you. Leave her sit and think about it. We will go to the Extension Studio Saturday, and you can watch Veronica Lake win the owner of all the South Africa diamond fields. You might get some suggestions." Theresa replied that she hated studios and never went near them. Nevertheless, he persisted, that would be the best thing for them to do. "Eva would like it and she can't. Nobody admitted who isn't working or with a card. But I can fix it. Then we'll come back and you all enthusiastic."

If Eva saw her enthusiastic over moving pictures, she commented, she would take a fit. There would be nothing else to it.

All the better, he went on. It might jar Eva—Miss Foss—loose from where she was. "We'll fix it tonight," he asserted. "That is, I'll ask her and you'll consent to go." Theresa was repeating her conviction of the uselessness of such a plan when Eva came in. She warmly kissed Theresa and extended her gloved fingers to Andrew Mixtleman.

"You have a date, I see," she commented lightly. "I didn't think you were getting on so good."

"Yes, indeed," he replied. "But it wasn't what you'd call a date. It happened accidental. The fact is, Miss Foss, I stopped to ask if you'd go out with me Saturday. Say around noon."

Eva was sorry, but she had an engagement with the wardrobe mistress at the studio. "They want to take some measurements," she explained. "The costumes will be expensive, and I said I simply couldn't do a thing if my gowns didn't fit."

Andrew was sorry. "But I'm bound to take somebody," he continued. "Miss McAnnis, you'll come with me, I hope. There's to be some very interesting shots at Extension this week."

"It will get you nowhere telling her that," Eva put in. "Lake has some special work, she has to cry, and practically nobody Saturday can get in the studio, let alone on the lot. Besides, if she could, Theresa wouldn't go near any of it. She says it's all poisonous."

Andrew Mixtleman merely repeated his invitation. "I know all Miss Foss says, and more. But you've never been shown a studio right. From the inside."

Theresa looked doubtful, then she cast a swift, almost a resentful, glance at Eva Foss. "Thank you," she said finally. "I'd be pleased to go with you." Well, Eva exclaimed, she never! She could hardly believe it on her own ears.

The doorman at the closely guarded entrance to the Extension lot dropped a hand on Andrew Mixtleman's shoulder. "I'll let you by," he declared, "but I'm surprised at the union allowing it, and this a Saturday afternoon." He managed completely to ignore Theresa. Andrew, however, with a hand under her arm, drew her inside. The doorman said "Tut, tut," with an imperturbable face, and Andrew explained that his friend was kin to Miss Lake's personal maid.

"She will go right back to the dressing room and that's all there'll be to her."

The gateman agreed that he would never mistake Theresa for one of the girls who fretted to love an actor or fainted in the way of the lady stars. "You ought to have a card," he scolded her. "She ought and you know it," he appealed to Andrew Mixtleman. "Now I got to go and disappoint you." Theresa McAnnis muttered a phrase which sounded like an assertion that it meant little enough to her either way.

"It wasn't her," Andrew explained. "I brought her all the way from Culver City by telling her you'd let her in. I said you'd understand about it." If he had said that, the gateman proclaimed, if they had depended on him understanding it, there was but one thing he could do. He indicated what that was by a gracious wave of his hand. "It wasn't so hard," Andrew said to her. "I knew I could soap him into letting us slip by."

Theresa replied, "Yes, with me kin to a maid. With so much to choose from, a person would think you'd do better than that."

There, he replied, was where she wasn't smart; it had been the one thing that might work on him. "Miss Lake's on stage number four, but we'll go in through the carpenter shop and come up on it from back." Theresa still complained. She said that she felt like a thief. It wasn't like her, she asserted, to be where she wasn't wanted.

She was walking through gloomy interiors with immensely high ceilings and great perspectives filled with what appeared to be the dislocated walls of buildings; the floors were netted with cables and the air hung with ropes. At last she saw a blaze of white light, a small crowd in black silhouette against the brilliantly illuminated segment of a drawing-room—a drawing-room in the shape of a wedge of pie. There were a piano and violins, the softest conceivable music, the lifted bulk of cameras, and a commanding voice, at once

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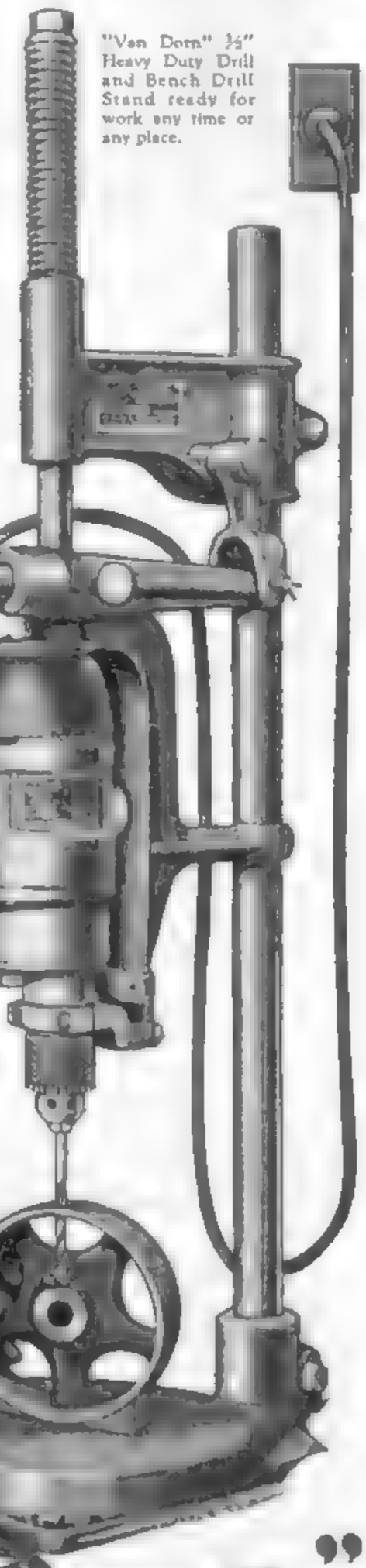

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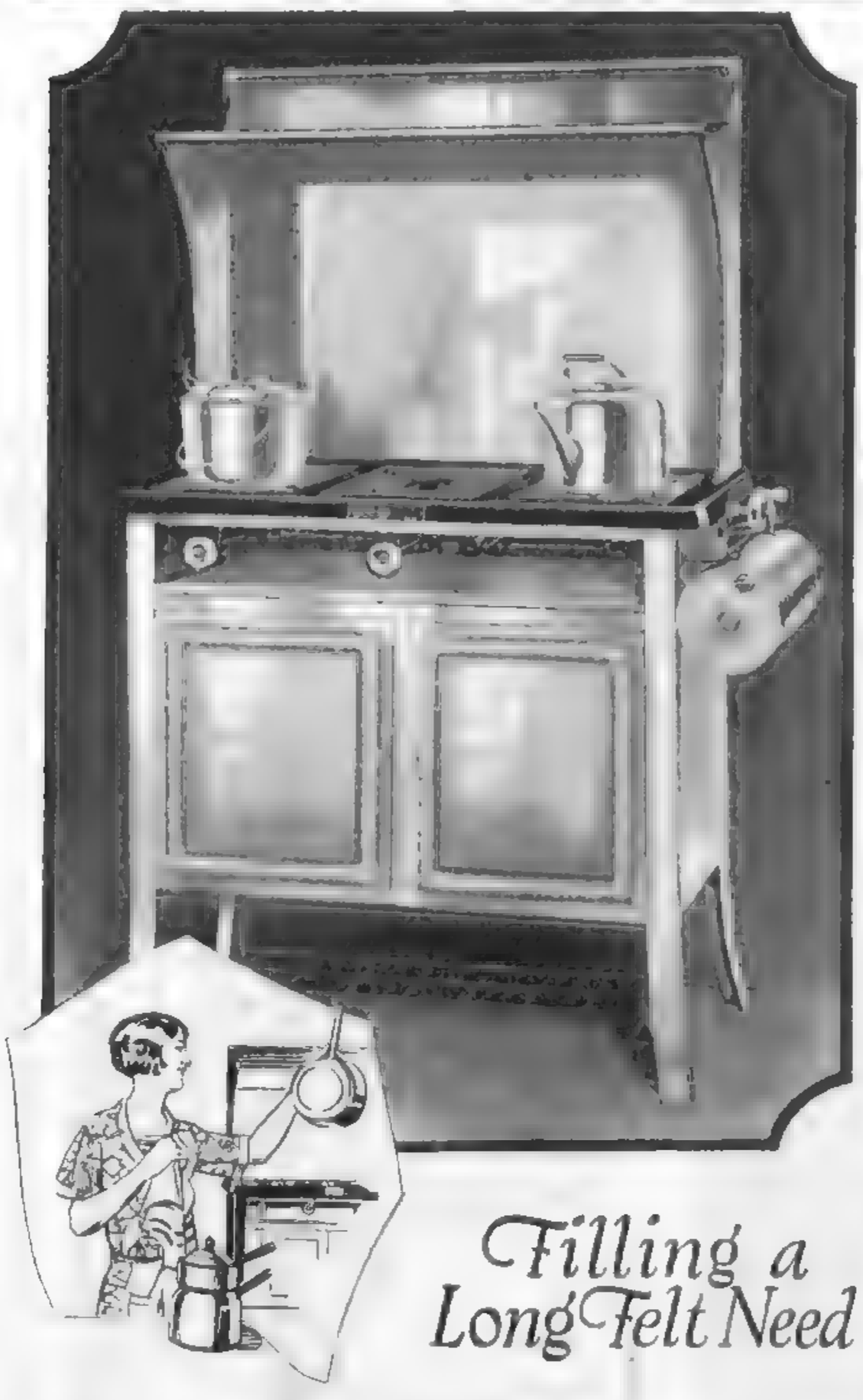

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Write for name of nearest dealer, and folder describing this stove and 15 other popular models.

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sharp and restrained. Without a quickened heartbeat Theresa viewed the celebrated Miss Lake with her face sparkling with tears of fabulous price. A shape came quietly up beside them.

"Unless you have business here ——" a voice addressed them. Then it stopped abruptly. "Oh, Miss del Ruiz," the young man quickly added, "I'm sorry. Very. I didn't recognize you in the dark. Come up on the set, please. I'll find you a chair."

"I'm not Miss del Ruiz," Theresa replied in a lowered but aggressive tone, "and anyhow I can see enough from here. I've seen enough now." She turned to Andrew Mixtleman. "I'd be obliged to be leaving."

The young man was further, frankly, interested. "I can see you're not Miss del Ruiz now," he admitted. "But almost anyone would mistake you for her." He addressed Andrew: "Do you work here?" Andrew Mixtleman nodded. "Then," the other continued, "I'm going to ask you to do something. I want you to take this young lady to Mr. Bremm's private office. He happens to be there right now. I'll follow in a minute. I'm Arthur Glassbirn, Mr. Rich's assistant."

In a whisper Andrew asked what he'd do if Miss McAnnis didn't want to go to Mr. Bremm's office—if, in short, she refused.

Glassbirn was impatient. "She won't," he declared. "She's not insane." Theresa joined in this suppressed conversation to the extent of asserting that she had no slight intention of going near Mr. Bremm or his office. It was plain that she suspected them both. Mr. Glassbirn, however, said that there was nothing to it. She'd have to. She would see Mr. Bremm if he knocked her down and dragged her there. Andrew Mixtleman then advanced a shoulder into the argument. He didn't think Mr. Glassbirn would, he muttered. He would like to see him try it, Mr. Rich's assistant or not. What did Mr. Glassbirn want to take her to Mr. Bremm for, anyhow?

Hadn't he seen him—Glassbirn—mistake her for Miss del Ruiz? Hadn't he said they were exactly alike? Well, what more did he want? Was he working in pictures or in a chicle factory? Could he guess what a girl might be worth to everybody who was precisely like one of the hardest stars in the motion-picture world? Could he or couldn't he? Glassbirn would take her himself to Mr. Bremm.

"I guess we'd better go," Andrew told Theresa McAnnis.

"I don't want to," she still protested. "I don't care who I look like. So much the worse for them. Will you leave go of my arm?" This was directed acidly at Mr. Glassbirn.

"Out this door," that gentleman directed them; "two steps down. That's it. We'll cut across the lot." He said later:

"Mr. Bremm, this is a friend of one of our men I found on Miss Lake's set. Will you tell me why I brought her to see you?"

Bremm, seated behind a very large desk in a very small office, spoke quickly: "Certainly. Why not? She is the image of Rosa del Ruiz. And the first I've ever seen who called that—well, Miss del Ruiz to your mind. . . . I am very much interested in this," he informed Theresa McAnnis. "I assure you I am." Theresa assured him that, for her part, she wasn't. "You may be," he replied confidently. "That is, if you're like any other girl in the world."

"She isn't," Andrew Mixtleman explained to the room. "Miss McAnnis hates moving pictures. She won't see them and she won't have a thing to do with them."

"How would you like to be in them?" Bremm asked her. "I mean really. Not just an extra. Because if what Mr. Glassbirn and I think is true, if the tests are right, you'll have a very unusual opportunity. My dear girl, anyone who could look like Del Ruiz would own all Extension. We'd bring you to work every morning in a chariot with ribbons. Now, can you come here Monday at ten?"

"No," Theresa said decisively.

"We'll send a car for you," Bremm continued. "You can give Mr. Glassbirn your address." At ten on Monday morning, she retorted, she'd be working—earning a decent living. "Your time will be more than repaid," Mr. Bremm assured her. "Don't wear white," he went on; "and forget about your hair. It will have to be done over anyhow. We'd like it if you'd bring the plainest dress you have."

Outside, Theresa turned indignantly to Andrew Mixtleman. "I want to go home!" she cried. "I never had such a dreadful experience. Insulted and pulled about on every hand. Horses couldn't drag me back here. Never!" Andrew confessed that he didn't quite follow her where the insults were concerned. He even went so far as to add that, in his opinion, it would be wise if she kept the appointment for Monday morning. She refused to answer him. Look what might happen, he persisted. Andrew Mixtleman attempted the humor of a reference to her as Miss del Ruiz, but it had less than no success.

Theresa McAnnis, however, didn't sleep so well as was customary that night. She was kept awake, she felt, by the indignity to which she had been subjected at the Extension studio. Told that she looked like a Mexican! It was too much to be borne. In fact, it displeased her so greatly that, sometime past midnight, she got up, switched on the light, and again examined her features. Undoubtedly her face was dark. There might be a hint of Spanish to it, but no more. Her character wasn't Spanish. Throughout Sunday she was silent, preoccupied. Eva complained of her more than once. Privately Theresa tried on the plainest dress she owned, and the effect, she was obliged to admit, was good. She had a right nice line from the shoulder to the hip, from hip to ankle. It was smooth and moved all together like. She tried, before the mirror, elevating her chin; the result surprised her. Sunday night, when at last she fell asleep, she dreamed of tangos and stiff black felt hats and oranges.

Theresa woke sharply, with a feeling of destiny immediately before her. It was a quarter to seven, the time when she rose to prepare for the store—a ten o'clock appointment would give her another hour in bed. "I need it," she told herself. "I'm wore out with standing behind that counter. If it's only for a day ——"

The day was nearly gone when she returned to the apartment. There was no elevator, and halfway up the stairs she stopped and took off her hat and vigorously interfered with the arrangement of her hair; she scrubbed with her handkerchief at her cheeks and lips. She wondered if Eva would see anything queer, different, about her at once.

Eva was in the sitting room, in a chair, with her face forward on her hands; she scarcely noticed Theresa's arrival. Her voice was listless, her body heavy with dejection, and her eyes red—obviously from crying.

"Gracious! What's happened?" Theresa exclaimed. "Whatever is the matter?"

Eva told her that her life was over, her spirit was broke. "I heard today the news that I was out of pictures. Thrown out like a blow between the eyes. It was that George Matz. I stopped to see him, and he went so far as to take me aside. 'Miss Foss,' he said, 'I'm going to let you have something for your own good. It'll save you in the end. Where the pictures are concerned you're out. You are fat and you are bad both. You've been getting worse for a year. There's too many younger than you, and slimmer.' He said those words exact.

"'Thank you,' I told him, dignified—'thank you for your good opinion and help. Could I see Mr. Drake?' I couldn't, he said; it would be worth his place if I did. I asked him did he mean there was no good my coming in to Zenith? That was it, Theresa. He just wanted to let me down easy, was how he put it. I told him you didn't aim to let me have a fall.

(Continued on Page 181)

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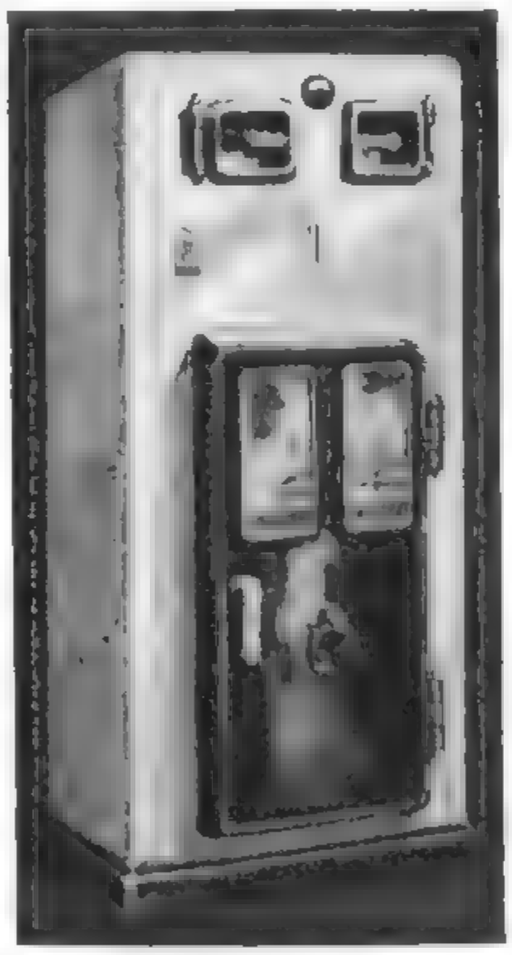

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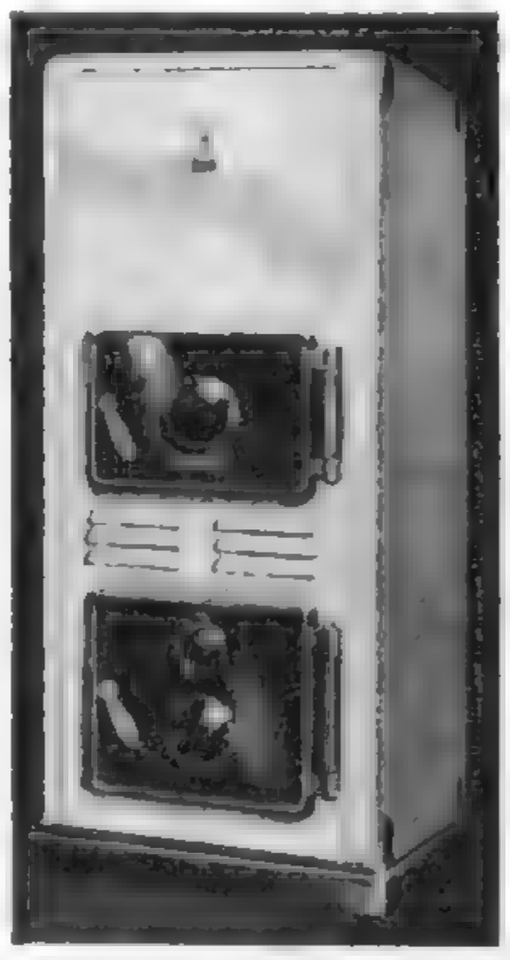

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Report 2626—In this plant, the planer drive changes recommended by Cutler-Hammer engineers resulted in substantial savings and in increased production. With the C-H controlled motor drives as now used, the operators earn 33% more per week although the piece rate has been cut 25%.

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CUTLER-HAMMER

Industrial Efficiency Depends on Electrical Control

(Continued from Page 178)

Then I went on it was all a matter of indifference to me. There was so much at Pax and Extension I didn't see how I'd get through with it. I said that to him, but Pax and Extension, and—oh, all of them haven't had a thing for months. It's the end, is what it is, and what's left for me?"

"Lots," Theresa assured her. "All kinds of things." Eva's unexpected state made it very difficult for what she had to say. The truth was, she didn't quite see how she could say it—not now. "You might go home," she further suggested.

"So I might," Eva echoed her bitterly. "To Minnesota and cows and snow and winds would cut the teeth out of you. Did you ever have a grandfather who was born in Sweden? You did not. Did you ever make the swill for hogs? Hardly. Home!" Then, Theresa put in, she might marry.

"Who?" Eva cried. "Some carpenter!" She gazed curiously at Theresa McAnnis. "What's come over you?" she demanded. "You look all different. You might have been making up down at the store." She might of, Theresa agreed, but she hadn't been. Anyway not at the store.

"You'd never guess, Eva," she began desperately; "but—well, the fact is I've had a test at Extension, and—I'm going to be in moving pictures."

Eva exclaimed, "A test! Pictures! You're just trying to be funny. What would they give you a test for?"

Theresa replied almost tartly, "I'm supposed to resemble Miss del Ruiz is why, and I'm going to start right in to look like her this afternoon."

"Del Ruiz," Eva repeated. "You. Look like her! Somebody else has been funny. Listen, Theresa, come out of your trance."

Theresa's voice grew colder. "I've signed a contract with Extension for five years," she proceeded. "Beginning at three hundred and fifty dollars a week, and more later. I'm to do a lot of work for Miss del Ruiz at first, and then I'm to have opportunities. I'm sorry you brought it out this way, but you did."

Eva laughed without humor. "Don't it beat everything?" she demanded from no one in particular. "Don't it! Here I am an artist to my fingers, with my experience, but I get passed over and they give you a five-year contract to play Del Ruiz. With opportunities. I'll say there's a lot of justice to that. It's comic. But that's pictures—they don't want ability; it's all luck and favorites."

"You can call it luck if you've got to," Theresa declared, "but I'll tell you I'm nobody's favorite. Not the way you mean. I didn't want to do it. I was forced into it against my judgment. My head's giddy right this minute." Eva Foss said that she couldn't answer her. Not just then. It might be that she'd have something to say later. It seemed to her that Theresa had been a mite sharp. Getting into pictures that way and saying nothing to her—to Eva—about it. "It looks kind of as if you passed me by. Didn't have no real confidence in me ——"

There was a firm knock at the door. It was Andrew Mixtleman.

"How did you get up here without being announced?" Eva Foss demanded savagely. "And now you're in you can go out again. The idea! Forcing yourself on two girls talking private. What kind of a character do you call yourself?"

He replied blandly that she seemed all excited. "Well," he turned to Theresa, "did you go? What happened?"

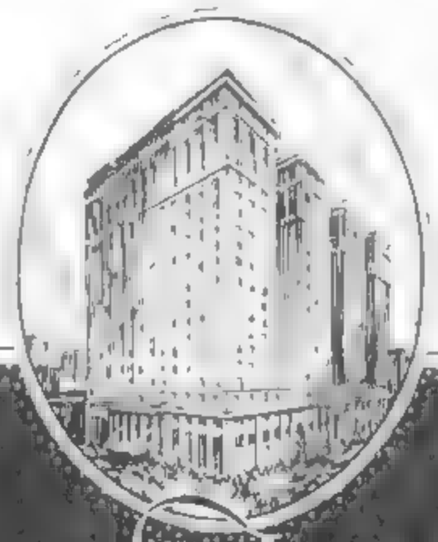
Eva spoke for her. "What happened is that she's practically a lead already. I suppose you fixed it between you. But that don't matter to me now; and I'll thank you to do what you're asked. When you're wanted you'll hear about it in plenty of time."

The excitement, he said, was getting the better of her. Theresa nodded toward the door. "I'll go down," he agreed, "but as soon as I do I'll call up."

"Now, dear," Theresa advised Eva Foss, "you wash your face with cold water. Your eyes will be something terrible if you don't. And you listen to what I said about Mr. Mixtleman. He's a nice fellow and steady. At one time," said Theresa, "I would have seriously thought of taking him myself. He'd make a grand husband. But I'm afraid matrimony isn't for me." She glanced quickly at her reflection in a mirror. "Go on, darling," she urged her friend. "He'll be telephoning you soon. It will be to ask you out."

Eva stared at her helplessly. Then she rose. "If anybody had of told me," she began; "if anybody had went to tell me ——" What she was about to say was lost in the sharp ringing of the telephone bell.

"Take a Look, Oscar, and See if They're Still There!"
"Take a Look Yourself! I'm Watching This Bone."



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YOUR PUP'S EDUCATION

(Continued from Page 13)

But she has ventured out-of-doors once or twice -forbidden territory to her. At sight of her furrily mincing body crossing the lawn, every dog in sight flies to the attack; and I am forced to pluck a yowling and scratching cat from the branches of the nearest tree, while a semicircle of collies dance below, yelling merrily for her blood.

Yet two minutes later some of those same dogs will stalk unseeingly past her as she lies panting and trembling on a library rug. They know the law through early teachings. The house is sanctuary, even for a peculiarly chasable gray Persian cat. And until they can catch her out of bounds again, they will not so much as glance in her direction.

Tippy is nearly twelve. Thus she has been one of the earliest inhibitions of every house dog now alive here. It is only these few house dogs that we take any great pains, nowadays, to humanize. Beyond obedience and a general observance of the law, the mere kennel dogs are taught comparatively little.

It is after a long course of canine humanization, by the way, that a dog owner is confronted by two eternal puzzles: One, the seemingly supernatural cleverness wherewith a dog sometimes will catch his master's meaning, or will even work hard problems out for himself; the other, the utterly simple acts of mentality which are clean out of his range.

For example, how did Wolf know in advance when we planned to return to Sunnybank after an absence; and how did all the house dogs know, long before the packing began, that we were going away for the winter? This was proved again and again, past all doubt. On the other hand, why did these hearth-loving dogs watch us throw logs on the library fire for years and yet never have sense enough to connect wood and fire in their minds? Not one of them had the intelligence to revive a dying hearth blaze by picking up a stick and feeding the embers with it, though all of them would call our attention worriedly to the fire's fading.

Yes, I know that has nothing to do with the subject of training. But it is a mystery such as must have occurred some time or other to everyone who has had much experience with dogs and who has tried vainly to plumb correctly their mind limits.

Bobby, My Star Pupil

Perhaps I can explain best my own rather incomplete ideas on training by telling of the education of the most teachable dog I have owned—a dog with too much brain. He was Sunnybank Bobby, the giant son of Bruce, an auburn collie that elected me as his deity even before I took him from the kennel to the house when he was four months old. From then on until his death nearly eight years later, he was my closest chum.

I began by teaching him to obey. It was no effort. A single five-minute session at the breaking gate sufficed. It was quite as simple to housebreak him, though often this is a labor of weeks with a young dog.

Between my desk chair and a filing cabinet in my study was a space just wide enough for his slim young red body to fit comfortably into. Pointing to it, on his first day indoors, I told him to go there and lie down. From that time on, for seven years, it was his designated resting place when he and I were in the study together. In a few months he was so big that it must have been hideously uncomfortable for him to squeeze his great bulk into such a small space. But it had been assigned to him, and he continued to use it after that single command.

It was hard for Bobby, in awkward puppyhood, to learn to climb stairs. But after the second effort he mastered it. Thenceforth, for a month, he was so egregiously proud of the accomplishment that he would run up and down stairs again and again as long as anyone would stand watching him.

In my dressing room stood a disreputable old armchair. I taught Bobby to get up into it and lie there. This exploit, too, seemed to strike him as brilliant, and he did it at all times and seasons—preferably when he had just been swimming and my evening clothes chanced to be laid out there.

Before he was allowed in the house I taught him the first thing that every dog should be taught—to lie down at command. I did this by pressing my hand lightly, but with increasing firmness, on his hips, all the time repeating the words: "Lie down!" As his hips sank to the ground I shifted my hand pressure to his shoulders and kept on saying "Lie down!"

In a lesson or two he had grasped the connection between the action and the words. Then, when I told him to lie down, I pointed to some particular spot on the ground, teaching him to lie there. In a few lessons he learned to go and lie down at any place I might point to, without the accompanying words.

The Dog That Understood English

I taught him a showier trick which, though not at all necessary, gave him great pride. Holding a bit of animal cracker in front of his nose, I moved my hand in a circle, keeping the cracker just in front of him. Of course he followed it, and as he went I said repeatedly, "Waltz!" Soon he would follow the motion of the hand without anything in it, and then would circle gravely at the word: "Waltz," minus the guiding gesture.

I added a variant to this later by saying "Reverse," when he was halfway around. At once he would start circling in the other direction. This is one of the easiest tricks a dog can be taught. Any pup can learn it.

Always, when Bobby performed any stunt successfully, I would overwhelm him with praise and give him some titbit. A dog can be worked on through his vanity better than by almost any other means. When, in the course of a lesson, I could see he was becoming tired or bored or confused, I stopped the task at once and turned it into a romp, waiting till some other time before recommencing it. Dogs don't learn well or happily with tired or bewildered brains. It makes them dread their lessons and do them badly.

There was a general impression among our guests that Bobby understood the English language as well as any human. It had its rise in one or two things I made him do. The most astonishing of these to onlookers was in reality a pure fake. I would turn to the big red dog and say to him:

"Bobby, I'm going upstairs to get ready for luncheon. If you want to come along, go as far as the top landing and then turn around and look at me and wag your tail."

I said this quietly and without gesture. At once Bobby would get up from where he was lying and would go to the stairs, climbing to the top landing. There he would turn expectantly, looking back at me and wagging his tail. Always it went big with spectators, who told and retold the story of the collie that understood every word his master spoke.

As a matter of fact, the only two words of all my harangue, which Bobby had understood were the very faintly accented words "upstairs" and "come." Both of those were long familiar to him. Accordingly he started upstairs. Arrived at the landing—the first place where there was room for his giant body to turn—he looked back to see why I was not following. As ever, he wagged his tail invitingly.

Perhaps a few people reading this will remember Bobby's uncanny feat of word comprehension as to stair climbing, and will forgive me the hoax which enhanced so

Continued on Page 185

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(Continued from Page 182)

greatly my loved chum's prestige among Sunnybank's human guests.

In the summer of 1925, during a murderous hot spell, Bobby fell ill. It was meningitis. Yet, thanks to his perfect training, his subconscious mind made him obey my every order for his welfare during the three days of his mortal illness. The vet declared the big dog was in an advanced state of rabies and must be shot. I knew better and I put my scratched hand into his dripping mouth to prove I was right. Not one supposedly rabid dog in two hundred has true rabies, and no rabid dog can understand and obey orders as did Bobby. Score one more for the advantage of training your dog satisfactorily.

I should like to explain, if I may, my theory that a puppy, taken young enough and rightly trained, does not need to be beaten in order to make him learn. If he misbehaves, a slap over the loins from a loose-folded newspaper is as effective a punishment as to kick him across the room. Also, if he is to be punished, let the penalty be inflicted the moment the offense is committed. If you whip or scold him for a fault perpetrated some minutes or hours earlier, he will not have the remotest idea what the punishment is for. He will become merely cowed and will learn nothing from the chastisement except that you are unjust.

In punishing your dog—or your child, for that matter—first be very certain in your own mind that it is for some actual wrongdoing of his and not merely to vent your own impatience or bad temper. Never call a puppy to you to punish him. If you do, he will learn to associate obedience with punishment.

Getting Obedience Painlessly

If I could not obtain my results with dogs by will power and patience, probably I should resort to whipping, though there is scant satisfaction in hitting something that can't hit back and that is so pitiably in one's power as is a puppy. But thus far I find I can get obedience from my collies without hammering them. So I stick to my own methods. I do not claim they are the best methods. Others may be better. But I get implicit obedience from the dogs as much as if I used a dog whip.

I can pretend to strike or kick any of our Sunnybank collies, and not one of them will flinch. They don't know the meaning of the strenuous gesture. But if I strike my cap or my handkerchief sharply across my knee, even the oldest of the house dogs will cringe. From puppyhood they remember that that spectacular action accompanied the scoldings which were theirs for misbehavior. If I can get my effect in that way—and I believe anyone can—why should I waste temper and energy by beating them?

As for kicking them, I think there are many better ways whereby a man can show his inferiority to his dogs than by a kick. Moreover, a kicker runs a big risk of injuring valuable property. Too often, rupture or a broken leg or a smashed rib is the harvest of a hard-driven kick on an animal's helpless body.

The Dog of Low Degree

I have spoken here of collies only, though in my day I trained bird dogs and I have owned dogs of various other kinds. I have spoken of collies because they chance to be of the breed I know and like best. I don't mean to say or imply that a collie is the best dog in the world. I don't claim that Sunnybank is the best house in the world. It is not. But I happen to like it best. That is why I live there. I happen to like collies better than I like dogs of other and equally good breeds. That is why I own collies. I have been asked if I don't find them treacherous. My invariable answer is: "If I did I wouldn't keep them." I don't know where that hoary lie about treacherous collies started. It has no foundation, to the best of my own rather wide experience.

I am told there are other dogs which learn more rapidly and completely than does the collie. Very likely this is true. But I am inclined to think the breed matters much less than does the method of training. Any fairly clever puppy of any breed at all can be trained to high excellence if the work be done rightly.

Perhaps the smartest, as well as the healthiest dog of the lot, is the so-called crossbreed, or mongrel. The right kind of mongrel is a grand dog in every way. One or two of the wisest and handsomest and best educated dogs I have seen were made up of so many different breeds that no expert could have ventured to reconstruct a single branch of their gnarled family tree.

A cynical old proverb runs: "To teach a dog, you've got to know more than the dog does." A far truer, if less epigrammatic, maxim is

"Get him young enough, and spend enough time and patience and common sense on him, and you can teach him anything."

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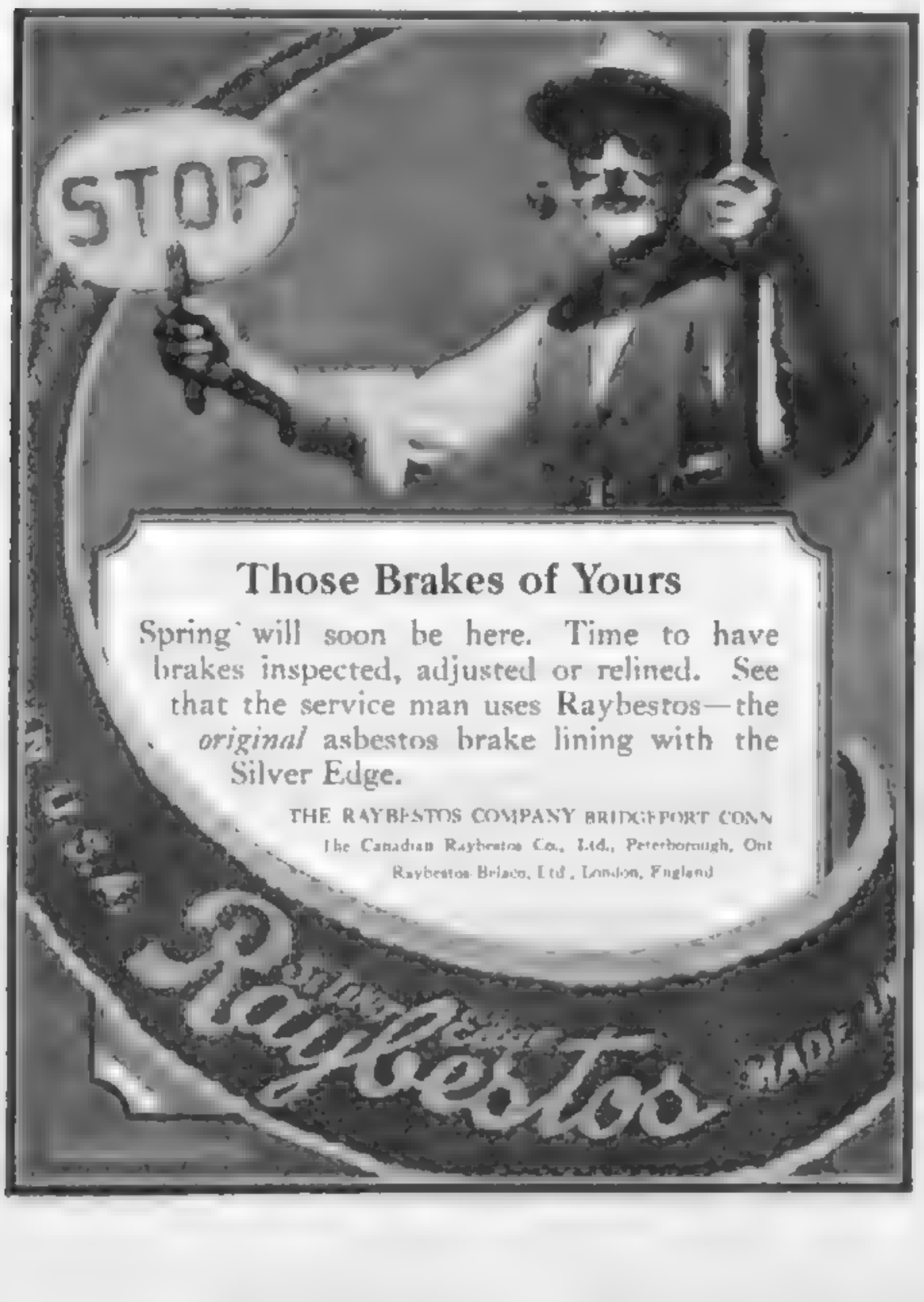

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OUR FRIEND THE ENEMY

(Continued from Page 24)

That little book, oddly enough, didn't set the Hudson on fire. Its author, I understand, was in the habit of explaining its artistic failure by the penuriousness that had put it out on unsized paper. But, to give the devil his due, the young sonneteer grew older and warier and actually got a book or two to his credit. He even went out in the sticks on a lecture tour, giving readings from his works and sending his publishers collect telegrams of indignant protest whenever he spotted a local book dealer without stock copies of his precious volume. He just about burned the wires up, until those publishers, in desperation, proclaimed that they were no longer his publishers.

Beside what Pierian spring he now sits and warbles I cannot say. The last I heard of him was some time after the Great War, when a doctor-author friend of ours cited him to Adam as an awful example. For while this kind-hearted old doctor was treating the said sonneteer, that Shelley of lower Sixth Avenue had the nerve to interrupt the needed ministrations while he read aloud an ode bitterly attacking the medical profession.

What Authors Want From Editors

All of which goes to show that there's no way of keeping true genius down. It also provides a hint or two of why editors have to conceal the milk of human kindness behind a shell of acerbity. They can't afford to be too sympathetic. It costs them money.

It's not only money, of course, that a modern author wants from an editor. Adam claims, in fact, that a good editor is distinguished by his "elicitation of latencies." I'm not positive what that really means, but I begin to suspect that it refers to those editors who, instead of calmly squeezing an author as dry as a sponge and then as quickly dropping him, nurse him along and quietly explore his fallow fields and encourage him to produce where production will be most profitable, and cooperate in materializing the immaterial and perhaps steady the kite of invention with a needed tail of common sense. For, as I've said before, authors are a temperamental lot. They'll blame near break their necks for a word or two of praise. They work on their emotions much more than they will admit, and an editor who has been shrewd enough to win and hold their loyalty can drive them over many a desperate road.

There is one type of editor who is sometimes a little too shrewd at this game. He is usually the guiding spirit of a small-caliber magazine without any too much money in the box office. He can't send out fat checks, but he can take you out to an occasional fat luncheon and remember to send violets around on your wife's birthday and get you past the leper-squint side door of a beautifully wicked night club. In other words, he banks heavily on the personal relationship. He can't pay out money the way the big moguls do; but, bless you, a born artist has his eye on something more than a mere bank check! And one good fellow is always willing to help another good fellow along, and before you know it, that astute young editor is capitalizing your credulity and is getting a big-league name on his cover at something under a bush-league cost.

Salting the Tale of Pegasus

You can't altogether blame him, of course, but we can still fear the Greeks even when they come bearing gifts. There was even a time, I must confess, when I was compelled to step between Adam and one of these editorial Lord Chesterfields who was making a practice of anæsthetizing my poor deluded husband with a little flattery and then taking first-class copy away from him at fourth-class rates. It wasn't helping us to live within our budget and it was making Adam considerably harder to get along with.

One of the most interesting and delightful examples of this hail-fellow-well-met type of editor was a character who can here be known only as Editor X. He controlled the destinies of one of the smaller and less opulent magazines, but he certainly got his money's worth. His appropriations may have been small, but his energy was boundless.

He was an angler who didn't believe in stillfishing. He went out and hunted for his material about the same as a wolverine hunts its breakfast. He covered his writers' colony as busily as a honeybee buccaneer goes through a flower garden, bobbing up, cherubic, rotund, ingenuous-eyed, before our studio breakfast dishes were cleared away. He was both bland and blunt, and sometimes tactless. But he was inherently honest, childishly importunate, and determined to get what he was after.

He represented, in one way, the newer type of editor, the human octopus who has a tentacle in every corner, the hardy trapper who makes the rounds of his trap line, no matter what the weather, and carries home the harvest of his patient ingenuity. If he couldn't get firsts he would take seconds; but material he must have, and he kept at you until he got it. He was a sort of Simon Legree who cracked his whip over indolent authors until they fell to work again. If they had nothing to give him he devised for them ingenious and exciting exploits with a promise of copy in their accomplishment.

Adam didn't escape his machinations. He had my husband go up in an airship,

(Continued on Page 189)

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- ☐ 4 Cylinders
- 6 Cylinders
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- ☐ 5 Passenger
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(Continued from Page 186)

which wasn't at all the glorious adventure we had expected, for Adam was seasick and refused to write a single line about either his personal sensations or the exploit in general. Another time he sent Adam down in a coal mine and had me so worried about cave-ins and fire-damp explosions that I couldn't sleep for two nights. And when he tried to talk Adam into turning hobo and bumming his way across the continent in empty box cars I put my foot down and said that no husband of mine was going to study sociology by riding the bumpers and inhaling engine cinders when he had a wife and three children depending on him.

Editor X strongly disapproved of my interference in that case. But, as far as that goes, he had always rather disapproved of me. For there was a firm and old-fashioned priggishness about him that prompted him to disapprove of dancing and card playing and cigarettes. The result was, of course, that I never lost a chance of doing my best to shock him. He even spoke to Adam about me, wondering if something couldn't yet be done to save me from the demnition bowwows. And when he once accepted an overcandid article of mine and actually put it into print, and then weakened and sent it back as too boldly worded for his women readers, he never quite forgave the telegram wherein I said: "This isn't a rejection; it's a regurgitation."

But Editor X liked Adam and Adam liked Editor X, and I wasn't the sort of catamount to come between good friends; for friendship, after all, is a rare and beautiful thing in this world of strife and rivalry. I even offered no objection when he took Adam on an unnecessarily prolonged canoeing and hunting trip.

Why Men Leave Home

One night he and his wife were dining with us. Editor X's better half, sacrificing the lamb of discretion on the altar of affability, was telling me how her lord and master was always set up for a whole day when one of Adam's manuscripts came into the office. I noticed the warning frown that mantled Editor X's face, for he and Adam had just come down from a long and earnest business talk. But his unperceiving wife went on to say that her husband always carried Adam's scripts home and read them to himself, because Adam was the one writer ——

That, however, was as far as she got; or, at least, as far as I heard. For at that moment somebody kicked me quite sharply under the table, and I knew by Editor X's face that he had really meant this little signal for his overgarrulous life partner and not for me. It often costs money, you see, to let an author know what you really think of him.

For there's a vast difference, I've noticed, in whether you hunt with the hounds or run with the hare, in whether you do the chasing or are being chased. In the career of every normal author, of course, there are years when he's merely an applicant, when he has to wait for an opening and beg for a hearing, and remember that beggars can never be choosers. Then, if you survive starvation and discouragement and drowning in a sea of rejection slips, you in some way arrive. Not spectacularly and incontestably, but you at least get a toe hold on the life raft of word merchandising. Then an agent is willing to take you up as a market possibility, and the contact editor of one of the bigger periodicals comes to see you—I had to entertain the first one who thus honored Adam, *en passant*, while my husband silently and hurriedly changed his clothes behind our kitchenette screen and a little keener interest is shown in what you are doing or what you are about to do. By that time, I've noticed, you're not so afraid of an editor that your knees knock together when you walk into his sanctum, and you're not so intoxicated at the mere receipt of a check as you are interested in the size of the figures inscribed thereon.

A Court Presentation

Speaking of editors' sanctums, I've observed a change come over those dens of iniquity during the years I've posed as a side kick to an author. I'm by no means a lady Methuselah as yet, but even in my own brief career I've seen the steam roller of big business squeeze most of the Bohemianism out of editorial offices. Oh, those were some lovely old sink holes, in the earlier days, to which I used to trot with Adam's manuscripts! Even the bigger magazine editors then were quite satisfied to house themselves in dingy and dusty cubby-holes, from Henry Alden, of Harper's, with his easy-chair wired together like a rural dispatcher's, to Gilman Hall, of Ainslee's, with a waiting room where the solitary visitor had to seat himself on a red-painted fire pail. But beside the one I once shook hands with William Dean Howells and in the doorway of the other I once made room for O. Henry to squeeze out with a check in his hand and a smile of relief on his face.

Today your editor is rather inclined to look like an East Indian potentate surrounded by all the pomp and ceremony that hedge a king. He sits inviolate and immured within paneling of Mexican mahogany, under mellowing oil paintings and surrounded by onyx pillars and Persian rugs and rosewood desk tops, with an undersecretary who receives you in the waiting room upholstered with brown morocco, and ushers you into the anteroom with probably a Louis Quinze motif predominating, where you are received by the great one's personal lady confidante and eventually passed on into the royal presence itself.

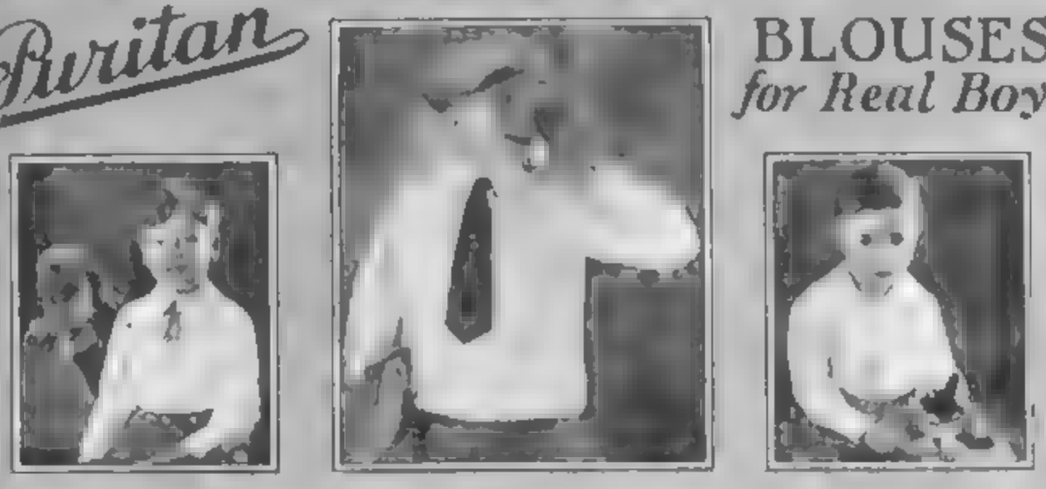
It wasn't so long ago, in fact, when I walked in on an editor friend of my own, proudly installed in his brand-new quarters.

"Well, what do you think of it?" he asked as I stared wide eyed about at the soft-toned rugs and the polished rosewood furniture and the office walls that were nothing more than panels of beveled plate glass. He reminded me of a rather large rose in a large conservatory.

"Why, you're exactly like a goldfish!" I gasped out before I quite knew what I was saying. For through that revealing beveled plate glass I could see his secretary and all his near-by associates, and beyond them again a full harem of bob-haired satellites bent over their typewriters. "Would you mind telling me just why you prefer working in a show case like this?" I promptly inquired.

Yachting, Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin

Puritan



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"For protection," was his curt reply.

"Protection from what?" I asked.

"From lovely ladies like you," he had the nerve to say as he motioned me into the overstuffed armchair beside his desk. And I finally found out that that poor man, who was a very popular editor, had considered it expedient thus to divorce himself from all privacy in order to escape the blandishments of determined and desperate lady contributors—or, rather, would-be contributors.

My first duty, of course, was to assure him that he would remain as safe as the Rock of Gibraltar in my presence. But his answering smile was a grim one.

"Oh, I know I'm no Apollo," he solemnly acknowledged, "but how're you going to think straight when a Helen of Troy is toying with your vest buttons?"

I don't know why, but I felt suddenly and wordlessly cheap in that overrevelatory cage of plate glass. Perhaps it was because I'd stopped, on my way up to that poor goldfish's office, to pin three Lillian Russell roses on my gray-squirrel coat. But after that morning I let Adam tote his own manuscripts up to his woman-haunted pilot of pure literature.

Looking back, in fact, I can remember only one editor who was a lady killer—and, of course, he didn't last long. He wore lavender socks and sang tenor and could do parlor tricks with playing cards and, besides being an associate editor, was one of the newer-fangled imagist poets, who share with Dryden and Landor the distinction of being much talked about but rather scantily read.

Unfortunately, however, he became engaged to several women at once, and realizing that discretion was the better part of valor, he incontinently vamosed. Today he's somewhere down in New Mexico, still unmarried, and presumably still doing his parlor tricks between turns at writing masterpieces which don't quite seem to materialize.

The Luckless Lot of an Editor

I speak of him, perhaps, with a faint, and not unnatural note of bitterness, for he was one of the few editors who were ever openly and inexcusably rude to Adam. My husband had sent in to him a couple of lyrics, explaining that they were really the first of a series, and if these proved to have any appeal he proposed to do a number of others along the same line. It was only the fortunes of war, of course, that the lyrics should eventually come back. But I could never forgive the gratuitous and characteristically feminine message that accompanied them. "If the rest of your poems are to be on the same plane as these specimens," wrote our lavender-socked tenor, "kindly oblige us by not submitting them to this magazine."

Adam, I think, is bigger than I am, for where he merely shrugged his shoulders, I boiled. I boiled for weeks. And since life is so often quite as theatrical as the tinsel little stories we write about it, the occasion arose when Adam could have paid that anæmic tomcat back in his own coin. He could have given him a Roland for his Oliver that might have made that editorial tomtit sit up for a week of Sundays. Did he do it? He did not. He merely looked at me with a meditative eye and, after repeating his foolish old adage about character being fate, openly and audibly wondered why the most polished of women should still retain the war habits of the Piutes.

Adam, naturally, has had his minor differences with editors, but I know of only one occasion where it ripened into an actual fist fight. And that, ridiculous as it sounds, grew out of a misprint, a mistake of one single, solitary, small letter. But it was a rather terrible misprint, in a way, for it turned the very beautiful last line of a very beautiful sonnet into such a farce that even the city paragraphers got busy and made fun of it. I'd love to be able to quote that last line as it ought to be and as it actually appeared. But that would let the cat out of the bag, and even in anonymity one must remember to distinguish between *dicenda* and *tacenda*.

Adam, at any rate, went forth to that editor's office with fire in his eye, after loudly calling him a fathead over the telephone. And they had a fight—a real, honest-to-goodness fist fight—between the filing cabinets and the spring-water stand. I had no way of knowing who the victor was and I had sense enough not to make any too direct inquiries. But I had my suspicions. For Adam, during the ensuing weeks, was singularly silent about that encounter. But long afterward I learned that the editor's auburn-haired secretary had banged my obstreperous husband over the head with a metal waste-paper basket. And just in the nick of time, I was also told, or a certain magazine might have had to advertise for a new editor and the man whose name I shared might have gone to the electric chair.

An Author With a Past

Most editors have found, I think, that animosity isn't the avenue to coöperation, just as the wet-blanket rôle isn't the best way of confronting anything as responsive as the true artist; and the discovery of fresh talent is both the joy and the great adventure of editors. It's the hazard that makes the opening of every envelope a great promise, a great promise winged with the question: "Will it be here, the thing of wonder I've been waiting for?"

But authors and editors, on the other hand, don't always coördinate as they ought. Adam found this out early enough in his professional career, and had it confirmed by a very painful experience which he had with a so-called fellow writer, whom I shall here be compelled to designate as Laurence Doolittle. I don't care to dig up all the unsavory details, but, to be brief, Mr. Doolittle was such a good actor that Adam generously cashed a check for him, and through his faith in that plausible semistranger lost four hundred and ten dollars.

It was a very sad story, and a very old one. For Adam, having cashed that check, never saw Mr. Doolittle again. Which is just as well, I think, in view of my husband's language whenever he referred to the episode.

He had the wily one investigated, however, and eventually found that the letter of introduction had been forged; that its bearer's misdemeanors had been numerous, and that at one time in his career he had actually languished for a year in a state prison. There the matter seemed to end, though Adam grouched and growled a good deal about how he'd take it out of that crook's hide if ever he clapped eyes on him again.

He didn't, in fact. But almost two years later, when my husband happened to drop in at an artist's studio to look over some illustrations for an impending serial, Adam was rather startled to find this same artist doing a series of pictures for a magazine story by none other than Laurence Doolittle—a story, by the way, so oozing with sweetness that if you ever got a lemon squeezer on it every line of it would have dripped grenadine. So Adam, knowing what he knew, finally wrote a letter to the editor of the magazine, explaining that, reluctant as he was to interfere with the efforts of a fellow contributor, he thought it best to point out that Laurence Doolittle was a dangerous man to do business with; that he had, in fact, served a year in jail; and that it might be advisable, all things considered, to verify the actual source of any stories from his pen.

Adam's editor friend wrote back a brief but witty letter, saying that he already knew quite a number of authors who ought to be in jail, and that he wasn't ignorant of the fact that Doolittle had made a slight mistake in his earlier life which he was now trying to live down. He concluded by

(Continued on Page 193)

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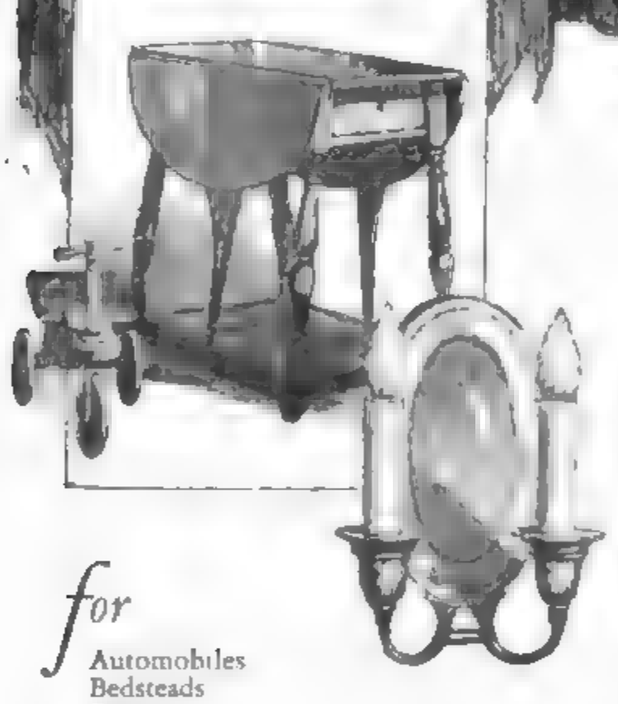

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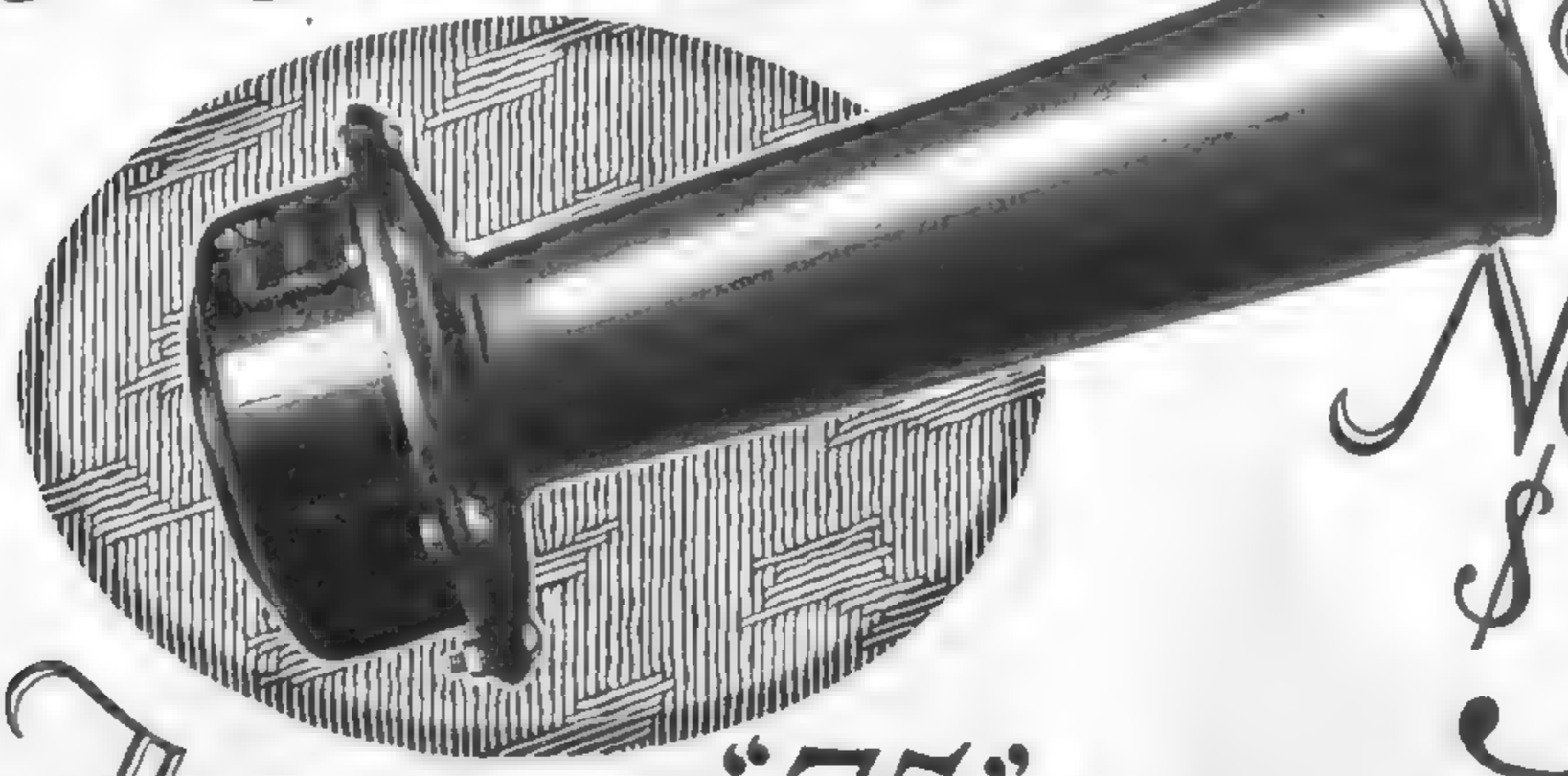

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(Continued from Page 190)

asserting that he felt a man who could strike as original a vein as Doolittle's now needed a boost up instead of a knock down.

That letter, of course, left nothing much for my husband to say. Character is fate, as Adam so often asserts, and we watched in this case for character to disclose itself—and character soon did.

When Laurence Doolittle's story—the first of a projected series—duly appeared in the magazine it was found to be a close shadow—to be an almost literal transcription, in fact—of a tale published in an English magazine ten or twelve long years before. But the worst was yet to come. For, to add to Mr. Doolittle's laurels, it must be further recorded that on the following Saturday afternoon, when the editor had left for the country, this calculating impostor carefully dotted his i's and crossed his t's by invading that magazine office and informing the absent official's secretary that he was to borrow the boss' personal typewriting machine over Sunday for the hurried recasting of a story at his near-by hotel.

He wasn't at that near-by hotel, of course, and he was never seen again. Neither was that nice new typewriter. Where they are now, heaven only knows. But if he ever comes face to face with a certain editor, and also with a certain author, I'm afraid he's going to have a busy five minutes of it.

But, bless their old bones, editors aren't always on the warpath like that. I know two of them that I love—love openly and abandonedly, and would trust to the last drop of the hat. They come out to Grey Gables for week-ends, and one of them has named his second son after my husband, and the other I nearly drowned in Adam's cranky old catboat. One I even helped put to bed after he'd experimented with some rather awful Jersey applejack, while on the chest of the other I once put a half-acre mustard plaster—at least he always claimed it was a half acre—when he came back from skiing in our valleys with an alarmingly sharp attack of bronchitis. One has a weakness for my chicken Creole and waffles, the latter of which he invariably designates as my nonskid pancakes, and the other has a liking for putting on khaki and going hiking with my three boys. One Sunday not so long ago, in fact, I found both Tiddler and Red in bed with this customarily solemn man of affairs, seeing who could hit my bust of Dante with a bean shooter.

An Associated Editor

What I like best about those two men is that they both believe in my Adam. They not only buck him up but they also keep him down to brass tacks. They encourage him and elicit his latencies. On more than one winter night, before our big old living-room fireplace, the flint of the one spirit and the steel of the other spirit have struck together and given birth to that small spark of life which later burns up into a twenty-chapter serial and still later turns into a neatly bound volume for Aunt Erica and Uncle Henry to shake their heads over.

But there are some editors with whom this personal relationship is not possible. They prefer, for reasons all their own, to remain about as remote and mythological as Thor and Woden and the Nawab of Swat.

It's not easy to say just why they so persistently emulate the Lady of Shalott. But in one case I believe it to be founded on the fact that the editor in question generously permits his private secretary to handle the reins, while he makes his office hours every alternate Thursday from 2:30 to four. It's not a big magazine, of course, for naturally you can't run a big magazine by fishing and golfing in Florida.

But Adam agrees with me that this no-talking-with-the-man-at-the-wheel policy is not so popular as it used to be. And the newer order is better for both authors and editors, especially in this era, when the agent plays so active a part in the merchandising of copy. These everyday contacts may not leave the editor so much of a demigod as he might have been, but it converts him from a sort of land robber into a husbandman, with a stake in the growth of talent, with a human interest in the state of the fiction soil as his future source of supply, and it's much pleasanter for the author. It teaches him how relative are all values and how personal are most judgments.

We knew one editor who was having a good deal of trouble with his wife, and for a year or two Tarkington himself couldn't have sold that man a love story with a happy ending. Along the same line, I can recall how Adam sent a story to another editor—a story which dealt with the eternal clash between two artistic temperaments. This editor finally asked Adam to come and see him about the manuscript in question.

He told Adam he liked the story and would be glad to print it in his magazine if my husband would give it a new ending and have his two lovers happily united at the last. Adam thereupon tried to point out to him that the novelette was really a study in incompatibility; that the eventual disagreement of his two oil-and-vinegar types was inevitable, was foredoomed by character, and that to bring them together in what the movie people call the final clinch would be both an artistic insincerity and an unnatural dénouement.

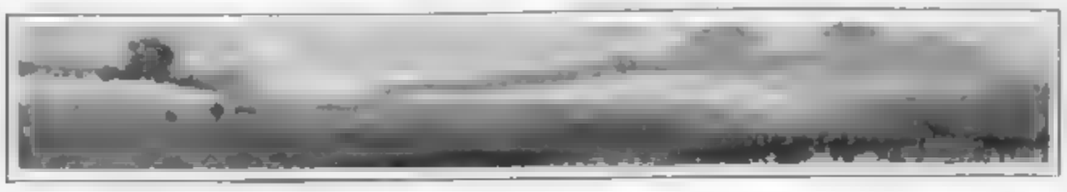
Congratulations in Order

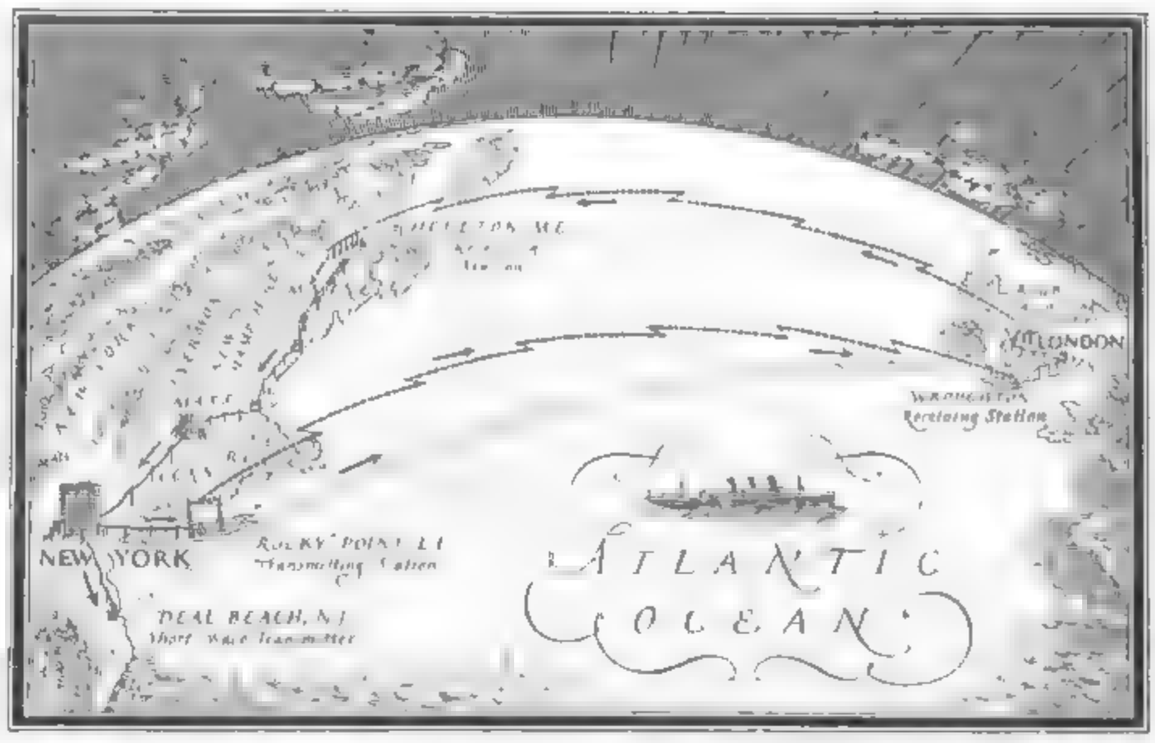
But our editor still argued for that happy ending; and when Adam, getting a trifle impatient, demanded one definite and understanding reason why such a story should have a sunny ending, I understand that poor editor blushed pink as he looked down at his desk. Then, squaring his shoulders, he said: "Well, to be quite frank, Mr. Blank, I happen to be an engaged man myself at this particular moment, and I'd like to see all such things turn out happily."

We sold the story somewhere else, but it took us a year and a half to do it.

That personal equation keeps cropping up, however, and has to be reckoned with. We know one editor who won't allow a cigarette to figure in his columns or one verminous allusion to redeye to crawl across his snowy pages. We know another editor who realized the dream of his youth and finally reached the position where he could buy a really splendiferous motorboat. From that day forward a strong flavor of sea water crept into his table of contents. We know another editor who, having gathered the golden apples of success, now keeps his heart young by ransacking out-of-the-way farmhouses for Early American furniture and Colonial antiques in general. So if you're writing the history of a Pennsylvania Dutch highboy or concocting a romance about a black walnut hatrack or working out the biography of a Bristol-glass water jug, his address is well worth remembering. For where the heart is, there also is the treasure.

Still another editor, for whom Adam used to work much more than he does now, was so innately chivalrous that he objected to ill treatment of the fair sex even on paper. Yet he had a fondness for criminal fiction and liked to lighten up his summer issues with one or two of Adam's aerated romances of underworld life. So when, on





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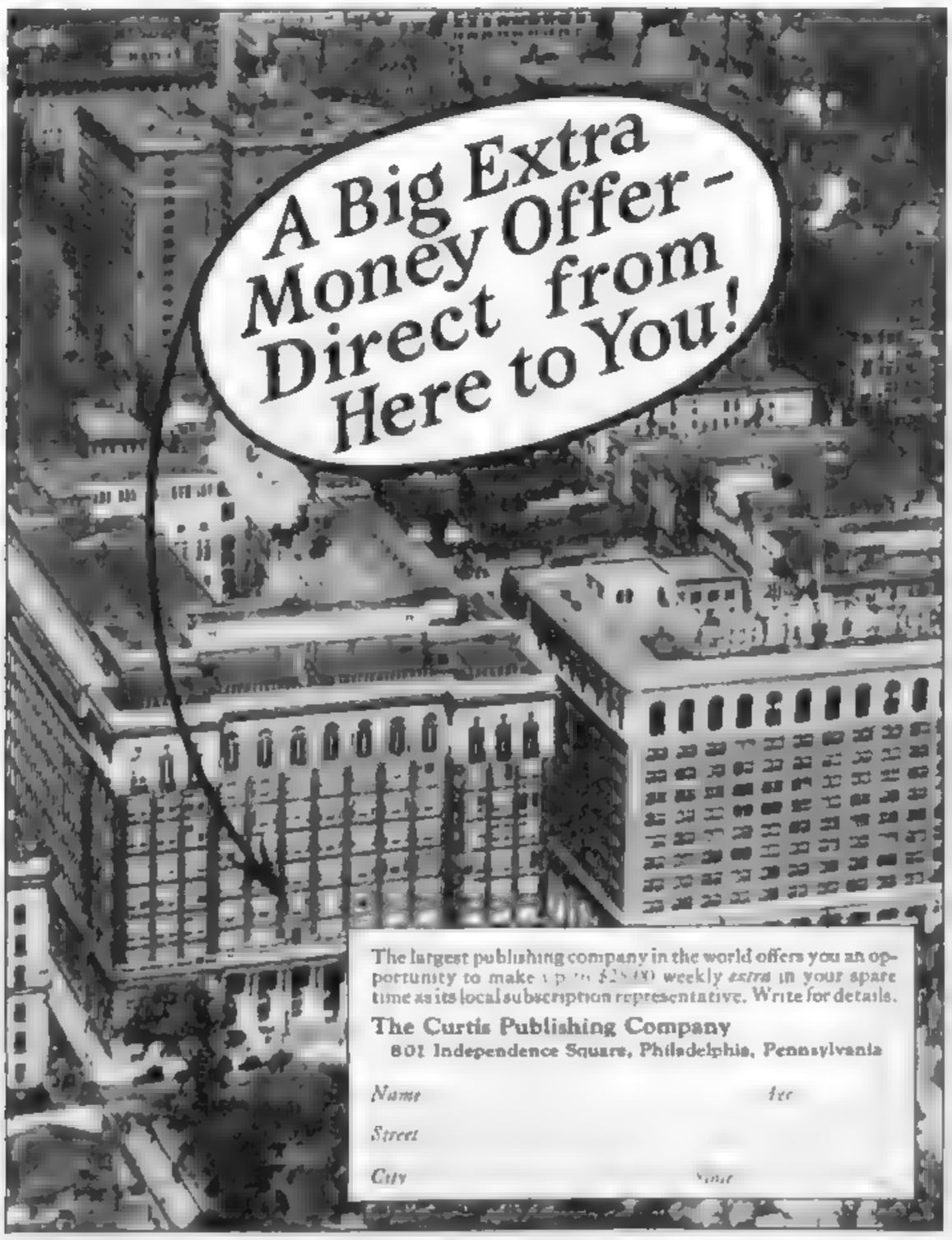
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one particular occasion, Adam had fashioned an especially appealing heroine and had put her through an especially appalling series of adventures, this gentleman couldn't quite see his way clear to using the story as it stood.

"She's such a nice girl, Adam," he complained, "it honestly doesn't seem fair to do all that to her."

Adam tried to point out how, no matter how she was thwarted and threatened and double-crossed in the open stretches of the story, she romped home under flying colors on the last page. But that didn't seem to satisfy the hesitating Galahad of the fiction desk. Things remained at rather an impasse, in fact, until he one day made this highly scintillating suggestion: "Why couldn't you have her fall asleep and then dream all that stuff?"

It was the blow that almost killed father.

For one of the oddest things about editors, as I know them, is their lopsided propriety even when they descend to crime. In criminal-world fiction, of course, editors find a door opening wide on the crowded action and intrigue and adventure that can catch the eye of the casual reader. They're especially fond of fiction that deals with the exploits of a factitiously iniquitous Robin Hood in petticoats.

But that female criminal, mark you, must always be as chaste as Diana, and her offenses against the law, no matter how numerous, must be for a high and noble purpose, to be duly disclosed in the final installment. She must be bad. She must do terribly bad things. But she must only be bad northeast by east. In her most desperate moments she must always know a hawk from a handsaw.

She may be as morally irresponsible as Hamlet when the wind comes from its appointed quarter; but in all other points of the compass she must be as pure as the driven snow. The result is that when she gives you your money's worth of chills and thrills while holding up an express,it eventually turns out that the poor girl had resorted to banditry for the definite and desperate purpose of rescuing her older sister's indiscreet love letter from the finally overtaken mail bag in the forward coach. Or when she outwits the Federal agents and the police and the newspaper sleuth himself, and breaks into the triply guarded bank and blows the doors off the big vault, it eventually happens that it's merely to restore the papers which her temporarily hard-up and harried parent had abstracted from his unsuspecting employers' strong box.

From the Wide-Open Places

And there's another situation for which the Southdown-sheep variety of editor has an abiding weakness. It's that of getting the broken-down city man into the clean open spaces of the great north. They've been doing it now for years and years. I don't know why these great open spaces are so different from the smaller closed spaces of the city, except that the former must always be called clean and the latter must, logically, always be publicly reckoned as dirty.

Nor have I yet fathomed the mysterious regenerative forces that seem to operate only north of the fifty-sixth parallel of latitude. But as soon as you get a city man north of that line it seems to make him over.

No matter what he's been, or what he's done, the great open spaces up next to the blond Eskimos always seem to sweep him as clean as a newly minted penny. He looks you right in the eye, after that, and begins life anew, and wears a flannel shirt very much open at the throat, and has a fist fight with the villain which shows that he has got all his old-time strength back again; and is good for a sequel, and perhaps a month in the South for the whole family when the movies realize they've a new masterpiece to remold a little nearer to the heart's desire.

"Things go in cycles," as one editor we know has the habit of averring at least once a month. He is the same gentleman, by the way, who is always demanding "big stories" and requiring in them "the deathless drama of mother love." Only, whenever he repeats those magic words, "mother love," the poor man invariably and vigorously pounds with his own clenched fists on his own inflated vest front. And things do go in cycles, as you find out when you've been as long at this writing game as my Adam, who is getting salt-and-peppery over the ears and slightly aldermanic in figure and a little more *tempora mutantur* in his talk and prone to reminisce on how they did things back in 1910.

Times and Tags Change

Things go so much in cycles that many editors, without quite knowing it, try to keep an author going in exactly the same way. They try to tag him for life. I can remember when Adam, further back than I'd care to confess, first tried to write and sell fiction. "But, my dear fellow, you're a poet," one of these editors objected. And a few years later, when Adam was trying to get out of the too easy rut of criminal fiction and was guilty of turning to the great open spaces for his backgrounds, another editor observed: "But, my dear man, you're identified as an underworld writer!" And not so long ago, when Adam was trying to place a serious-minded novel that was really a study in social conditions and relations, the editor who read his script shook a dolorous head over my husband's departure from type. "Why, Blank, you're known as an outdoor man!" he asserted with a finality that seemed to close the issue

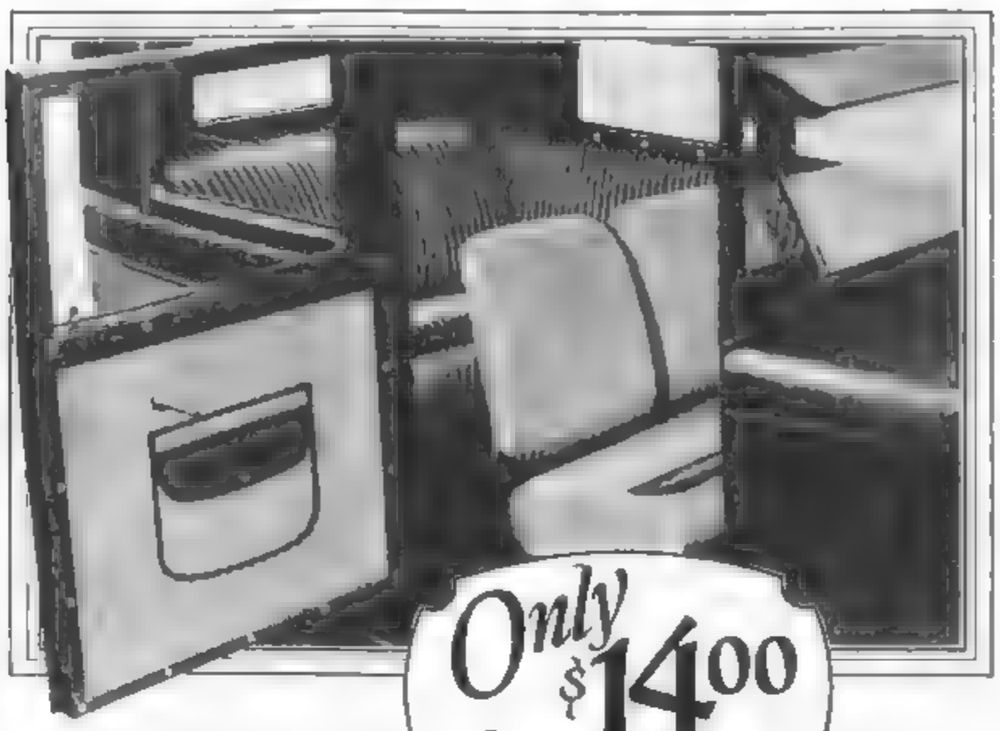
And so it goes. Things do move in cycles, and the wave that washes you up can also sweep you down. There are fads and fashions in literature just as there are in other things. Today, apparently, the world has a hankering for confessions – even the foolish and inchoate Confessions of an Author's Wife. But tomorrow the wave that brought me out of my tulip garden and my sewing room will recede. It will go tumbling back and leave me high and dry on the familiar old sand bar of family life, and the bead stringer will turn back to her beads and I'll express my soul in quince jam instead of confessions.

It's different with Adam, of course, for Adam is an artist, a creator, and whenever or wherever I've been able to exert the smallest influence over him, I've tried to make him sail by the stars above and his own God-given conscience. I've tried to keep him free—free of the small-fry editor's influence, free of the fad of the moment, of the cry of the mob. Perhaps I've succeeded, and perhaps I haven't. But, however he turns out, I sometimes feel he's as much my child, after all, as Junie or Red or Tiddler is, standing as much in need of help and sympathy and a little loving-kindness as my other big-grown babies, who come to me with cut fingers and bruised spirits and box kites that refuse to soar in the strongest of winds.

I've given a good deal of my life to helping Adam. But after this, I suppose, I can never call myself his silent partner. More than once, in fact, Adam has affirmed that my one incurable ailment is logorrhea. He says that I am too wordy. But, as I remember it, men have always said that about women. And perhaps, in this powwowing about myself and my troubles, I've helped others a little and brought home to them a suspicion that under our skins we're all very much alike; that we're all members of the same family and very much mixed up in the same old tangle of trouble and happiness.

And here and now, to those understanding souls, before the final curtain falls, before I shake the ink from my shoulders as our old Carlo shakes the lake water from his fur at the end of his swim, I can only repeat that solemnly blithe and ancient Roman salutation: *Ave atque vale.*

BILTMORE
SMART DETACHABLE
DOOR and SEAT COVERS



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Prompt Service—Perfect Fit

TAKE this advertisement to your local Biltmore dealer or fill out the coupon and mail it to us. It will entitle you to a set of beautiful, perfect fitting Biltmore Door and Seat Covers at a price you never before thought possible.

Biltmore Seat Covers protect upholstery for the lifetime of the car, covering seats, backs, sides and doors. They keep your clothing clean. Large pockets in both front doors. Wearing surfaces trimmed in Spanish leatherette to harmonize with fabric.

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Nash	Overland	Hupmobile	Star
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Covers for models earlier than 1925 and for cars not listed must be individually cut. These are priced at $3 per set higher and a deposit of $5 is required with order. We guarantee satisfaction or money back.

To Canadian Buyers

Canadian Government regulations oblige us to ask for cash with order. But our guarantee gives you the same protection as if you were in our own city.

Just Fill Out Coupon Completely and Mail

Write plainly. Check every detail showing name, make, model, year, type, number of passengers, doors, cylinders, and the classification of your car, together with color of fabric you desire. This will enable us to fill your order promptly and correctly without putting you to the trouble of additional correspondence.

Cincinnati Auto Specialty Co., 304 Main St., Cincinnati, O.
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Name

Address

Make and Model Number *Year of Car*

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☐ Standard ☐ 4-Door ☐ Touring ☐ Roadster
☐ Special ☐ 2-Passenger *Color Desired*
☐ Light ☐ 4-Passenger ☐ Medium blue gray
☐ Advanced ☐ 5-Passenger ☐ Dark gray-blue stripe
☐ 4-Cylinder ☐ 7-Passenger ☐ Greenish gray
☐ 6-Cylinder ☐ Coach ☐ Brownish-blue stripe
☐ 8-Cylinder ☐ Coupe ☐ Gray-blue pin stripe

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To Department Stores and Car Dealers

Our proposition offers you big volume, rapid turnover, advertising tie-up and complete protection on the basis of exclusive franchise in your trading center. Write for it. Service on 2700 different models of cars. The kind of service your trade expects.

THE CINCINNATI AUTO SPECIALTY CO., 304 Main Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.
Also makers of The famous "Warner" Hand Tailored, and "Tuxedo" Seat and Door Covers

They Live in The Country

But They Shop In Town

HARD roads and motor cars were the first steps in present rural progress. Cutting the distance from farm to town, the automobile brought the farm family into the city to shop, to go to school, to be entertained.

One farm paper quickly sensed the change—that these farm people with their new desires, their eagerness for modern conveniences, their purchases of better merchandise, their adoption of radio, their interest in movies, would also want a quality magazine all their own.

Hence the new policy of *The Country Gentleman*—with stories, articles and technical departments written by the best authors, investigators and scientists, illustrated by the best artists, and printed on high quality paper.

Hence also growth in *Country Gentleman* circulation from 800,000 to well over 1,350,000.

Many advertisers have already recognized the opportunity offered by *The Country Gentleman* to reach this great new audience of people who live in the country but buy in the city.

How their purchases actually affect department store business is another story that will be told in this space next week.

The Country Gentleman

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

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Automatic Gas Heating lets your Pup be the Furnace Man

A good, automatic gas heating plant needs no more care than a pup can give it—not even a *thought* of attention for days and weeks at a time.

Gas heating's wonderful comfort and convenience are well within reach of most home owners. Present day gas rates are low in almost all communities throughout the country—*many gas companies grant special rates on gas for home heating.*

Let us tell you of the carefree heating service you can enjoy by letting the gas company heat your home. Write for a copy of our latest gas heating booklet—or, if a Bryant office is listed in your telephone directory, simply 'phone them.

THE BRYANT HEATER & MFG. COMPANY
17855 St. Clair Avenue CLEVELAND, OHIO

Gas heating transforms the coal-and-ash-burdened basement into a clean, livable play room, den, workshop, drying room, or a cozy retreat for dancing.

Then, too, the luxury of a good automatic gas heating plant relieves you of *all* furnace tending bothers. Temperatures are maintained within a single thermometer-measured degree without even a glance at the heating plant for weeks at a time.

BRYANT GAS HEATING

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The new way of putting light to work

ALUMINUM PAINT

The "Coat of Metal" Protection

IT has never been hard to keep a factory interior bright provided you were willing to paint—*and keep on painting.*

But to get *lasting reflectivity* from walls and ceiling without continual expense was a very different matter.

Aluminum Paint—the modern paint for the modern factory—has changed all that.

Aluminum Paint floods workrooms with soft glare-free light, and its *reflectivity lasts.*

Aluminum Paint has a unique and individual quality. It *leafs.*

When sprayed or brushed on iron, steel, wood, brick or concrete the microscopic flakes of aluminum (ALBRON) flatten out—interleaf one with the other.

The result is a coat of pure metallic aluminum—non-tarnishing, little affected by fumes or smoke and easily washable when dust finally dims it.

Aluminum Paint costs no more than ordinary paints. It has remarkable covering capacity 500 to 700 square feet per gallon.

Only *one coat* is needed for interior work. One coat obscures any under-color, even black.

Paint with Aluminum Paint today and you'll not have to do it over again for a long, long time to come.

Let us tell you more about Aluminum Paint.

Aluminum Paint consists of Aluminum Bronze Powder mixed with a suitable vehicle of oil or varnish. Manufacturers and jobbers of the best grade of Aluminum Paint use ALBRON *Pigment as the base of their product.* ALBRON *Pigment is always made of Pure Alcoa Aluminum.*

Aluminum Company of America

2400 Oliver Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Offices in Eighteen Principal American Cities

ALUMINUM IN EVERY COMMERCIAL FORM

The Poets' Corner

The Lover's Return

LIFT me, oh, love, into your arms once more,
And I will be content.
I didn't know—how could I know—before,
How—much you meant—
Until—you went.

Lift me, oh, love, into your arms and say
What once I might despise.
Your going showed me to my own dismay
How—much I prize
Your arms—your eyes.

Lift me, oh, love, into your arms, ah, so!
And never let me go!

—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

Knight of the Gas

LORD, but it's great to be alive,
With a road to follow, a car to drive.

A ride on a horse is fine and stirring,
But me for a car with the engine purring.

What knight of old had a better steed
To serve his pleasure or fill his need?

For whether it's flivver or supercar
It takes you swiftly, it bears you far!

The sky line beckons, the distance lures,
The road's before you, the world is yours.

A horse to ride? Why, this steed of steel
Has forty horse power under the wheel—

Forty horses that pull together
In any season, in any weather!

Forty horses with lungs of fire
That leap to your touch and never tire.

The Magic Carpet was not more swift,
Not even the seven-league boots could lift

And carry you on as those horses do
Into the country of Dreams Come True.

There's more of the world that you want to know?
Give 'em the gas and let 'em go

Over the hills and down the hollow.
A car to drive and a road to follow,

A girl to love and a car to drive,
Lord, but it's great to be alive!

—*Berton Braley.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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For fine finish and permanence

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As MEN emerge from the testing of adversity, so Follansbee Forge Steel Sheets are born of cruel forging. Out of flame and mighty pressure comes strength and fineness—an enduring quality equal to every demand that superior products put upon it . . . better finishes, greater permanence, and enduring beauty . . . because "Forging Adds Strength." ¶ So manufacturers claim with pride, "this product was made from Follansbee Forge Steel Sheets" . . . and the consumer needs no further guarantee of sterling merit.

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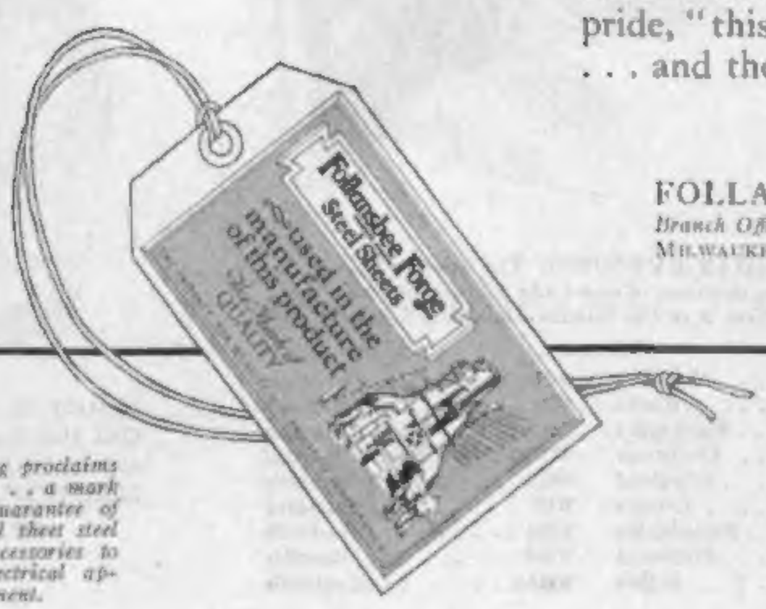

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ATWATER KENT RADIO

ALONE
—but not lonely

THERE's something about music—a sort of friendliness, a feeling that someone understands, sympathy. Music like the merriment of children or the romance of a moon-path across quiet waves—like youth or the throb of life's big moments.

It's just a chummy little cabinet with ONE Dial—your Atwater Kent Radio—unobtrusively at home wherever you place it, companion for your pipe and favorite books, and moods.

The wonder of it—just one turn of that single dial will filter from the air any kind of music you want—jazz, a symphony, a voice of beauty; music to put toes to dancing or tired brain to sleep.

This, one should remember in selecting a radio: nothing less than the best will ever satisfy. So compare, investigate, ask your friends. If you agree with more than a million Atwater Kent Radio owners that its tone is sweet, pure and *natural*, that its volume is like having the musician right in the room, and that its ONE Dial control is a perfect joy of simplicity, then you may buy with assurance that the Atwater Kent Radio is so precisely and finely made that it will never go back on you.

It is because so many buy that its price is low.

Send for illustrated booklet telling the complete story of Atwater Kent Radio

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4703 Wissahickon Avenue · *A. Atwater Kent, President* · Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada

EVERY SUNDAY EVENING: The Atwater Kent Radio Hour brings you the stars of opera and concert, in Radio's finest program. Hear it at 9:15 Eastern Time, 8:15 Central Time, through:

WEAF	*New York*	WOC	*Davenport*
WEEI	*Boston*	KSD	*St. Louis*
WRC	*Washington*	WWJ	*Detroit*
WSAI	*Cincinnati*	WCCO	*Minneapolis-St. Paul*
WTAM	*Cleveland*	WGY	*Schenectady*
WGN	*Chicago*	WSB	*Atlanta*
WFI	*Philadelphia*	WSM	*Nashville*
WCAE	*Pittsburgh*	WMC	*Memphis*
WGR	*Buffalo*	WHAS	*Louisville*

MODEL 35, illustrated, 6-tube ONE Dial Receiver, less tubes and batteries, $70. Speaker, Model H, $21. Other Receivers, $85 and $140.

Bon Ami

for painted woodwork- all through the house-

"Mother just couldn't get along without you and her Bon Ami! See how it makes that woodwork gleam! A few rubs and all the dingy grayness, every smudge, every speck of dust vanishes like magic!

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You never realize how spotless painted woodwork can be until you use Bon Ami. Unlike coarse, gritty cleansers, Bon Ami cleans without scratching—polishes without effort. It's as kind to the hands as fine toilet soap!

And what a help Bon Ami *Powder* is all through the house! It makes the bathtub, basin and tiling glisten in no time, puts the shine of newness on fine kitchen utensils, brightens up kitchen floor-coverings—cleans dozens and dozens of things safely, quickly, easily!

Of course, everyone knows that Bon Ami *Cake* can't be equalled for making windows, mirrors and glassware crystal clear.

Most housewives keep both forms of Bon Ami on hand all the time—the handy *Cake* and the *Powder* in its convenient sifter can.

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK
In Canada—BON AMI LIMITED, MONTREAL

Cake and Powder

Most housewives use both

A Fairy Tale for the Children!

THE story of the Princess Bon Ami, her gallant Bunny Knights and their journey to the foot of the rainbow! Written in amusing rhyme with many illustrations, this beautifully colored book will bring much fun to the youngsters. Send 4 cents in stamps for your copy. Use this coupon or write us. Address The Bon Ami Company, 17 Battery Place, New York.

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CITY _____

Note the *Color*

That means an orange juice that's rich in the soluble solids—the elements that make this particular fruit juice so healthful.

"I've observed *this*," said the man at the table: "Men, by the thousands, know the benefits of the morning glass of orange juice.

"Now you see them taking it at lunch also, as we are doing—more and more of them — men who have learned that where one glass daily was good for them, two or three are *two or three times better.*

"Scores of fellows that I know, who were troubled with 'acidity,' now never know the discomfort and the interference with their work formerly resulting from this cause.

"For oranges, although known as 'acid fruit,' have an *alkaline* reaction in the blood, thus forming a direct offset to 'acidosis.' I got that statement from my doctor, yours will verify it.

"Try it, men, for ten days as I did and I believe you'll join me every day in an extra glass at lunch time.

"The best thing about it is that you can *forget* the good it does and enjoy it solely because of its deliciousness.

"From the moment I developed this fine habit I noted an improvement in the way I felt. You never tire of it. It adds great zest to your meals."

To be sure of getting *California* Sunkist Oranges, of uniformly good eating quality, look for the trademark on the wrapper and on the fruit.

Look for this Machine

Sunkist California Orange Juice

Richest Juice
Finest Flavor

It is being distributed by the growers of *Sunkist Oranges* and *Lemons* to enable cafeterias, restaurants, hotels, clubs and soda fountains to more quickly and conveniently make for you pure, wholesome orange and lemon juice drinks.

The dealers using the Sunkist (Electric) Fruit Juice Extractor serve real orange and lemon juice drinks made to your order from fresh oranges and lemons. Watch for this machine—it is your visible assurance of purity.

Prospective Buyers: Learn about our unusual cost-price proposition on this quick, efficient machine. Write us for complete information. Terms if desired. State line of business.

California Fruit Growers Exchange, Dept. 103, Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, California